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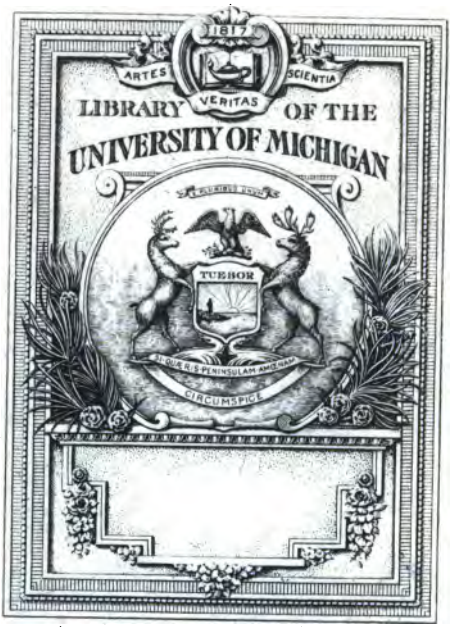
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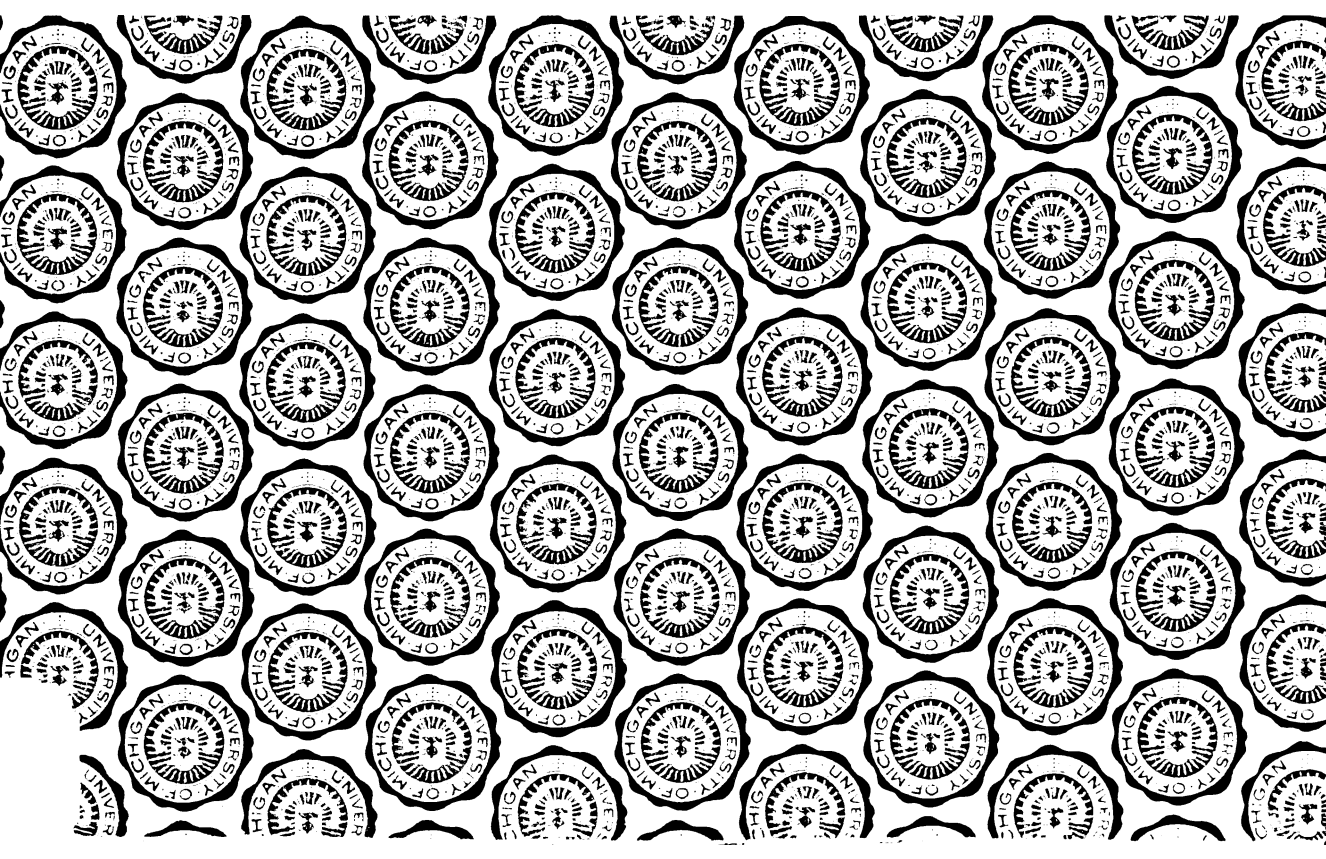
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THE WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEARE

VOL. VI

THE WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEARE

EDITED

WITH INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES

BY

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IN TEN VOLS.

VOL. VI

London

MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED

NEW YORK: THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

1899

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THE LIFE AND DEATH OF
KING JOHN

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING JOHN.
PRINCE HENRY, son to the king.
ARTHUR, Duke of Bretagne, nephew to the king.
The Earl of PEMBROKE.
The Earl of ESSEX.
The Earl of SALISBURY.
The Lord BIGOT.
HUBERT DE BURGH.
ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, son to Sir Robert Faulconbridge.
PHILIP the BASTARD, his half-brother.
JAMES GURNEY, servant to Lady Faulconbridge.
PETER of Pomfret, a prophet.

PHILIP, King of France.
LEWIS, the Dauphin.
LYMOGES, Duke of AUSTRIA.
CARDINAL PANDULPH, the Pope's legate.
MELUN, a French Lord.
CHATILLON, ambassador from France to King John.

QUEEN ELINOR, mother to King John.
CONSTANCE, mother to Arthur.
BLANCH of Spain, niece to King John.
LADY FAULCONBRIDGE.

Lords, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *Partly in England, and partly in France.*

DURATION OF TIME

Dramatic Time.—Seven days, with intervals, comprising in all not more than three or four months.

Day 1. I. 1.
Interval.
,, 2. II. 1., III. 1.-3.
Interval.

King John

Day 3. III. 4.
Interval.
,, 4. IV. 1.-3.
Interval.
,, 5. V. 1.
Interval.
,, 6. V. 2.-5.
,, 7. V. 6., 7.

(Daniel : 'Time Analysis,' *Trans. N. Sh. Society*, p. 261.)

Historic Time.—The entire reign of John (A.D. 1199-1216).

Dramatis Personæ. This list was first drawn up by Rowe.

INTRODUCTION

The Life and Death of King John first appeared in the Folio of 1623, where it opens the series of the Histories. The text is relatively accurate, with the exception of some confusion in the indication of the Acts. Early Literary History—Text.

The definite limits of the date of *King John* are as follows:— Date.

(1) The older play upon which Shakespeare founded his *History*,—*The Troublesome Reign of King John*,—cannot be earlier than c. 1587, for its sounding rhetoric and facile blank verse as well as the explicit language of the preface, quoted below, proclaim it to have been inspired by Marlowe. It was printed in 1591.

(2) Shakespeare's *King John* is mentioned by Francis Meres in 1598.

But these wide limits admit of being considerably narrowed. Of the ten Histories, six can be dated with some certainty. 2 and 3 *Henry VI.* and *Richard III.* are fixed by Greene's diatribe to 1592-3; 1 and 2 *Henry IV.* and *Henry V.* by the Essex allusion in *Henry V.* chorus v. to 1598-9. Far more clearly than *Richard II.*, *King John* belongs to the interim between the first and second group of Histories. It has palpable links with both. The absence of prose, the rarity of rhyme, the approximation to tragedy, connect it with the

earlier, Marlowesque, group; the wealth of humour, the plastic characterisation, with the later. John is modelled with a maturer touch than Richard II.; but the tragedy of which he is the contriver has striking affinities of situation to that of Richard, and continually recalls it in spite of equally striking diversities of treatment. Constance is not Margaret, nor Arthur Edward, but they are new and poignant melodies upon the same motifs; the frenzied mother, the assassin uncle, are still dominant and unexhausted themes. On the other hand, the character of Falconbridge links the play yet more closely to the great trilogy of *Henry V.* The madcap prince who shows himself a master of war and of peace the moment the need arrives, is of the same mould as the blunt soldier 'one way Plantagenet' whose motley covered the lion's heart of Cordelion; the mythical Bastard foreshadows the historical conqueror of Agincourt. He opens the cycle of Histories founded upon humour and heroism, as John closes the cycle founded upon anguish and crime. These considerations tend to fix *King John* near the middle of the probable interval between the last of the earlier group and the first of the later, *i.e.* about 1595.

Sources and Composition.

King John is probably, of all Shakespeare's Histories, the most distantly related to History. Theological fanaticism, that potent myth-maker, had, since the middle of the century, laid a powerful grasp upon the tradition, already not without its mythic elements, recorded in the Chronicles; and the wonderful transformation which this legend underwent in Shakespeare's hands was certainly not undertaken in the interest of historical truth. Indeed his most striking alterations only serve to detach it more completely from the Chronicles, and to draw it more explicitly into the sphere of irresponsible poetry.

Introduction

What manner of legend it was that underwent this apotheosis may be gathered from two dramas, one of them certainly unknown to Shakespeare, the other the immediate basis of his work. The English Reformers saw in the worst of the Plantagenets an early Protestant,—an unsuccessful precursor of Henry VIII.; and in Bale's incoherent *Kyng Johan* (c. 1545) the lineaments of the historic John wholly disappear in a single trait enforced with almost frenzied emphasis: his defiance of the Roman 'Antichrist.' Doctrinal theology played little part in shaping the Elizabethan drama; but the 'Protestantism of the Protestant religion' flourished as bravely in the playhouse as in the conventicle; and the events of 1588, which thrilled every fibre of the national self-consciousness, threw a heightened passion and inspiration, with which religion had very little to do, into the national protest against Rome. Nearly at the same moment the genius of Marlowe revealed the dramatic potency of protest, and filled the stage with imitations of the Titanism of Tamburlaine and Faustus. Both influences had told strongly upon the anonymous author of *The Troublesome Reign of King John*.[1]

In the prefixed lines 'To the Gentlemen Readers' he expressly invites applause for his hero as a Protestant Tamburlaine:—

> *You that with friendly grace of smoothed brow*
> *Have entertaind the Scythian Tamburlaine,*

[1] Reprinted in Hazlitt-Collier, *Shakespeare's Library*, vol. v., and in Quaritch's facsimiles. The title of the first edition (1591) runs: *The Troublesome Raigne of Iohn King of England, with the Discoverie of King Richard Cordelions Base Sonne (vulgarly named The Bastard Fawconbridge): also the death of King Iohn at Swinstead Abbey. As it was (sundry times) publikely acted by the Queenes Maiesties Players . . .* 1591. It was reprinted in 1611 and 1622; the former attributing the play on the title-page to '*W. Sh.*,' the later even presenting these initials writ large.

And given applause unto an Infidel;
Vouchsafe to welcome (with like curtesie)
A warlike Christian and your Countreyman.
For Christ's true faith indur'd he many a storme,
And set himselfe against the Man of Rome,
Untill base treason (by a damned wight)
Did all his former triumphs put to flight.

The appeal was well calculated, and it was enforced by a bold manipulation of history. The sympathy of the spectators was enlisted at the outset by the extravagance of the French claim. The historical Philip had claimed for Arthur only continental provinces; the dramatic Philip demanded England and Ireland also. But the scheme presented one grave difficulty: the English and Protestant Tamburlaine had to be introduced finally submitting to the 'Man of Rome.' The writer was far from ignoring this difficulty, and he called in all his dramatic resources to meet it. He invests John's act with the pathos of tragic error, makes him yield in a moment of physical and mental collapse ('*my heart is mazed, my senses all foredone*'), and lets him, at the point of death, recognise the calamitous consequences ('*since John did yield unto the Priest of Rome, nor he nor his have prospered on the earth*'), and cry with David: 'I am not he shall build the Lord an house,' but that other, sprung of him, 'whose arms shall reach unto the gates of Rome.' But a bolder expedient remained. If John was no Tamburlaine, his brother Richard lived in the popular imagination as a hero of the same colossal mould; and though Richard could not well be brought in in person to aid his successor, an unknown inheritor of his thews and lion-heart might be raised up to play that rôle.[1] It is plain from the title-page that 'the dis-

[1] Queen Elinor, in the opening lines of the play, speaks of the dead Richard as 'the scourge of infidels,' a phrase

covery of King Richard Cordelions Base Son' was one of the most popular features of the old play, and it must be allowed to be a happy device; for which the writer found, at most, scattered suggestions in the Chronicles.[1] The spectators saw a new Richard arise from obscurity, taught by mystic whisperings of birds and boughs that he is Richard's son;[2] they saw him vow vengeance upon Richard's two arch-enemies—united in a single grotesque effigy,—and solemnly 'offer Austria's blood for sacrifice unto his father's ever-living soul'; they saw him renew the fabulous prowess of Richard in the field, fight with 'King Richard's fortune hanging from his helm,' flame amazement in the corrupt monasteries, and triumphantly retrieve the disasters wrought by John's fatal submission. Thus Cœurdelion still rules England 'from his urn'; his spirit, like Cæsar's, lives to overthrow the enemies of his country. It is true that in execution all this fell much short of its vigorous conception.

For the rest, *The Troublesome Reign* makes no attempt to enlarge the somewhat rigid categories of

which expressly suggests the parallel with Tamburlaine the scourge of [the enemies of] God.

[1] 1. Holinshed barely records (iii. 160, Stone, p. 48) that 'Philip bastard sonne to King Richard, to whom his father had given the castell and honor of Coinacke, killed the Vicount of Limoges in revenge of his father's death.' 2. The Bastard s choice (sc. 2.) was perhaps suggested by Halle's narrative of the similar choice made by Dunois the bastard son of the Duke Orleans (quoted by Stone, ib.). 3. Mr. Watkiss Lloyd pointed to the resemblance between Falconbridge's subsequent exploits and those of the historical Falco de Brenta or Faukes de Breanté, whom Holinshed describes as fighting for John against the Barons in 1215-6, and subsequently against Lewis.

[2] The whistling leaves upon the trembling trees,
Whistle in consort I am Richards sonne:
The bubling murmur of the waters fall
Records *Philippus Regius filius*, etc.

Marlowesque character. There is no tenderness, obvious as the openings for it were in the story of Arthur as told by Holinshed. Holinshed's Arthur is not, it is true, Shakespeare's gentle boy, but a headstrong youth 'that wanted good counsel, and abounded too much in his own wilful opinion'; and the older dramatist retains this character, making him vigorously intervene in the debate between the kings in defence of his rights. But neither his death nor the grief of Constance approaches pathos, and he pleads with Hubert for his eyes in verses which struggle fatuously for sublimity on the Icarus-wings of sounding Latinisms and mythical allusions. Constance herself has termagant touches which ally her to the Margaret of the *Contention* and the *True Tragedy*. She already, however, presents the germ of Shakespeare's Constance, an honour we can hardly assign to the Constance of history, who repudiated her second husband and married a third in the very year in which her dramatic counterpart gives Austria 'a widow's thanks' for championing her son (Stone's *Hol.* p. 53). The older writer treats history in general with a more than Shakespearean daring. To him is due (to take one interesting example) the complete perversion of the events which preceded Magna Charta. The gathering of the barons at St. Edmundsbury was in reality the occasion of their league to extort the charter from John: the old playwright has brought it into connexion with Lewis's invasion, and made him the recipient of their oaths.

Shakespeare's *King John*.

The Troublesome Reign thus provided the entire material of *King John*. Shakespeare has followed his original almost scene for scene, retaining the outer mechanism of the plot unchanged, or at most dismissing into the background events which the earlier dramatist exhibited with genial prolixity on the

stage.[1] But he has essentially altered the significance of the action, and immensely strengthened and vitalised what he retained. We may say, generally, that, while the *Troublesome Reign* is patriotic, Protestant, and Marlowesque, *King John* is the work of a man whose patriotism was more fervent, whose Protestantism was less fanatical, and who had definitely broken through the charmed circle of Marlowe. Shakespeare entirely adopts the bold device of his predecessor for saving the unpatriotic surrender of John. The Bastard plays an even more imposing part, and his energy pervades and animates the whole drama. As a character he belongs altogether to Shakespeare. The earlier Falconbridge's alternate accesses of mysticism and horseplay disappear in the brimming vitality of this frank and burly Plantagenet. Shakespeare's Bastard discovers his father not from rustling leaves, but by the contrast between his own giant frame and that of his mannikin brother, slays Austria without invoking his father's shade, and does battle without the ægis of his father's fortune. The grounds of his animosity to Austria are indeed rather hinted than explained. And with these mystic touches disappears the horseplay of the scene in the monastery. But the character of Falconbridge is put to uses of which the earlier writer did not dream. His prototype is indeed already in some sense the mouthpiece of England, and rudely anticipates the magnificent closing assurance that

> This England never did, nor never shall,
> Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
> But when it first did help to wound itself.

[1] Four scenes are omitted, or replaced by a mere allusion, *e.g.* the Bastard's visitation of the monasteries. Similarly, the 'five moons,' reported in iv. 2., are *presented* in the earlier play. On the other hand, one of the greatest scenes, John's 'suggestion' of Arthur's death, is barely hinted in the *Troublesome Reign*.

Shakespeare's Falconbridge, however, stands not merely for the cause of England but for English character; for bluff, straightforward manliness against subtle shifts and unmeaning phrase: he has his jest at the rhetoric of the Angers citizen who

> Talks as familiarly of roaring lions
> As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs;

and the subtle diplomatic chicaneries of Pandulph are thrown into relief with caustic effect by the trenchant humour of the Bastard's famous exposure of 'commodity.' Notwithstanding the jocose profession which closes that speech, private ends have little to do with his action; and with great judgment Shakespeare excised the earlier playwright's explanation of his indignation at the match between Blanch and Lewis as arising from a previous betrothal of Blanch to himself.

But while *King John* is informed with a yet keener patriotism, it is less aggressively Protestant than the *Troublesome Reign*. The gross burlesque of Falconbridge's raid upon the 'fat Franciscans' is altogether excised. John's relations with Rome remain unchanged, but it is no longer here that the principal ethical purport of the play is to be found. In the eyes of the earlier writer, John's surrender of his birthright to Philip, his surrender of his crown to Pandulph, and his betrayal of Arthur, seem co-ordinate causes of his fall.[1] Shakespeare exposes his errors with at least equal trenchancy, but makes clear that the more deadly step is not the surrender but the crime. It is this which alienates his subjects, and gives the French invasion its sole chance of

[1] Cf. John's dying speech (*Tr. R.* p. 316):—

> Since John did yield unto the Priest of Rome,
> Nor he nor his have prospered on the earth;
> Curst are his blessings, and his curse is bliss.

success. The thunders of Pandulph on either side do not affect the issue. The earlier dramatist treats the crafty legate with malignant hatred, as a 'curse' happily evaded; the later manages him with fine irony, as the wielder of an imposing but not really formidable authority, easily rendered innocuous, incapable of injuring a people true to themselves. And though John still meets his death at the hands of a monk, the act is dismissed with a studiously casual allusion, so that the 'resolved villain' seems merely the executant of Nemesis. Whereas in the *Troublesome Reign* he dies to satisfy the vengeance of an incensed ecclesiastic, who has vowed never to let escape 'the king that never loved a friar, the man that did contemn the pope.' Naturally, Shakespeare ignores the 'moral' which this suggests to the Bastard :—

> This is the fruit of Poperie, when true kings
> Are slain and shouldered out by Monks and friars.

Nor does his John indulge any vision of a more fortunate Protestant successor.

The Shakespearean Pandulph, finally, would suffice to show that Shakespeare was no longer under the spell of the fiery but nowise subtle intellect of Marlowe. If Marlowe was the first English dramatist who commanded the language of impetuous passion, Shakespeare was the first master of the language of polished and astute debate, of high-bred conversation, of courtly ceremony. The earlier John retains not a little of the lofty insolence of Tamburlaine: how kingly on the other hand is the later John's dismissal of Chatillon;—dignified defiance, injunction, valiant forecast, courteous attention and farewell, all concentrated in eight lines (i. 1). The two great creations Constance and Arthur, also, are touched with an

intensity of pathos still strange to the Shakespeare of *Henry VI.* and of *Richard III.* The situation of Margaret after Tewkesbury, of Elizabeth after the murders in the Tower, resemble that of Constance; but Margaret utters her passion for vengeance more poignantly than the agony of her loss, and Elizabeth's outraged motherhood finds expression merely in sullen resentment. Constance is the Juliet of maternal love. Love for Arthur dominates her whole being, and the agony of bereavement finds utterance through phrases that burn in the fire of an imagination familiar with wild grief. Arthur's situation similarly recalls that of the young princes. The Arthur of the *Troublesome Reign* does, in fact, bear himself like the young Duke of York in *Richard III.*, boldly bearding his dangerous uncle, and incurring reproof from Elinor for his vehemence ('Peace, Arthur, peace,' etc., *Troublesome Reign*, p. 240). Shakespeare has endowed his Arthur not with the charm of precocious talent, but with the pathos and shrinking tenderness of childhood: 'I am not worth this coil that 's made for me'; and, instead of incurring reproof, it is he who, almost in Elinor's words, appeals to his own fiery advocate to cease pleading: 'Good my mother, peace!' Of the death of the princes we have in the earlier play no more than a brief though exquisite picture; but Arthur's perilous captivity is displayed in the most tender and sympathetic dramatic detail; and the pathos of the scene is derived, not from an accumulation of harrowing details, as to some extent it is in the grim finale of *Edward II.*, but from the ideal loveliness of childlike character which unfolds itself under the stress of Hubert's threat.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF

KING JOHN

ACT I.

SCENE I. KING JOHN'S *palace.*

Enter KING JOHN, QUEEN ELINOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, SALISBURY, *and others, with* CHATILLON.

K. John. Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the King of France
In my behaviour to the majesty,
The borrow'd majesty, of England here.

Eli. A strange beginning: 'borrow'd majesty!'

K. John. Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother Geffrey's son,

1. *Chatillon.* In Ff he is called 'the Chattylion of France.' Like English words in -ion, the name could be either of three or of four syllables.

3. *my behaviour,* 'the tone and character which I here assume.'

7. *in right and true behalf,* on behalf of the just claims.

Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
To this fair island and the territories,
To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword
Which sways usurpingly these several titles,
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
Thy nephew and right royal sovereign.
K. John. What follows if we disallow of this?
Chat. The proud control of fierce and bloody war,
To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.
K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,
Controlment for controlment: so answer France.
Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,
The farthest limit of my embassy.
K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace:
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
For ere thou canst report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard:
So hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath
And sullen presage of your own decay.
An honourable conduct let him have:
Pembroke, look to 't. Farewell, Chatillon.
[*Exeunt Chatillon and Pembroke.*
Eli. What now, my son! have I not ever said
How that ambitious Constance would not cease
Till she had kindled France and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her son?
This might have been prevented and made whole

10. *territories*, feudal dependencies.
17. *control*, constraint.
22. *my embassy*, my commission as envoy.
29. *conduct*, escort.
30. *Chatillon* (four syllables).

With very easy arguments of love,
Which now the manage of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.
K. John. Our strong possession and our right for us.
Eli. Your strong possession much more than your right,
Or else it must go wrong with you and me:
So much my conscience whispers in your ear,
Which none but heaven and you and I shall hear.

Enter a Sheriff.

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy
Come from the country to be judged by you
That e'er I heard: shall I produce the men?
K. John. Let them approach.
Our abbeys and our priories shall pay
This expedition's charge.

Enter ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, *and* PHILIP *his bastard brother.*

What men are you?
Bast. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman
Born in Northamptonshire and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge,
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cordelion knighted in the field.
K. John. What art thou?
Rob. The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.
K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?

37. *manage*, procedure, administration.
54. *Cordelion.* The Ff have, here and throughout, this, the common Elizabethan form of Cœur-de-lion.

You came not of one mother then, it seems.
Bast. Most certain of one mother, mighty king;
That is well known; and, as I think, one father:
But for the certain knowledge of that truth
I put you o'er to heaven and to my mother:
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.
Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy mother
And wound her honour with this diffidence.
Bast. I, madam? no, I have no reason for it;
That is my brother's plea and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, a' pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a year:
Heaven guard my mother's honour and my land!
K. John. A good blunt fellow. Why, being younger born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?
Bast. I know not why, except to get the land.
But once he slander'd me with bastardy:
But whether I be as true begot or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head,
But that I am as well begot, my liege,—
Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!—
Compare our faces and be judge yourself.
If old sir Robert did beget us both
And were our father and this son like him,
O old sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give heaven thanks I was not like to thee!
K. John. Why, what a madcap hath heaven lent us here!
Eli. He hath a trick of Cordelion's face;
The accent of his tongue affecteth him.
Do you not read some tokens of my son
In the large composition of this man?

62. *put you o'er*, refer you.
68. *a'*, he.
85. *trick*, trait.
86. *affecteth*, resembles.

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts
And finds them perfect Richard. Sirrah, speak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?
Bast. Because he hath a half-face, like my father.
With half that face would he have all my land:
A half-faced groat five hundred pound a year!
Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father lived,
Your brother did employ my father much,—
Bast. Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land:
Your tale must be how he employ'd my mother.
Rob. And once dispatch'd him in an embassy
To Germany, there with the emperor
To treat of high affairs touching that time.
The advantage of his absence took the king
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's;
Where how he did prevail I shame to speak,
But truth is truth: large lengths of seas and shores
Between my father and my mother lay,
As I have heard my father speak himself,
When this same lusty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me, and took it on his death
That this my mother's son was none of his;
An if he were, he came into the world

94. *half-faced groat;* the groat (first issued by Henry VII.) bore the profile or 'half-face' of the king on one side.

110. *took it on his death,* swore, as surely as he expected to die, that, etc. This phrase is not exactly parallel with 'took it on his salvation,' where it is the strength of desire, not of assurance, that gives the oath its force. It was commonly used by men who made solemn asseverations on their death-beds or before execution.

112. *An if,* if. So Hanmer, followed by Delius. The Ff *and* is used indiscriminately both for 'and' and 'an'; but an 'and' sentence is here clearly out of place.

Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.
K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him,
And if she did play false, the fault was hers;
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,
Had of your father claim'd this son for his?
In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This calf bred from his cow from all the world;
In sooth he might; then, if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him; nor your father,
Being none of his, refuse him: this concludes:
My mother's son did get your father's heir;
Your father's heir must have your father's land.
Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force
To dispossess that child which is not his?
Bast. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.
Eli. Whether hadst thou rather be a Faulconbridge
And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land,
Or the reputed son of Cordelion,
Lord of thy presence and no land beside?
Bast. Madam, an if my brother had my shape,
And I had his, sir Robert's his, like him;

127. *concludes*, proves decisively.

134. *Whether* (monosyllabic).

137. *of thy presence*, of thy goodly person.

139. *sir Robert's his*, Sir Robert's shape. This is, I think, rightly explained by Mr. Gollancz: 'Surely "his" is used substantively with that rollicking effect which is so characteristic of Faulconbridge . . . *his* emphasising substantively the previous pronominal use of the word.' The line might be paraphrased: 'And I had *his* shape, in other words a *his* of Sir Robert's.'

And if my legs were two such riding-rods,
My arms such eel-skins stuff'd, my face so thin
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose
Lest men should say 'Look, where three-farthings goes!'
And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,
Would I might never stir from off this place,
I would give it every foot to have this face;
I would not be sir Nob in any case.
Eli. I like thee well: wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him and follow me?
I am a soldier and now bound to France.
Bast. Brother, take you my land, I 'll take my chance.
Your face hath got five hundred pound a year,
Yet sell your face for five pence and 'tis dear.
Madam, I 'll follow you unto the death.
Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.
Bast. Our country manners give our betters way.
K. John. What is thy name?
Bast. Philip, my liege, so is my name begun;
Philip, good old sir Robert's wife's eldest son.
K. John. From henceforth bear his name whose form thou bear'st:
Kneel thou down Philip, but rise more great,
Arise sir Richard and Plantagenet.
Bast. Brother by the mother's side, give me your hand:

143. *three-farthings;* the thin silver piece of this value (coined from 1561 to 1582) had on one side a profile-head of Elizabeth, with a rose at the back. It was a court fashion to put a rose in the ear.

144. *to*, in addition to.

147. *sir Nob*, Sir Robert.

153. *sell your face for five pence and 'tis dear;* carrying on the jest of v. 94, where it was valued at a groat (*i.e.* 4d.).

My father gave me honour, yours gave land.
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, sir Robert was away!
Eli. The very spirit of Plantagenet!
I am thy grandam, Richard; call me so.
Bast. Madam, by chance but not by truth; what though?
Something about, a little from the right,
In at the window, or else o'er the hatch:
Who dares not stir by day must walk by night,
And have is have, however men do catch:
Near or far off, well won is still well shot,
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.
K. John. Go, Faulconbridge: now hast thou thy desire;
A landless knight makes thee a landed squire.
Come, madam, and come, Richard, we must speed
For France, for France, for it is more than need.
Bast. Brother, adieu: good fortune come to thee!
For thou wast got i' the way of honesty.
[*Exeunt all but Bastard.*
A foot of honour better than I was;
But many a many foot of land the worse.
Well, now can I make any Joan a lady.
'Good den, sir Richard!'—'God-a-mercy, fellow!'—
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter;
For new-made honour doth forget men's names;

170. *about*, i.e. not perfectly straight, regular.

170. *from*, away from.

171. *In at the window, or else o'er the hatch;* both phrases were proverbially applied to children born out of wedlock.

180, 181. Bastards, according to the proverb, are born lucky; whereas the honestly born Robert's luck is precarious and to be prayed for.

184. *any Joan*, any peasant-girl.

'Tis too respective and too sociable
For your conversion. Now your traveller,
He and his toothpick at my worship's mess,
And when my knightly stomach is sufficed,
Why then I suck my teeth and catechize
My picked man of countries: 'My dear sir,'
Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin,
'I shall beseech you'—that is question now;
And then comes answer like an Absey book:
'O sir,' says answer, 'at your best command;
At your employment; at your service, sir:'
'No, sir,' says question, 'I, sweet sir, at yours:'
And so, ere answer knows what question would,
Saving in dialogue of compliment,
And talking of the Alps and Apennines,
The Pyrenean and the river Po,
It draws toward supper in conclusion so.
But this is worshipful society
And fits the mounting spirit like myself,
For he is but a bastard to the time
That doth not smack of observation;
And so am I, whether I smack or no;
And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement,
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth:
Which, though I will not practise to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;

188. *'Tis too respective*, etc.; (to remember men's names) shows too much deference and familiarity to be becoming in your new circumstances.

193. *picked*, choice, refined.

196. *Absey book*, a sort of catechism ('A B C'), with alternate question and answer, used in learning to read.

201. 'Except in exchange of compliments' (and in talking, etc.).

203. *The Pyrenean*, the Pyrenees.

208. *observation*, courtly deference.

210. *device*, cut and adornment of the dress.

212. *motion*, mental activity.

For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.
But who comes in such haste in riding-robes?
What woman-post is this? hath she no husband
That will take pains to blow a horn before her?

Enter LADY FAULCONBRIDGE *and* JAMES GURNEY.

O me! it is my mother. How now, good lady!
What brings you here to court so hastily?
Lady F. Where is that slave, thy brother? where is he,
That holds in chase mine honour up and down?
Bast. My brother Robert? old sir Robert's son?
Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man?
Is it sir Robert's son that you seek so?
Lady F. Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou unreverend boy,
Sir Robert's son: why scorn'st thou at sir Robert?
He is sir Robert's son, and so art thou.
Bast. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave awhile?
Gur. Good leave, good Philip.
Bast. Philip! sparrow: James,
There's toys abroad: anon, I'll tell thee more.
[*Exit Gurney.*
Madam, I was not old sir Robert's son:
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
Upon Good-Friday and ne'er broke his fast:
Sir Robert could do well: marry, to confess,

216. *strew the footsteps*, etc., *i.e.* make my footing surer.

225. *Colbrand*, a Danish giant proverbial for his strength, one of the victims of the champion Guy of Warwick.

227. *unreverend*, disrespectful; 'reverend' and 'reverent' were used indiscriminately.

231. *Philip / sparrow;* Philip was an early name for the sparrow, derived probably from its twittering note, and rendered classical by Shelton's *Boke of Phyllip Sparowe.*

232. *toys*, idle rumours.

Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it:
We know his handiwork: therefore, good mother,
To whom am I beholding for these limbs?
Sir Robert never holp to make this leg.
Lady F. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,
That for thine own gain shouldst defend mine honour?
What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?
Bast. Knight, knight, good mother, Basilisco-like.
What! I am dubb'd! I have it on my shoulder.
But, mother, I am not sir Robert's son;
I have disclaim'd sir Robert and my land;
Legitimation, name and all is gone:
Then, good my mother, let me know my father;
Some proper man, I hope: who was it, mother?
Lady F. Hast thou denied thyself a Faulconbridge?
Bast. As faithfully as I deny the devil.
Lady F. King Richard Cordelion was thy father:
By long and vehement suit I was seduced
To make room for him in my husband's bed:
Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge!
Thou art the issue of my dear offence,
Which was so strongly urged past my defence.

239. *beholding*, indebted.

244. *Knight, knight . . . Basilisco-like;* an allusion, as Theobald pointed out, to the play of *Soliman and Perseda* (c. 1590). Basilisco is a coward and braggart, whom Piston, the clown, forces to take an oath upon his dagger (Hazlitt-Dodsley, *Old Plays*, v. 271, 272):—

Bas. I swear, I swear.
Pist. By the contents of this blade—
Bas. By the contents of this blade,—
Pist. I, the aforesaid Basilisco,—
Bas. I, the aforesaid Basilisco,—knight, good fellow, knight, knight,—
Pist. Knave, good fellow, knave, knave.

250. *proper*, comely.

257. *dear*, grievous.

Bast. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wish a better father.
Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly:
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,
Subjected tribute to commanding love,
Against whose fury and unmatched force
The aweless lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.
He that perforce robs lions of their hearts
May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my father!
Who lives and dares but say thou didst not well
When I was got, I 'll send his soul to hell.
Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin;
And they shall say, when Richard me begot,
If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin:
Who says it was, he lies; I say 'twas not.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *France. Before Angiers.*

Enter AUSTRIA *and forces, drums, etc. on one side: on the other* KING PHILIP *of France and his power;* LEWIS, ARTHUR, CONSTANCE *and attendants.*

Lew. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.

264. *Subjected tribute*, tribute subjected, paid, (to).
266. *The aweless lion.* Richard's slaying of the lion, whose heart he took, was told, with other fabulous exploits, in the Middle English romance of *Richard Cœur-de-lion.*

Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood,
Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
By this brave duke came early to his grave:
And for amends to his posterity,
At our importance hither is he come,
To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf,
And to rebuke the usurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, English John:
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arth. God shall forgive you Cordelion's death
The rather that you give his offspring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of war:
I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
But with a heart full of unstained love:
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

Lew. A noble boy! Who would not do thee right?

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
As seal to this indenture of my love,
That to my home I will no more return,
Till Angiers and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that pale, that white-faced shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides
And coops from other lands her islanders,
Even till that England, hedged in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes,

2. *that great forerunner of thy blood*, predecessor by right of blood to his title. So in vv. 6, 13, 96 below.

5. *By this brave duke*, etc. The archduke Leopold of Austria, who imprisoned Richard, is here, as in the old play, identified with Widomar, Viscount of Limoges, before whose castle of Chaluz Chabrol Richard was slain. Austria had died in 1195, four years before John's accession.

7. *importance*, urgent request.

27. *secure and confident from foreign purposes*, fearless of invasion.

Even till that utmost corner of the west
Salute thee for her king: till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.
Const. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength
To make a more requital to your love!
Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs that lift their swords
In such a just and charitable war.
K. Phi. Well then, to work: our cannon shall be bent
Against the brows of this resisting town.
Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
To cull the plots of best advantages:
We 'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,
But we will make it subject to this boy.
Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
Lest unadvised you stain your swords with blood:
My Lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace which here we urge in war,
And then we shall repent each drop of blood
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter CHATILLON.

K. Phi. A wonder, lady! lo, upon thy wish,
Our messenger Chatillon is arrived!
What England says, say briefly, gentle lord;
We coldly pause for thee; Chatillon, speak.
Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege

34. *more*, greater.
40. *To cull the plots*, etc., to choose the best positions for attack.
45. *unadvised*, rashly.

And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms: the adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have stay'd, have given him time
To land his legions all as soon as I;
His marches are expedient to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother-queen,
An Atè, stirring him to blood and strife;
With her her niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain;
With them a bastard of the king's deceased;
And all the unsettled humours of the land,
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces and fierce dragons' spleens,
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here:
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scath in Christendom.
[*Drum beats.*
The interruption of their churlish drums
Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand,
To parley or to fight; therefore prepare.

K. Phi. How much unlook'd for is this expedition!

Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence;
For courage mounteth with occasion:
Let them be welcome then; we are prepared.

60. *expedient*, expeditious.
63. *Atè*, the goddess of revenge. Ff 'Ace.'
64. *Blanch* was the daughter of John's sister Eleanor, married to Alphonso VIII. of Castile.
65. *of the king's deceased*, of the deceased king's.
67. *voluntaries*, volunteers.
77. *circumstance*, detail.

Enter KING JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, *the* Bastard, Lords, *and forces.*

K. John. Peace be to France, if France in peace permit
Our just and lineal entrance to our own;
If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven,
Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beats His peace to heaven.

K. Phi. Peace be to England, if that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace.
England we love; and for that England's sake
With burden of our armour here we sweat.
This toil of ours should be a work of thine;
But thou from loving England art so far,
That thou hast under-wrought his lawful king,
Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Out-faced infant state and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face;
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his:
This little abstract doth contain that large
Which died in Geffrey, and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.
That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son; England was Geffrey's right
And this is Geffrey's: in the name of God
How comes it then that thou art call'd a king,

95. *under-wrought*, undermined.

96. *posterity*. Cf. note to ii. 1. 2 above.

97. *Outfaced infant state*, defied the royal authority personated in a child.

101. *large*, full-grown form.

103. *draw this brief*, expand this 'abstract.'

106. *this is Geffrey's;* i.e. this boy is Geffrey's son (and as such inheritor of his 'right' to England). The phrase is ambiguous, but the other possible interpretations (*e.g.* this territory is Geffrey's) are less natural.

When living blood doth in these temples beat,
Which owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest?
K. John. From whom hast thou this great commission, France,
To draw my answer from thy articles?
K. Phi. From that supernal judge, that stirs good thoughts
In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right:
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy:
Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong
And by whose help I mean to chástise it.
K. John. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.
K. Phi. Excuse; it is to beat usurping down.
Eli. Who is it thou dost call usurper, France?
Const. Let me make answer; thy usurping son.
Eli. Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be king,
That thou mayst be a queen, and check the world!
Const. My bed was ever to thy son as true
As thine was to thy husband; and this boy
Liker in feature to his father Geffrey
Than thou and John in manners; being as like
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
My boy a bastard! By my soul, I think
His father never was so true begot:
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.
Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.
Const. There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.
Aust. Peace!

109. *owe*, own.
116. *impeach*, accuse.
123. *a queen, and check the world*; an allusion to the queen at chess.
131. This charge against Eleanor has no support in Holinshed; but both Fabyan and Stow report traditions of her adultery (*Hol.* ed. Stone, p. 51).

Bast. Hear the crier.
Aust. What the devil art thou?
Bast. One that will play the devil, sir, with you,
An a' may catch your hide and you alone:
You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard:
I 'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right;
Sirrah, look to 't; i' faith, I will, i' faith.
Blanch. O, well did he become that lion's robe
That did disrobe the lion of that robe!
Bast. It lies as sightly on the back of him
As great Alcides' shows upon an ass:
But, ass, I 'll take that burthen from your back,
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.
Aust. What cracker is this same that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath?
King Philip, determine what we shall do straight.
K. Phi. Women and fools, break off your conference.
King John, this is the very sum of all;
England and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee:
Wilt thou resign them and lay down thy arms?

136. *your hide;* i.e. the legendary lion's hide worn by Richard, and seized as a trophy by Austria (his murderer, in the romance).

137. *the hare of whom the proverb goes.* The proverb was familiar from Erasmus' *Adagia*, in the form: 'Mortuo leoni et lepores insultant.' In English it occurs in nearly identical words in Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*. It was a favourite device of the emblem-writers.

139. *smoke*, thrash.

144. *Alcides'*, i.e. the skin of the Nemean lion borne by Hercules.

147. *cracker*, braggart.

149. *King Philip.* Theobald's emendation. Ff have 'King, Lewis,' as a part of Austria's speech; and 'Lewis' as the next speaker. But John's reply makes it clear that the French king is the speaker in vv. 150-4, and therefore the person addressed in v. 149.

152. *Anjou.* Theobald's correction for Ff 'Angiers.'

K. John. My life as soon: I do defy thee, France.
Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand;
And out of my dear love I 'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win:
Submit thee, boy.
Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.
Const. Do, child, go to it grandam, child;
Give grandam kingdom, and it grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:
There 's a good grandam.
Arth. Good my mother, peace!
I would that I were low laid in my grave:
I am not worth this coil that 's made for me.
Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.
Const. Now shame upon you, whether she does or no!
His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,
Draws those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee;
Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be bribed
To do him justice and revenge on you.
Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!

160. *it.* Constance mimics the little language of the nursery, not, however, by using 'it' instead of 'its' (which was not yet in common use), but by using the definitely neuter possessive 'it' (applied to babies) instead of the possessive 'his,' which might be either masculine or neuter. There is no instance of 'its' in any Shakespearean text published during his lifetime. 'It' probably acquired its possessive meaning on the analogy of 'her' (possessive and objective) or 'itself' by 'myself,' 'herself.'

165. *coil*, ado.

167. *whether* (monosyllabic).

168. *wrongs*, the wrongs done by her.

171. *beads* (playing on the original sense, 'prayer').

Const. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth!
Call not me slanderer; thou and thine usurp
The dominations, royalties and rights
Of this oppressed boy: this is thy eld'st son's son,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee:
Thy sins are visited in this poor child;
The canon of the law is laid on him,
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.
K. John. Bedlam, have done.
Const. I have but this to say,
That he is not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue, plagued for her
And with her plague; her sin his injury,
Her injury the beadle to her sin,
All punish'd in the person of this child,
And all for her; a plague upon her!
Eli. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
A will that bars the title of thy son.
Const. Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked will;
A woman's will; a canker'd grandam's will!

180. *The canon of the law*, the declaration made in the Jewish law (Exod. xx. 5) that the sins of the fathers would be visited upon their children.

186. *plagued for her and with her plague*, etc. Punished for her and with a punishment which she inflicts; her sin bringing injury upon Arthur, and her injurious deed executing (upon him) the punishment incurred by her sin;—all which (viz. both her sin and her present injurious deeds) are punished in his person.—The Ff punctuate *with her plague, her sin; his injury*, which is far harsher. The present punctuation is that of Staunton and Roby; but Mr. Roby understands 'with her plague' to be 'with the punishment belonging to her,' which is not supported by the parallel clauses below: 'her sin his injury' (=plagued for her), 'her injury . . . sin' (=and with her plague).

191. *unadvised*, rash, inconsiderate.

K. Phi. Peace, lady! pause, or be more temperate:
It ill beseems this presence to cry aim
To these ill-tuned repetitions.
Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
These men of Angiers: let us hear them speak
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

Trumpet sounds. Enter certain Citizens *upon the walls.*

First Cit. Who is it that hath warn'd us to the walls?

K. Phi. 'Tis France, for England.

K. John. England, for itself.
You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—

K. Phi. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle—

K. John. For our advantage; therefore hear us first.
These flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement:
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath,
And ready mounted are they to spit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls:
All preparation for a bloody siege
And merciless proceeding by these French
Confronts your city's eyes, your winking gates;
And but for our approach those sleeping stones,

196. *cry aim*, give encouragement (used, in archery, of those who stood by the archer as he prepared to shoot).
201. *warn'd*, summoned.
206. *For our advantage*, on our behalf. The French trumpet, blown on English territory, is admittedly sounded 'for England'; John turns to account Philip's ambiguous expression.
207. *advanced*, lifted.
215. *winking*, closed.

That as a waist doth girdle you about,
By the compulsion of their ordinance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
But on the sight of us your lawful king,
Who painfully with much expedient march
Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
To save unscratch'd your city's threatened cheeks,
Behold, the French amazed vouchsafe a parle;
And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words folded up in smoke,
To make a faithless error in your ears:
Which trust accordingly kind citizens,
And let us in, your king, whose labour'd spirits,
Forwearied in this action of swift speed,
Crave harbourage within your city walls.

K. Phi. When I have said, make answer to us both.

Lo, in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet,
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And king o'er him and all that he enjoys:
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march these greens before your town,
Being no further enemy to you
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal
In the relief of this oppressed child
Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
To pay that duty which you truly owe
To him that owes it, namely this young prince:

220. *dishabited*, displaced.
230. *To make a faithless error in your ears*, to seduce you to a breach of faith.
233. *Forwearied*, wearied out.
242. *greens*, meads.

And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aspéct, hath all offence seal'd up;
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven;
And with a blessed and unvex'd retire,
With unhack'd swords and helmets all unbruised,
We will bear home that lusty blood again
Which here we came to spout against your town,
And leave your children, wives and you in peace.
But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the roundure of your old-faced walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war,
Though all these English and their discipline
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
Then tell us, shall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challenged it?
Or shall we give the signal to our rage
And stalk in blood to our possession?

First Cit. In brief, we are the king of England's subjects:
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.

First Cit. That can we not; but he that proves the king,
To him will we prove loyal: till that time
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove the king?
And if not that, I bring you witnesses,
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,—

Bast. Bastards, and else.

K. John. To verify our title with their lives.

258. *pass*, neglect. Capell's correction of Ff
259. *roundure*, compass. 'rounder.'

K. Phi. As many and as well-born bloods as those,—

Bast. Some bastards too.

K. Phi. Stand in his face to contradict his claim.

First Cit. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
We for the worthiest hold the right from both.

K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all those souls
That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

K. Phi. Amen, amen! Mount, chevaliers! to arms!

Bast. Saint George, that swinged the dragon, and e'er since
Sits on his horse' back at mine hostess' door,
Teach us some fence! [*To Aust.*] Sirrah, were I at home,
At your den, sirrah, with your lioness,
I would set an ox-head to your lion's hide,
And make a monster of you.

Aust. Peace! no more.

Bast. O, tremble, for you hear the lion roar.

K. John. Up higher to the plain; where we 'll set forth
In best appointment all our regiments.

Bast. Speed then, to take advantage of the field.

K. Phi. It shall be so; and at the other hill
Command the rest to stand. God and our right!
[*Exeunt.*

278. *bloods*, men of spirit.
288, 289. St. George and the dragon was a common ale-house sign.

Here after excursions, enter the Herald of France, *with trumpets, to the gates.*

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, in,
Who by the hand of France this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lie scattered on the bleeding ground;
Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,
Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth;
And victory, with little loss, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French,
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
To enter conquerors and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne England's king and yours.

Enter English Herald, *with trumpet.*

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells;
King John, your king and England's, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day:
Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood;
There stuck no plume in any English crest
That is removed by a staff of France;
Our colours do return in those same hands
That did display them when we first march'd forth;
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes:
Open your gates and give the victors way.

316. *gilt*, reddened.
318. *staff*, lance.
322. *with purpled hands* (like those of huntsmen fresh from cutting up the quarry).

First Cit. Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,
From first to last, the onset and retire
Of both your armies; whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured:
Blood hath bought blood and blows have answer'd blows;
Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted power:
Both are alike; and both alike we like.
One must prove greatest: while they weigh so even,
We hold our town for neither, yet for both.

Re-enter the two KINGS, *with their powers, severally.*

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?
Say, shall the current of our right run on?
Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel and o'erswell
With course disturb'd even thy confining shores,
Unless thou let his silver water keep
A peaceful progress to the ocean.

K. Phi. England, thou hast not saved one drop of blood,
In this hot trial, more than we of France;
Rather, lost more. And by this hand I swear,
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,
Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,

325. *First Cit.* In Ff the speaker is called 'Hub.,' doubtless because the same actor took the part of Hubert de Burgh.

328. *censured*, judged.

335. *run;* so Ff_{2-4}, for 'rome,' F_1; this would be an easy misprint for 'ronne,' which gives a decidedly better sense.

344. *this climate*, the region of the sky immediately above us.

We 'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear,
Or add a royal number to the dead,
Gracing the scroll that tells of this war's loss
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.
Bast. Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!
O, now doth Death line his dead chaps with steel;
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;
And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men,
In undetermined differences of kings.
Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?
Cry, 'havoc!' kings; back to the stained field,
You equal potents, fiery kindled spirits!
Then let confusion of one part confirm
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood and death!
K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?
K. Phi. Speak, citizens, for England; who 's your king?
First Cit. The king of England, when we know the king.
K. Phi. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.
K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear possession of our person here,
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.
First Cit. A greater power than we denies all this;
And till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates;
King'd of our fears, until our fears, resolved,

347. *i.e.* the dead shall number a king among them.
358. *potents*, powers.
371. *King'd of our fears;* Theobald's excellent conjecture for 'kings of our fear' Ff.

Be by some certain king purged and deposed.
Bast. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout you, kings,
And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
Your royal presences be ruled by me:
Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,
Be friends awhile and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town:
By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon charged to the mouths,
Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawl'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:
I 'ld play incessantly upon these jades,
Even till unfenced desolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That done, dissever your united strengths,
And part your mingled colours once again;
Turn face to face and bloody point to point;
Then, in a moment, Fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy minion,
To whom in favour she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious victory.
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?
Smacks it not something of the policy?
K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,
I like it well. France, shall we knit our powers

373. *scroyles*, 'scabs,' wretches (properly, the king's evil; Fr. *les escrouelles*).
376. *industrious*, busy.
378. *mutines*, mutineers.
ib. *like the mutines of Jerusalem*; like the two factions in Jerusalem during the Roman siege, whose leaders, John of Giscala and Simon bar Gioras, suspended their hostilities to combine in resisting the besiegers.
383. *soul-fearing*, soul-terrifying.
395. *states*, rulers.

And lay this Angiers even with the ground;
Then after fight who shall be king of it?
Bast. An if thou hast the mettle of a king,
Being wrong'd as we are by this peevish town,
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, against these saucy walls;
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
Why then defy each other, and pell-mell
Make work upon ourselves, for heaven or hell.
K. Phi. Let it be so. Say, where will you assault?
K. John. We from the west will send destruction
Into this city's bosom.
Aust. I from the north.
K. Phi. Our thunder from the south
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.
Bast. O prudent discipline! From north to south:
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth:
I 'll stir them to it. Come, away, away!
First Cit. Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe awhile to stay,
And I shall show you peace and fair-faced league;
Win you this city without stroke or wound;
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field:
Perséver not, but hear me, mighty kings.
K. John. Speak on with favour; we are bent to hear.
First Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the Lady Blanch,
Is niece to England: look upon the years

402. *peevish*, wayward.
412. *drift* (concrete noun from 'drive'), driving shower.
424. *niece;* Singer's certain emendation for Ff 'neere,' 'near.'

Of Lewis the Dauphin and that lovely maid:
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady Blanch?
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dauphin every way complete:
If not complete of, say he is not she;
And she again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not that she is not he:
He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such a she;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
O, two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in;
And two such shores to two such streams made one,
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
To these two princes, if you marry them.
This union shall do more than battery can
To our fast-closed gates; for at this match,
With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance: but without this match,
The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
More free from motion, no, not Death himself
In mortal fury half so peremptory,
As we to keep this city.

425. *Dauphin.* The Ff have, throughout, the then current form 'Dolphin.'
428. *zealous*, holy, devout.
434. *complete of*, full of, complete in (these qualities).
438. *a she;* Theobald's emendation for Ff 'as she.'
448. *spleen*, eager impetuosity.

Bast. Here 's a stay
That shakes the rotten carcass of old Death
Out of his rags! Here 's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death and mountains, rocks and seas,
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?
He speaks plain cannon fire, and smoke and bounce;
He gives the bastinado with his tongue:
Our ears are cudgell'd; not a word of his
But buffets better than a fist of France:
Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words
Since I first call'd my brother's father dad.
Eli. Son, list to this conjunction, make this match;
Give with our niece a dowry large enough:
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
Thy now unsured assurance to the crown,
That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.
I see a yielding in the looks of France;
Mark, how they whisper: urge them while their souls
Are capable of this ambition,
Lest zeal, now melted by the windy breath
Of soft petitions, pity and remorse,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.
First Cit. Why answer not the double majesties
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?
K. Phi. Speak England first, that hath been forward first

455. *stay*, check, obstacle; opponent; the citizen's proposal running counter to the previous determination of the kings.
476. *capable of*, susceptible to.
478. *remorse*, compassion.

To speak unto this city: what say you?
K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son,
Can in this book of beauty read 'I love,'
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:
For Anjou and fair Touraine, Maine, Poictiers,
And all that we upon this side the sea,
Except this city now by us besieged,
Find liable to our crown and dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed and make her rich
In titles, honours and promotions,
As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princess of the world.
K. Phi. What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's face.
Lew. I do, my lord; and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;
Which, being but the shadow of your son,
Becomes a sun and makes your son a shadow:
I do protest I never loved myself
Till now infixed I beheld myself
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.
[*Whispers with Blanch.*
Bast. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!
And quarter'd in her heart! he doth espy
Himself love's traitor: this is pity now,
That, hang'd and drawn and quarter'd, there should be.
In such a love so vile a lout as he.
Blanch. My uncle's will in this respect is mine:
If he see aught in you that makes him like,

490. *liable*, subject.
494. *Holds hand with*, is a match for.
498. *shadow*, image.
503. *table*, the ground on which a picture is painted.

That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,
I can with ease translate it to my will;
Or if you will, to speak more properly,
I will enforce it easily to my love.
Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
That all I see in you is worthy love,
Than this; that nothing do I see in you,
Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your judge,
That I can find should merit any hate.

K. John. What say these young ones? What say you, my niece?

Blanch. That she is bound in honour still to do
What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

K. John. Speak then, prince Dauphin; can you love this lady?

Lew. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love;
For I do love her most unfeignedly.

K. John. Then do I give Volquessen, Touraine, Maine,
Poictiers and Anjou, these five provinces,
With her to thee; and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.
Philip of France, if thou be pleased withal,
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. Phi. It likes us well; young princes, close your hands.

Aust. And your lips too; for I am well assured
That I did so when I was first assured.

K. Phi. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made;
For at Saint Mary's chapel presently

512. *That any thing*, whatever thing.
527. *Volquessen*, Vexin, the district round Rouen (occupied by the Velocasses in ancient Gaul).
535. *assured*, engaged.

The rites of marriage shall be solemnized.
Is not the Lady Constance in this troop?
I know she is not, for this match made up
Her presence would have interrupted much:
Where is she and her son? tell me, who knows.

Lew. She is sad and passionate at your highness' tent.

K. Phi. And, by my faith, this league that we have made
Will give her sadness very little cure.
Brother of England, how may we content
This widow lady? In her right we came;
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,
To our own vantage.

K. John. We will heal up all;
For we 'll create young Arthur Duke of Bretagne
And Earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town
We make him lord of. Call the Lady Constance;
Some speedy messenger bid her repair
To our solemnity: I trust we shall,
If not fill up the measure of her will,
Yet in some measure satisfy her so
That we shall stop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlook'd for, unprepared pomp.

[*Exeunt all but the Bastard.*

Bast. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!
John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part,
And France, whose armour conscience buckled on,
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field
As God's own soldier, rounded in the ear
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil,

563. *departed*, parted. 565. *zeal*, religious fervour.
566. *rounded*, whispered.

That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith,
That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,
Who, having no external thing to lose
But the word 'maid,' cheats the poor maid of that,
That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling Commodity,
Commodity, the bias of the world,
The world, who of itself is peised well,
Made to run even upon even ground,
Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this Commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent:
And this same bias, this Commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determined aid,
From a resolved and honourable war,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.
And why rail I on this Commodity?
But for because he hath not woo'd me yet:
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels would salute my palm;

568. *broker*, go-between.

573. *tickling*, cajoling, flattering.

573. *Commodity*, self-interest.

574. *the bias of the world;* the influence which causes all men to swerve from their normal course. Technically the *bias* was, in the game of bowls, a piece of lead introduced into one side of the bowl, causing it to swerve from the direct line. The globe of the earth is here conceived as a bowl thus 'biassed.'

575. *peised*, poised.

579. *take head from*, move with unchecked impulse away from.

579. *indifferency*, impartiality.

583. *Clapp'd on the outward eye.* The figure of the biassed bowl is still kept up. The 'eye' of a bowl was 'the aperture on one side which contained the bias.'

589. *clutch*, shut close.

590. *angels;* the angel was a gold coin worth about 10 shillings.

But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail
And say there is no sin but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be
To say there is no vice but beggary.
Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord, for I will worship thee. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The French* KING'S *pavilion.*

Enter CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, *and* SALISBURY.

Const. Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace!
False blood to false blood join'd! gone to be friends!
Shall Lewis have Blanch, and Blanch those provinces?
It is not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard;
Be well advised, tell o'er thy tale again:
It cannot be; thou dost but say 'tis so:
I trust I may not trust thee; for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man:
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;
I have a king's oath to the contrary.
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frighting me,

597. *upon commodity*, from motives of self-interest.

Sc. 1. Theobald's arrangement. In Ff this scene as far as v. 74 forms a part of the second Act. But the division at that point is palpably wrong.

5. *Be well advised*, reflect.

For I am sick and capable of fears,
Oppress'd with wrongs and therefore full of fears,
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears,
A woman, naturally born to fears;
And though thou now confess thou didst but jest,
With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.
Sal. As true as I believe you think them false
That give you cause to prove my saying true.
Const. O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die,
And let belief and life encounter so
As doth the fury of two desperate men
Which in the very meeting fall and die.
Lewis marry Blanch! O boy, then where art thou?
France friend with England, what becomes of me?
Fellow, be gone: I cannot brook thy sight:
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.
Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
But spoke the harm that is by others done?
Const. Which harm within itself so heinous is
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.
Arth. I do beseech you, madam, be content.
Const. If thou, that bid'st me be content, wert grim,

12. *capable of*, prone to.
22. *rheum*, moisture.
23. *peering o'er*, overpeering, on the point of overflowing.

Ugly, and slanderous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots and sightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content,
For then I should not love thee, no, nor thou
Become thy great birth nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy,
Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great:
Of Nature's gifts thou mayst with lilies boast
And with the half-blown rose. But Fortune, O,
She is corrupted, changed and won from thee;
She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John,
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to Fortune and King John,
That strumpet Fortune, that usurping John!
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?
Envenom him with words, or get thee gone
And leave those woes alone which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.

Sal. Pardon me, madam,
I may not go without you to the kings.

Const. Thou mayst, thou shalt; I will not go with thee:
I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;
For grief is proud and makes his owner stoop.
To me and to the state of my great grief
Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: here I and sorrows sit;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

[*Seats herself on the ground.*

45. *sightless*, unsightly. 46. *prodigious*, monstrous.
70. *state*, royal dignity.

Enter KING JOHN, KING PHILIP, LEWIS, BLANCH, ELINOR, *the* BASTARD, AUSTRIA, *and* Attendants.

K. Phi. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed day
Ever in France shall be kept festival:
To solemnize this day the glorious sun
Stays in his course and plays the alchemist,
Turning with splendour of his precious eye
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold:
The yearly course that brings this day about
Shall never see it but a holiday.

Const. A wicked day, and not a holy day! [*Rising.*
What hath this day deserved? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters should be set
Among the high tides in the calendar?
Nay, rather turn this day out of the week,
This day of shame, oppression, perjury.
Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child
Pray that their burthens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd:
But on this day let seamen fear no wreck;
No bargains break that are not this day made:
This day, all things begun come to ill end,
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

K. Phi. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the fair proceedings of this day:
Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?

Const. You have beguiled me with a counterfeit
Resembling majesty, which, being touch'd and tried,

86. *high tides*, festivals of the church.

91. *prodigiously*, i.e. by the birth of a monstrosity.

92. *But*, save.

100. *touch'd and tried*, proved with the 'touchstone.'

Proves valueless: you are forsworn, forsworn;
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours:
The grappling vigour and rough frown of war
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made up this league.
Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjured kings!
A widow cries; be husband to me, heavens!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunsét,
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjured kings!
Hear me, O, hear me!
Aust. Lady Constance, peace!
Const. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.
O Lymoges! O Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil: thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward!
Thou little valiant, great in villany!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou Fortune's champion that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety! thou art perjured too,
And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool, to brag and stamp and swear
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side,
Been sworn my soldier, bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune and thy strength,
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?

103. *in arms*, by embraces.
105. *painted*, feigned, hollow.
119. *humorous*, capricious.
121. *sooth'st up*, flatterest. *Up* implies that 'greatness' is flattered into complete compliance ('to the top of its bent').
122. *ramping*, rearing; in heraldry an epithet of the lion and other beasts of prey; here with derisive allusion to Austria's lion-skin.

Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. O, that a man should speak those words to me!

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. Thou darest not say so, villain, for thy life.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

K. John. We like not this; thou dost forget thyself.

Enter PANDULPH.

K. Phi. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!
To thee, King John, my holy errand is.
I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,
And from Pope Innocent the legate here,
Do in his name religiously demand
Why thou against the church, our holy mother,
So wilfully dost spurn; and force perforce
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see?
This, in our foresaid holy father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthy name to interrogatories
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name

129. *a calf's-skin;* the normal garb of the domestic fool.

134. *Enter Pandulph.* The intervention of Pandulph to demand an explanation of John's refusal to admit Langton belongs historically to 1211; Lewis's betrothal to 1200.

147. *earthy,* earthly.

ib. *interrogatories,* authoritative questions; properly applied to questions so put in certain legal procedures and answered upon oath.

148. *task* (to interrogatories), compel, command. Theobald's correction for Ff 'tast(e).'

So slight, unworthy and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England
Add thus much more, that no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
But as we, under heaven, are supreme head,
So under Him that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without the assistance of a mortal hand:
So tell the pope, all reverence set apart
To him and his usurp'd authority.

K. Phi. Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

K. John. Though you and all the kings of Christendom
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out;
And by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who in that sale sells pardon from himself,
Though you and all the rest so grossly led
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish,
Yet I alone, alone do me oppose
Against the pope and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then, by the lawful power that I have,
Thou shalt stand cursed and excommunicate:
And blessed shall he be that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretic;
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canónized and worshipp'd as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.

Const. O, lawful let it be
That I have room with Rome to curse awhile!

154. *toll*, tax.
180. *room* . . . *Rome*; a quibble, the words being then identical in pronunciation.

Good father cardinal, cry thou amen
To my keen curses; for without my wrong
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.
Pand. There's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.
Const. And for mine too: when law can do no right,
Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong:
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here,
For he that holds his kingdom holds the law;
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?
Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretic;
And raise the power of France upon his head,
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.
Eli. Look'st thou pale, France? do not let go thy hand.
Const. Look to that, devil; lest that France repent,
And by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.
Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.
Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.
Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,
Because—
Bast. Your breeches best may carry them.
K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal?
Const. What should he say, but as the cardinal?
Lew. Bethink you, father; for the difference
Is purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,
Or the light loss of England for a friend:
Forego the easier.

Blanch. That 's the curse of Rome.
Const. O Lewis, stand fast! the devil tempts thee here
In likeness of a new untrimmed bride.
Blanch. The Lady Constance speaks not from her faith,
But from her need.
Const. O, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle,
That faith would live again by death of need.
O then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up;
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down!
K. John. The king is moved, and answers not to this.
Const. O, be removed from him, and answer well!
Aust. Do so, King Philip; hang no more in doubt.
Bast. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet lout.
K. Phi. I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.
Pand. What canst thou say but will perplex thee more,
If thou stand excommunicate and cursed?
K. Phi. Good reverend father, make my person yours,
And tell me how you would bestow yourself.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit,
And the conjunction of our inward souls
Married in league, coupled and link'd together

209. *untrimmed*, disarrayed (*i.e.* either 'divested of her wedding-robe,' or 'with her hair hanging loose').
213. *infer*, prove.
225. *bestow yourself*, act.

With all religious strength of sacred vows;
The latest breath that gave the sound of words
Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love
Between our kingdoms and our royal selves,
And even before this truce, but new before,
No longer than we well could wash our hands
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,
Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and over-stain'd
With slaughter's pencil, where revenge did paint
The fearful difference of incensed kings:
And shall these hands, so lately purged of blood,
So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,
Unyoke this seizure and this kind regreet?
Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with heaven,
Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
As now again to snatch our palm from palm,
Unswear faith sworn, and on the marriage-bed
Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true sincerity? O, holy sir,
My reverend father, let it not be so!
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
Some gentle order; and then we shall be blest
To do your pleasure and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,
Save what is opposite to England's love.
Therefore to arms! be champion of our church,
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,
A mother's curse, on her revolting son.
France, thou mayst hold a serpent by the tongue,

241. *regreet*, greeting.
242. *Play fast and loose*; 'fast and loose' was a cheating game, with many varieties. Cf. note to *Love's Labour's Lost*, iii. 1. 104.
254. *opposite*, adverse.
258. *the tongue*, as the supposed seat of the serpent's poison.

A chafed lion by the mortal paw,
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.
K. Phi. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.
Pand. So makest thou faith an enemy to faith;
And like a civil war set'st oath to oath,
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow
First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd,
That is, to be the champion of our church!
What since thou sworest is sworn against thyself
And may not be performed by thyself,
For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss
Is not amiss when it is truly done,
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then most done not doing it:
The better act of purposes mistook
Is to mistake again; though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falsehood falsehood cures, as fire cools fire
Within the scorched veins of one new-burn'd.
It is religion that doth make vows kept;
But thou hast sworn against religion,
By what thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st,

259. *chafed;* Theobald's emendation for Ff 'cased.'

267. *champion of our church;* in reference to the official title of the French kings: 'eldest son of the church.'

270. *that . . . amiss,* the unlawful act which you have sworn to do.

271. *when it is truly done,* when it is done in a lawful manner, *i.e.* when it is *not* done; 'truth,' as the legate proceeds to explain, being in such a case 'most done' by 'not doing' that which 'tends to ill.'

275. *indirect,* contrary to law, unjust.

281. *By what thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st,* by the oath you swear against your oath (viz. to be the champion of our church, v. 267). This is preferable to supposing the omission of 'by' after 'swear'st,' since the next line is parallel. A probable emendation is 'swar'st' for 'swear'st.'

And makest an oath the surety for thy truth
Against an oath: the truth thou art unsure
To swear, swears only not to be forsworn;
Else what a mockery should it be to swear!
But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;
And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.
Therefore thy later vows against thy first
Is in thyself rebellion to thyself;
And better conquest never canst thou make
Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against these giddy loose suggestions:
Upon which better part our prayers come in,
If thou vouchsafe them. But if not, then know
The peril of our curses light on thee
So heavy as thou shalt not shake them off,
But in despair die under their black weight.
Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion!
Bast. Will 't not be?
Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine?
Lew. Father, to arms!
Blanch. Upon thy wedding-day?
Against the blood that thou hast married?
What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men?
Shall braying trumpets and loud churlish drums,
Clamours of hell, be measures to our pomp?

283, 284. *the truth thou art unsure*, etc. Ff have these three lines:—

And mak'st an oath the suretie for thy truth
Against an oath the truth, thou art unsure
To sweare, sweares onely not to be forsworne.

Johnson put a stop at 'oath' in v. 283. The construction is in any case difficult, but the meaning is clear. Pandulph argues that Philip's oath to John is perjury, as a violation of his primary vow to heaven; that perjured oath he takes as a surety of his good faith. But to take an oath of good faith (otherwise insecure) is a mere mockery, unless it implies that he who takes it is not thereby forsworn, whereas Philip is forsworn in the very act of swearing.

292. *suggestions*, temptations.

304. *measures*, musical accompaniment (to a dance; more commonly, the dance itself).

O husband, hear me! ay, alack, how new
Is husband in my mouth! even for that name,
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Against mine uncle.
Const. O, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom
Forethought by heaven!
Blanch. Now shall I see thy love: what motive may
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?
Const. That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,
His honour: O, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour!
Lew. I muse your majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects do pull you on.
Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.
K. Phi. Thou shalt not need. England, I will fall from thee.
Const. O fair return of banish'd majesty!
Eli. O foul revolt of French inconstancy!
K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour.
Bast. Old Time the clock-setter, that bald sexton Time,
Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.
Blanch. The sun 's o'ercast with blood: fair day, adieu!
Which is the side that I must go withal?
I am with both: each army hath a hand;
And in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whirl asunder and dismember me.
Husband, I cannot pray that thou mayst win;

318. *profound respects*, grave considerations.

Uncle, I needs must pray that thou mayst lose;
Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;
Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:
Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;
Assured loss before the match be play'd.

Lew. Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance together. [*Exit Bastard.*

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath; 340
A rage whose heat hath this condition,
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and dearest-valued blood, of France.

K. Phi. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn
To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:
Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threats. To arms let's hie! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. Plains near Angiers.*

Alarums, excursions. Enter the BASTARD, *with* AUSTRIA'S *head.*

Bast. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;
Some airy devil hovers in the sky

341. *condition*, quality.

2. *Some airy devil.* The 'storm-elves' of Germanic myth still survived in Elizabethan demonology in the form of 'spirits of the air,' 'aerial spirits or devils,' who 'mix themselves in thunder and lightning' and produce storm and whirlwind.

And pours down mischief. Austria's head lie there,
While Philip breathes.

Enter KING JOHN, ARTHUR, *and* HUBERT.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy. Philip, make up:
My mother is assailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.
Bast. My lord, I rescued her;
Her highness is in safety, fear you not:
But on, my liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same.*

Alarums, excursions, retreat. Enter KING JOHN, ELINOR, ARTHUR, *the* BASTARD, HUBERT, *and* Lords.

K. John. [*To Elinor*] So shall it be; your grace shall stay behind
So strongly guarded. [*To Arthur*] Cousin, look not sad:
Thy grandam loves thee; and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.
Arth. O, this will make my mother die with grief!
K. John. [*To the Bastard*] Cousin, away for England! haste before:
And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots; imprisoned angels
Set at liberty: the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon:
Use our commission in his utmost force.

4. ***Philip;*** the Bastard's old name is used, apparently by oversight, instead of 'Richard.' So in v. 5. Shakespeare probably had the old play before him, where the Bastard is called Philip throughout.

5. ***make up***, hasten on.

Bast. Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back,
When gold and silver becks me to come on.
I leave your highness. Grandam, I will pray,
If ever I remember to be holy,
For your fair safety; so, I kiss your hand.
Eli. Farewell, gentle cousin.
K. John. Coz, farewell. [*Exit Bastard.*
Eli. Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.
K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much! within this wall of flesh
There is a soul counts thee her creditor
And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,
But I will fit it with some better time.
By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed
To say what good respect I have of thee.
Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.
K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet,
But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say, but let it go:
The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton and too full of gawds
To give me audience: if the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,

12. *Bell, book, and candle;* the accompaniments of the solemn ceremony of excommunication. After the sentence had been read from the book, the book was closed, the three candles quenched, and the bell tolled.
22. *advantage*, interest.
36. *gawds*, idle ornaments.

Sound on into the drowsy ear of night;
If this same were a churchyard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs,
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
Had baked thy blood and made it heavy-thick,
Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A passion hateful to my purposes,
Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears and harmful sound of words;
Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:
But, ah, I will not! yet I love thee well;
And, by my troth, I think thou lovest me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my act
By heaven, I would do it.

K. John. Do not I know thou wouldst?
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way;
And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me: dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I'll keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. John. Death.

Hub. My lord?

39. *ear;* Walker's emendation for Ff 'race'; a very easy misprint.

50. *conceit,* imagination.

52. *brooded,* having a brood, hence alert and suspicious, like a sitting hen.

K. John. A grave.
Hub. He shall not live.
K. John. Enough.
I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee;
Well, I 'll not say what I intend for thee:
Remember. Madam, fare you well:
I 'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.
Eli. My blessing go with thee!
K. John. For England, cousin, go:
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty. On toward Calais, ho!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same. The French* KING'S *tent.*

Enter KING PHILIP, LEWIS, PANDULPH, *and* Attendants.

K. Phi. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole armado of convicted sail
Is scatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowship.
Pand. Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.
K. Phi. What can go well, when we have run so ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?
Lew. What he hath won, that hath he fortified:
So hot a speed with such advice disposed,

2. *armado* (a popular form of 'armada'), fleet.
2. *convicted*, beaten.
6, 7. *Is not Angiers lost? Arthur ta'en prisoner?* This identifies two events. Arthur was taken at Mirabeau in 1202; Angiers was 'lost' in 1206.
11. *advice*, judgment.

Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,
Doth want example: who hath read or heard
Of any kindred action like to this?
K. Phi. Well could I bear that England had this praise,
So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter CONSTANCE.

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath.
I prithee, lady, go away with me.
Const. Lo, now! now see the issue of your peace.
K. Phi. Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle Constance!
Const. No, I defy all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death; O amiable lovely death!
Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy détestable bones
And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty brows
And ring these fingers with thy household worms
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust
And be a carrion monster like thyself:
Come, grin on me, and I will think thou smilest,
And buss thee as thy wife. Misery's love,
O, come to me!
K. Phi. O fair affliction, peace!
Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:
O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!
Then with a passion would I shake the world;
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy

40. *anatomy*, skeleton.

Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which scorns a modern invocation.
Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.
Const. Thou art not holy to belie me so;
I am not mad: this hair I tear is mine;
My name is Constance; I was Geffrey's wife;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:
I am not mad: I would to heaven I were!
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself:
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canónized, cardinal;
For being not mad but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself:
If I were mad, I should forget my son,
Or madly think a babe of clouts were he:
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.
K. Phi. Bind up those tresses. O, what love I note
In the fair multitude of those her hairs!
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,
Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends
Do glue themselves in sociable grief,
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.
Const. To England, if you will.
K. Phi. Bind up your hairs.
Const. Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds and cried aloud
'O that these hands could so redeem my son,

42. *modern*, ordinary.
58. *a babe of clouts*, a doll of rags.
60. *plague*, torment.

As they have given these hairs their liberty!'
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner.
And, father cardinal, I have heard you say
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud
And chase the native beauty from his cheek
And he will look as hollow as a ghost,
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit,
And so he'll die; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
I shall not know him: therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Const. He talks to me that never had a son.

K. Phi. You are as fond of grief as of your child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief?
Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,

80. *suspire*, draw his (first) breath.
85. *dim*, faded, colourless.
90. *You hold too heinous a respect of grief*, you take a too hateful view of grief, sinfully think too much of it.
96. *Remembers*, reminds.

I could give better comfort than you do.
I will not keep this form upon my head,
When there is such disorder in my wit.
O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure!
[*Exit.*

K. Phi. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her. [*Exit.*

Lew. There's nothing in this world can make me joy:
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste,
That it yields nought but shame and bitterness.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest; evils that take leave,
On their departure most of all show evil:
What have you lost by losing of this day?

Lew. All days of glory, joy and happiness.

Pand. If you had won it, certainly you had.
No, no; when Fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.
'Tis strange to think how much King John hath lost
In this which he accounts so clearly won:
Are not you grieved that Arthur is his prisoner?

Lew. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me speak with a prophetic spirit;
For even the breath of what I mean to speak

101. *this form*, i.e. the usual arrangement of the hair.

110. *world's;* Pope's emendation for Ff 'words.'

Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne; and therefore mark.
John hath seized Arthur; and it cannot be
That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The misplaced John should entertain an hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest.
A sceptre snatch'd with an unruly hand
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd;
And he that stands upon a slippery place
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up:
That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall;
So be it, for it cannot be but so.

Lew. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?

Pand. You, in the right of Lady Blanch your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

Lew. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

Pand. How green you are and fresh in this old world!
John lays you plots; the times conspire with you;
For he that steeps his safety in true blood
Shall find but bloody safety and untrue.
This act so evilly born shall cool the hearts
Of all his people and freeze up their zeal,
That none so small advantage shall step forth
To check his reign, but they will cherish it;
No natural exhalation in the sky,
No scope of nature, no distemper'd day,
No common wind, no customèd event,

128. *rub*, obstacle.
138. *Makes nice of*, scruples to seize.
153. *exhalation*, meteor.
154. *No scope of nature*, no effect produced within the limits of nature, no 'natural phenomenon.'
154. *distemper'd*, troubled, stormy.

But they will pluck away his natural cause
And call them meteors, prodigies and signs,
Abortives, presages and tongues of heaven,
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.
Lew. May be he will not touch young Arthur's life,
But hold himself safe in his prisonment.
Pand. O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at that news he dies; and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change
And pick strong matter of revolt and wrath
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.
Methinks I see this hurly all on foot:
And, O, what better matter breeds for you
Than I have named! The bastard Faulconbridge
Is now in England, ransacking the church,
Offending charity: if but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thousand English to their side,
Or as a little snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,
Go with me to the king: 'tis wonderful
What may be wrought out of their discontent,
Now that their souls are topfull of offence.
For England go: I will whet on the king.
Lew. Strong reasons make strong actions: let us go:
If you say ay, the king will not say no. [*Exeunt.*

169. *hurly*, uproar, 'hurly-burly.'
174. *call*, a cry used in enticing birds.
175. *train*, allure.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A room in a castle.*

Enter HUBERT *and* Executioners.

Hub. Heat me these irons hot; and look thou stand
Within the arras: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy which you shall find with me
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.
First Exec. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.
Hub. Uncleanly scruples! fear not you: look to't. [*Exeunt Executioners.*
Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.
Hub. Good morrow, little prince.
Arth. As little prince, having so great a title
To be more prince, as may be. You are sad.
Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.
Arth. Mercy on me!
Methinks no body should be sad but I:
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
So I were out of prison and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long;

2. *Within the arras*, i.e. behind the tapestry.
16. *Only for wantonness*, for a mere freak.
16. *my christendom*, my faith as a Christian.

And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me:
He is afraid of me and I of him:
Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's son?
No, indeed, is 't not; and I would to heaven
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.
Hub. [*Aside*] If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sudden and dispatch.
Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:
In sooth, I would you were a little sick,
That I might sit all night and watch with you:
I warrant I love you more than you do me.
Hub. [*Aside*] His words do take possession of my bosom.
Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*
[*Aside*] How now, foolish rheum!
Turning dispiteous torture out of door!
I must be brief, lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?
Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?
Hub. Young boy, I must.
Arth. And will you?
Hub. And I will.
Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,
I knit my handkercher about your brows,
The best I had, a princess wrought it me,
And I did never ask it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head,

19. *doubt*, fear. 34. *dispiteous*, pitiless.

And like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,
Saying, 'What lack you?' and 'Where lies your grief?'
Or 'What good love may I perform for you?'
Many a poor man's son would have lien still
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love
And call it cunning: do, an if you will:
If heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,
Why then you must. Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes that never did nor never shall
So much as frown on you.
Hub. I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.
Arth. Ah, none but in this iron age would do it!
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears
And quench his fiery indignation
Even in the matter of mine innocence;
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
An if an angel should have come to me
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believed him,—no tongue but Hubert's.
Hub. Come forth. [*Stamps.*

46. ***watchful minutes to the hour***, minutes that serve as watches to the hour (succeed one another at regular intervals).

47. ***Still and anon***, ever and anon.

50. ***lien***, lain.

52. ***sick service***, service in sickness.

Re-enter Executioners, *with a cord, irons, etc.*

Do as I bid you do.
Arth. O save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.
Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.
Arth. Alas, what need you be so boisterous-rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For heaven sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert, drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angerly:
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.
Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.
First Exec. I am best pleased to be from such a deed. [*Exeunt Executioners.*
Arth. Alas, I then have chid away my friend!
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.
Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.
Arth. Is there no remedy?
Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.
Arth. O heaven, that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then feeling what small things are boisterous there,

85. *within;* probably in the ante-chamber, not behind the arras, as in v. 2.

95. *boisterous,* rudely disturbing.

Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.
Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.
Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue, let me not, Hubert;
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes: O, spare mine eyes,
Though to no use but still to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold
And would not harm me.
Hub. I can heat it, boy.
Arth. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be used
In undeserved extremes: see else yourself;
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.
Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.
Arth. An if you do, you will but make it blush
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes;
And like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.
All things that you should use to do me wrong
Deny their office: only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.
Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eye
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:
Yet am I sworn and I did purpose, boy,

99. *want pleading*, be insufficient to plead.

With this same very iron to burn them out.
Arth. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were disguised.
Hub. Peace: no more. Adieu.
Your uncle must not know but you are dead;
I 'll fill these dogged spies with false reports:
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.
Arth. O heaven! I thank you, Hubert.
Hub. Silence; no more: go closely in with me:
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. King John's *palace.*

Enter King John, Pembroke, Salisbury, *and other* Lords.

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again crown'd,
And looked upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.
Pem. This 'once again,' but that your highness pleased,
Was once superfluous: you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off,
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt;
Fresh expectation troubled not the land
With any long'd-for change or better state.
Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,

130. *doubtless and secure,* in fearless confidence.
132. *offend,* harm.

To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

Pem. But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told,
And in the last repeating troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable.

Sal. In this the antique and well noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured;
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,
Startles and frights consideration,
Makes sound opinion sick and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Pem. When workmen strive to do better than well,
They do confound their skill in covetousness;
And oftentimes excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse,
As patches set upon a little breach
Discredit more in hiding of the fault
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new crown'd,
We breathed our counsel: but it pleased your highness
To overbear it, and we are all well pleased,
Since all and every part of what we would
Doth make a stand at what your highness will.

K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possess'd you with and think them strong;

24. *fetch about*, veer round.

And more, more strong, than lesser is my fear,
I shall indue you with: meantime but ask
What you would have reform'd that is not well,
And well shall you perceive how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.
Pem. Then I, as one that am the tongue of these
To sound the purposes of all their hearts,
Both for myself and them, but, chief of all,
Your safety, for the which myself and them
Bend their best studies, heartily request
The enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument,—
If what in rest you have in right you hold,
Why then your fears, which, as they say, attend
The steps of wrong, should move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman and to choke his days
With barbarous ignorance and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise?
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit
That you have bid us ask his liberty;
Which for our goods we do no further ask

42. *more, more strong, than lesser is my fear*, more reasons, even stronger than in proportion to my diminished fear; *i.e.* the superior cogency of his new arguments, far from indicating a greater anxiety, would even exceed the measure of his relief. Ff read 'then lesser (lesse),' where 'then' is a common sixteenth-century spelling of 'than.' Tyrwhitt's 'when' is very plausible.

48. *sound*, declare.

50. *them;* for 'they,' perhaps, as Camb. edd. think, through the preceding 'myself' suggesting 'themselves.' Or the compositor's eye may have caught the 'myself and them' above.

52. *enfranchisement*, liberation.

60. *exercise*, mental and bodily training.

61. *the time's enemies*, the opponents of the present régime.

62. *To grace occasions*, to render specious their matters of complaint against you.

64. *goods*, good, advantage.

Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal he have his liberty.

Enter HUBERT.

K. John. Let it be so: I do commit his youth
To your direction. Hubert, what news with you?
[*Taking him apart.*

Pem. This is the man should do the bloody deed;
He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine:
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his
Does show the mood of a much troubled breast;
And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the king doth come and go
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set:
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

Pem. And when it breaks, I fear will issue thence
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand:
Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead:
He tells us Arthur is deceased to-night.

Sal. Indeed we fear'd his sickness was past cure.

Pem. Indeed we heard how near his death he was
Before the child himself felt he was sick:

65. *Than whereupon*, etc., (we ask his liberty no further) than the commonwealth counts it your advantage. 'Whereupon' has no distinct meaning; it is apparently suggested by 'depending.'

78. *battles*, embattled armies.

79. *His passion is so ripe*, etc.; the image is from a tumour.

This must be answer'd either here or hence.
K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows
on me?
Think you I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?
Sal. It is apparent foul play; and 'tis shame
That greatness should so grossly offer it:
So thrive it in your game! and so, farewell.
Pem. Stay yet, Lord Salisbury; I 'll go with
thee,
And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood which owed the breadth of all this
isle,
Three foot of it doth hold: bad world the while!
This must not be thus borne: this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long I doubt.
[*Exeunt Lords.*
K. John. They burn in indignation. I repent:
There is no sure foundation set on blood,
No certain life achieved by others' death.

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast: where is that blood
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm:
Pour down thy weather: how goes all in France?
Mess. From France to England. Never such
a power
For any foreign preparation
Was levied in the body of a land.
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them;
For when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings comes that they are all arrived.

93. *apparent*, evident.

K. John. O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care,
That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it?
Mess. My liege, her ear
Is stopp'd with dust; the first of April died
Your noble mother: and, as I hear, my lord,
The Lady Constance in a frenzy died
Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard; if true or false I know not.
K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion!
O, make a league with me, till I have pleased
My discontented peers! What! mother dead!
How wildly then walks my estate in France!
Under whose conduct came those powers of France
That thou for truth givest out are landed here?
Mess. Under the Dauphin.
K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings.

117. *care.* The reading of F_1 is doubtful here, the first letter being broken. Expert opinion is divided, but it seems probable that some copies read 'eare.' The three later Ff gave 'care'; and this is on the whole the preferable reading.

120. *the first of April.* This date, not given by Holinshed, was, according to a contemporary authority (*Ann. Waverleia*), the actual date of Elinor's death (1204). Mr. Stone (*Hol.* p. 61) suggests that Shakespeare chose it because on the same page of Holinshed he found the description of a portent (apparently the aurora borealis) on 1st April of that year. In that case it is singular that he did not utilise the description at vv. 143 ff.

122. The date of Constance's death is not given in Holinshed. She actually died three years before Elinor, in 1201.

124. *idly heard*, i.e. heard as an idle rumour.

128. *wildly walks*, totters, reels.

128. *my estate*, the state of my affairs.

Enter the BASTARD *and* PETER *of Pomfret.*

Now, what says the world
To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.
Bast. But if you be afeard to hear the worst,
Then let the worst unheard fall on your head.
K. John. Bear with me, cousin; for I was amazed
Under the tide: but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood, and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.
Bast. How I have sped among the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express.
But as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied;
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams,
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear:
And here 's a prophet, that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels;
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes,
That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
Your highness should deliver up your crown.
K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?
Peter. Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.
K. John. Hubert, away with him; imprison him;
And on that day at noon, whereon he says
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.
Deliver him to safety; and return,

137. *amazed*, bewildered.
144. *strangely fantasied*, full of strange fancies.
158. *safety*, sure custody.

For I must use thee. [*Exit Hubert with Peter.*
O my gentle cousin,
Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arrived?
Bast. The French, my lord; men's mouths are full of it:
Besides, I met Lord Bigot and Lord Salisbury,
With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, whom they say is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.
K. John. Gentle kinsman, go,
And thrust thyself into their companies:
I have a way to win their loves again;
Bring them before me.
Bast. I will seek them out.
K. John. Nay, but make haste; the better foot before.
O, let me have no subject enemies,
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion!
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels,
And fly like thought from them to me again.
Bast. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed. [*Exit.*
K. John. Spoke like a sprightful noble gentleman.
Go after him; for he perhaps shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers;
And be thou he.
Mess. With all my heart, my liege. [*Exit.*
K. John. My mother dead!

Re-enter HUBERT.

Hub. My lord, they say five moons were seen to-night;

167. *companies*, company.

Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about
The other four in wondrous motion.
K. John. Five moons!
Hub. Old men and beldams in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously:
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths:
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads
And whisper one another in the ear;
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist,
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,
Told of a many thousand warlike French
That were embattailed and rank'd in Kent:
Another lean unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale and talks of Arthur's death.
K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?
Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.
Hub. No had, my lord! why, did you not provoke me?
K. John. It is the curse of kings to be attended
By slaves that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life,
And on the winking of authority
To understand a law, to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when perchance it frowns

More upon humour than advised respect.
Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.
K. John. O, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation!
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Make deeds ill done! Hadst not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted and sign'd to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind:
But taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.
Hub. My lord,—
K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head or made a pause
When I spake darkly what I purposed,
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
As bid me tell my tale in express words,
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me:
But thou didst understand me by my signs
And didst in signs again parley with sin;
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And consequently thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.

214. *More upon humour than advised respect*, more from caprice than deliberate consideration.

222. *Quoted*, bearing the 'note' or observed character (of a criminal).

Out of my sight, and never see me more!
My nobles leave me; and my state is braved,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers:
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conscience and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
I 'll make a peace between your soul and you.
Young Arthur is alive: this hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murderous thought;
And you have slander'd nature in my form,
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to the peers,
Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience!
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
O, answer not, but to my closet bring
The angry lords with all expedient haste.
I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Before the castle.*

Enter ARTHUR, *on the walls.*

Arth. The wall is high, and yet will I leap down:

245. *this fleshly land*, this body. 255. *motion*, prompting.

Good ground, be pitiful and hurt me not!
There 's few or none do know me: if they did,
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguised me quite.
I am afraid; and yet I 'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I 'll find a thousand shifts to get away:
As good to die and go, as die and stay.
[*Leaps down.*
O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones:
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones! [*Dies.*

Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, *and* BIGOT.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmundsbury:
It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.
Pem. Who brought that letter from the cardinal?
Sal. The Count Melun, a noble lord of France;
Whose private with me of the Dauphin's love
Is much more general than these lines import.
Big. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.
Sal. Or rather then set forward; for 'twill be
Two long days' journey, lords, or ere we meet.

Enter the BASTARD.

Bast. Once more to-day well met, distemper'd lords!
The king by me requests your presence straight.
Sal. The king hath dispossess'd himself of us:
We will not line his thin bestained cloak
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks.

11. *him*, sc. the Dauphin. 16. *private*, private intimation.
19. *set forward*, set forth.

Return and tell him so: we know the worst.
Bast. Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were best.
Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.
Bast. But there is little reason in your grief;
Therefore 'twere reason you had manners now.
Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.
Bast. 'Tis true, to hurt his master, no man else.
Sal. This is the prison. What is he lies here? [*Seeing Arthur.*
Pem. O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.
Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.
Big. Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.
Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? have you beheld,
Or have you read or heard? or could you think?
Or do you almost think, although you see,
That you do see? could thought, without this object,
Form such another? This is the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-eyed wrath or staying rage
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.
Pem. All murders past do stand excused in this:
And this, so sole and so unmatchable,
Shall give a holiness, a purity,

29. *reason*, discourse.
49. *wall-eyed*, with glaring, discoloured eyes.

To the yet unbegotten sin of times;
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
Exampled by this heinous spectacle.
Bast. It is a damned and a bloody work;
The graceless action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.
Sal. If that it be the work of any hand!
We had a kind of light what would ensue:
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;
The practice and the purpose of the king:
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to his breathless excellence
The incense of a vow, a holy vow,
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
Till I have set a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worship of revenge.
Pem. } Our souls religiously confirm thy
Big. } words.

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you:
Arthur doth live; the king hath sent for you.
Sal. O, he is bold and blushes not at death.
Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!
Hub. I am no villain.
Sal. Must I rob the law? [*Drawing his sword.*
Bast. Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again.
Sal. Not till I sheathe it in a murderer's skin.
Hub. Stand back, Lord Salisbury, stand back, I say;

63. *practice*, plot.

By heaven, I think my sword 's as sharp as yours:
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness and nobility.
Big. Out, dunghill! darest thou brave a nobleman?
Hub. Not for my life: but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor.
Sal. Thou art a murderer.
Hub. Do not prove me so;
Yet I am none: whose tongue soe'er speaks false,
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.
Pem. Cut him to pieces.
Bast. Keep the peace, I say.
Sal. Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge.
Bast. Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury:
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I 'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime;
Or I 'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.
Big. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge?
Second a villain and a murderer?
Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.
Big. Who kill'd this prince?
Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well:
I honour'd him, I loved him, and will weep
My date of life out for his sweet life's loss.
Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villany is not without such rheum;

84. *my true defence*, my defence of my uprightness.
94. *gall*, hurt.
97. *spleen*, passion.

And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocency.
Away with me, all you whose souls abhor
The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house;
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.
Big. Away toward Bury, to the Dauphin there!
Pem. There tell the king he may inquire us out. [*Exeunt Lords.*
Bast. Here 's a good world! Knew you of this fair work?
Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.
Hub. Do but hear me, sir.
Bast. Ha! I 'll tell thee what;
Thou 'rt damn'd as black—nay, nothing is so black;
Thou art more deep damn'd than Prince Lucifer:
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.
Hub. Upon my soul—
Bast. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair;
And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be a beam
To hang thee on; or wouldst thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.
I do suspect thee very grievously.
Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,

109. *traded*, practised.
132. *ocean* (trisyllabic).
133. *stifle up*. 'Up' adds the sense of completion to the action.

Let hell want pains enough to torture me.
I left him well.
Bast. Go, bear him in thine arms.
I am amazed, methinks, and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.
How easy dost thou take all England up!
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
The life, the right and truth of all this realm,
Is fled to heaven; and England now is left
To tug and scamble and to part by the teeth
The unowed interest of proud-swelling state.
Now for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:
Now powers from home and discontents at home
Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits,
As doth a raven on a sick-fall'n beast,
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.
Now happy he whose cloak and cincture can
Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child
And follow me with speed: I 'll to the king:
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
And heaven itself doth frown upon the land.
[*Exeunt.*

146. *scamble*, struggle, scuffle.
147. *unowed*, unowned.
155. *cincture;* Pope's conjecture for Ff *cinter*, which may be right, standing for 'ceinture.' Shakespeare nowhere uses 'cincture.'
158. *brief in hand*, urged for despatch; 'brief' expresses the concentration of the 'thousand businesses' in a narrow space of time.

ACT V.

SCENE I. KING JOHN'S *palace.*

Enter KING JOHN, PANDULPH, *and* Attendants.

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory. [*Giving the crown.*
Pand. Take again
From this my hand, as holding of the pope
Your sovereign greatness and authority.
K. John. Now keep your holy word: go meet the French,
And from his holiness use all your power
To stop their marches 'fore we are inflamed.
Our discontented counties do revolt;
Our people quarrel with obedience,
Swearing allegiance and the love of soul
To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.
This inundation of mistemper'd humour
Rests by you only to be qualified:
Then pause not; for the present time 's so sick,
That present medicine must be minister'd,
Or overthrow incurable ensues.
Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempest up,
Upon your stubborn usage of the pope;
But since you are a gentle convertite,
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war
And make fair weather in your blustering land.
On this Ascension-day, remember well,

10. *love of soul*, heartfelt love. 19. *convertite*, convert.

Upon your oath of service to the pope,
Go I to make the French lay down their arms.
[*Exit.*

K. John. Is this Ascension-day? Did not the prophet
Say that before Ascension-day at noon
My crown I should give off? Even so I have:
I did suppose it should be on constraint;
But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter the BASTARD.

Bast. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out
But Dover castle: London hath received,
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers:
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy,
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me again,
After they heard young Arthur was alive?

Bast. They found him dead and cast into the streets,
An empty casket, where the jewel of life
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me he did live.

Bast. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
Let not the world see fear and sad distrust
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threatener and outface the brow
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,

Grow great by your example and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.
Away, and glister like the god of war,
When he intendeth to become the field:
Show boldness and aspiring confidence.
What, shall they seek the lion in his den,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
O let it not be said: forage, and run
To meet displeasure farther from the doors,
And grapple with him ere he come so nigh.
K. John. The legate of the pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promised to dismiss the powers
Led by the Dauphin.
Bast. O inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley and base truce
To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,
A cocker'd silken wanton, brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:
Perchance the cardinal cannot make your peace;
Or if he do, let it at least be said
They saw we had a purpose of defence.
K. John. Have thou the ordering of this present time.

55. *become*, adorn.
59. *forage*, range abroad.
66. *upon the footing of our land*, standing upon our native soil.
67. *fair-play orders*, instructions for courteous treatment (of the enemy). Cf. v. 118 below.
70. *cocker'd*, pampered, coddled.
70. *wanton*, a spoilt child.
71. *flesh*, kindle to warlike rage.

Bast. Away, then, with good courage! yet, I know,
Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *The* Dauphin's *camp at St. Edmundsbury.*

Enter, in arms, Lewis, Salisbury, Melun, Pembroke, Bigot, *and* Soldiers.

Lew. My Lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance:
Return the precedent to these lords again;
That, having our fair order written down,
Both they and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.
Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal and an unurged faith
To your proceedings; yet believe me, prince,
I am not glad that such a sore of time
Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound
By making many. O, it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker! O, and there
Where honourable rescue and defence
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury!
But such is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and physic of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong.

78. *yet, I know,* etc.; we are still a match for a prouder foe.

1. *this,* sc. the compact with the barons.

3. *precedent,* draft.

And is 't not pity, O my grieved friends,
That we, the sons and children of this isle,
Were born to see so sad an hour as this;
Wherein we step after a stranger, march
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her enemies' ranks,—I must withdraw and weep
Upon the spot of this enforced cause,—
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours here?
What, here? O nation, that thou couldst remove!
That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
And grapple thee unto a pagan shore;
Where these two Christian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to spend it so unneighbourly!
Lew. A noble temper dost thou show in this;
And great affections wrestling in thy bosom
Doth make an earthquake of nobility.
O, what a noble combat hast thou fought
Between compulsion and a brave respect!
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks:
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amazed
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figured quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this storm:

30. *Upon the spot*, over the stain.
34. *clippeth thee about*, girdles thee round.
44. *brave respect*, gallant loyalty and sense of honour.
46. *progress*, more like a 'progress,' course.

Commend these waters to those baby eyes
That never saw the giant world enraged;
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
Full of warm blood, of mirth, of gossiping.
Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
Into the purse of rich prosperity
As Lewis himself: so, nobles, shall you all,
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.
And even there, methinks, an angel spake:

Enter PANDULPH.

Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven,
And on our actions set the name of right
With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble prince of France!
The next is this, King John hath reconciled
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome:
Therefore thy threatening colours now wind up;
And tame the savage spirit of wild war,
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in show.

Lew. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back:
I am too high-born to be propertied,
To be a secondary at control,

59. *Full of warm blood*; Heath's emendation for 'full warm of blood' Ff.

64. *there an angel spake*; Pandulph's entrance to 'give us warrant from the hand of heaven' is a warrant that the words just spoken are 'of heaven.' But there may be also a quibble upon 'angel' the coin, with 'nobles' and 'purse.'

75. *at hand*, by hand.

79. *propertied*, treated as a tool.

Or useful serving-man and instrument,
To any sovereign state throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars
Between this chastised kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to this land,
Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart;
And come ye now to tell me John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,
What men provided, what munition sent,
To underprop this action? Is 't not I
That undergo this charge? who else but I,
And such as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this business and maintain this war?
Have I not heard these islanders shout out
'Vive le roi!' as I have bank'd their towns?
Have I not here the best cards for the game,
To win this easy match play'd for a crown?
And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?
No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said.

Pand. You look but on the outside of this work.

Lew. Outside or inside, I will not return
Till my attempt so much be glorified

89. *interest*, claim.

101. *liable*, subject.

104. *bank'd*, sailed past (of riverside towns, as 'coasted' of seaports). In the *T. R.* the description refers explicitly to Lewis's voyage up the Thames:

From the hollow holes of Thamesis
Eccho apace *replide Vive la Roy.*

107. *set*, game (at cards).

As to my ample hope was promised
Before I drew this gallant head of war,
And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
To outlook conquest and to win renown
Even in the jaws of danger and of death.
[*Trumpet sounds.*
What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter the BASTARD, *attended.*

Bast. According to the fair play of the world,
Let me have audience; I am sent to speak:
My holy lord of Milan, from the king
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;
And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties;
He flatly says he 'll not lay down his arms.

Bast. By all the blood that ever fury breathed,
The youth says well. Now hear our English king;
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
He is prepared, and reason too he should:
This apish and unmannerly approach,
This harness'd masque and unadvised revel,
This unhair'd sauciness and boyish troops,
The king doth smile at; and is well prepared
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.
That hand which had the strength, even at your door,

113. *drew this gallant head of war*, assembling this gallant force.

115. *outlook*, outface, face-down; 'conquest' is conceived as cowed into submission by the defiant looks of the victor.

121. *dealt*, acted.

124. *wilful-opposite*, refractory.

125. *temporize*, come to terms.

133. *unhair'd*, beardless. Theobald's emendation for 'unheard' Ff.

To cudgel you and make you take the hatch,
To dive like buckets in concealed wells,
To crouch in litter of your stable planks,
To lie like pawns lock'd up in chests and trunks,
To hug with swine, to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons, and to thrill and shake
Even at the crying of your nation's crow,
Thinking his voice an armed Englishman;
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
No: know the gallant monarch is in arms
And like an eagle o'er his aery towers,
To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.
And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame;
For your own ladies and pale-visaged maids
Like Amazons come tripping after drums,
Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,
Their needles to lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lew. There end thy, brave, and turn thy face in peace;
We grant thou canst outscold us: fare thee well;
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabbler.

Pand. Give me leave to speak.

Bast. No, I will speak.

138. *take the hatch*, leap over the half-door, or 'hatch,' without waiting to open it. Cf. i. 1. 171.

141. *pawns*, pledges.

144. *your nation's crow;* probably, the cock as the Gallic bird (*gallus*), derisively so called by a play on the double sense of 'crow.' But there may be an allusion to the ominous flight of ravens which terrified the French before the battle of Poitiers, an incident utilised in the play of *Edward III.*

150. *souse*, swoop on.

157. *needles* (pron. 'neelds').

159. *brave*, bravado.

Lew. We will attend to neither.
Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest and our being here.
Bast. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out;
And so shall you, being beaten: do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready braced
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;
Sound but another, and another shall
As loud as thine rattle the welkin's ear
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder: for at hand,
Not trusting to this halting legate here,
Whom he hath used rather for sport than need,
Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits
A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.
Lew. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.
Bast. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The field of battle.*

Alarums. Enter KING JOHN *and* HUBERT.

K. John. How goes the day with us? O, tell me, Hubert.
Hub. Badly, I fear. How fares your majesty?
K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me so long,
Lies heavy on me; O, my heart is sick!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge,

Desires your majesty to leave the field
And send him word by me which way you go.
K. John. Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the abbey there.
Mess. Be of good comfort; for the great supply
That was expected by the Dauphin here,
Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin Sands.
This news was brought to Richard but even now:
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.
K. John. Ay me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.
Set on toward Swinstead: to my litter straight;
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Another part of the field.*

Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, *and* BIGOT.

Sal. I did not think the king so stored with friends.
Pem. Up once again; put spirit in the French:
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.
Sal. That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.
Pem. They say King John sore sick hath left the field.

Enter MELUN, *wounded.*

Mel. Lead me to the revolts of England here.
Sal. When we were happy we had other names.
Pem. It is the Count Melun.

8. *Swinstead;* near Spalding, Lincs. The modern spelling is Swineshead.
13. *retire themselves,* retreat.
7. *revolts,* rebels.

Sal. Wounded to death.
Mel. Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold;
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion
And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out King John and fall before his feet;
For if the French be lords of this loud day,
He means to recompense the pains you take
By cutting off your heads: thus hath he sworn
And I with him, and many moe with me,
Upon the altar at Saint Edmundsbury;
Even on that altar where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.
Sal. May this be possible? may this be true?
Mel. Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
Why should I then be false, since it is true
That I must die here and live hence by truth?
I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the east:
But even this night, whose black contagious breath
Already smokes about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble and day-wearied sun,

11. *Unthread the rude eye* (met. from the 'needle's eye'), retrace your hazardous passage.
15. *He*, i.e. the Dauphin. The Camb. edd. thence suspect that 'lords' in the previous line should be 'lord,' 'the French' being then a singular, as elsewhere.
23. *a quantity*, a modicum, just perceptible amount.
24. *a form of wax*, a wax effigy; referring to the practice in witchcraft of destroying an enemy by melting a waxen image of him—the fate of the man being controlled, according to a widespread article of folk-lore, by that of the image.
29. *hence*, i.e. in heaven.

Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire,
Paying the fine of rated treachery
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If Lewis by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert with your king:
The love of him, and this respect besides,
For that my grandsire was an Englishman,
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the field,
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace, and part this body and my soul
With contemplation and devout desires.
Sal. We do believe thee: and beshrew my soul
But I do love the favour and the form
Of this most fair occasion, by the which
We will untread the steps of damned flight,
And like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd
And calmly run on in obedience
Even to our ocean, to our great King John.
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence;
For I do see the cruel pangs of death
Right in thine eye. Away, my friends! New flight;
And happy newness, that intends old right.

[*Exeunt, leading off Melun.*

37. *rated*, assessed at its value.
38. *fine;* a play upon the sense 'end.'
41. *respect*, consideration.
44. *In lieu whereof*, in return for which.
45. *rumour*, tumult.
50. *favour*, aspect.
53. *bated*, abated.
54. *rankness*, overflowing.
55. *o'erlook'd*, overpeered.
60. *Right in thine eye*, even in thy eye; the eye, as the most expressive organ, betrays directly and immediately the approach of death.
61. *intends*, makes for.

SCENE V. *The French camp.*

Enter LEWIS *and his train.*

Lew. The sun of heaven methought was loath to set,
But stay'd and made the western welkin blush,
When English measure backward their own ground
In faint retire. O, bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needless shot,
After such bloody toil, we bid good night;
And wound our tattering colours clearly up,
Last in the field, and almost lords of it!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my prince, the Dauphin?
Lew. Here: what news?
Mess. The Count Melun is slain; the English lords
By his persuasion are again fall'n off;
And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,
Are cast away and sunk on Goodwin Sands.
Lew. Ah, foul shrewd news! beshrew thy very heart!
I did not think to be so sad to-night
As this hath made me. Who was he that said
King John did fly an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?
Mess. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.
Lew. Well; keep good quarter and good care to-night:

7. *tattering*, flying in tatters.
ib. *clearly*, completely.
18. *stumbling night*, night that causes stumbling.
20. *keep good quarter*, guard your posts well.

The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *An open place in the neighbourhood of Swinstead Abbey.*

Enter the BASTARD *and* HUBERT, *severally.*

Hub. Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.
Bast. A friend. What art thou?
Hub. Of the part of England.
Bast. Whither dost thou go?
Hub. What's that to thee? why may not I demand
Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?
Bast. Hubert, I think?
Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:
I will upon all hazards well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well.
Who art thou?
Bast. Who thou wilt: and if thou please,
Thou mayst befriend me so much as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets.
Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou and eyeless night
Have done me shame: brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent breaking from thy tongue
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.
Bast. Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad?

12. *Unkind*, i.e. for having failed him.
12. *eyeless;* Theobald's emendation for Ff 'endless.'

Hub. Why, here walk I in the black brow of night,
To find you out.
Bast. Brief, then; and what 's the news?
Hub. O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless and horrible.
Bast. Show me the very wound of this ill news:
I am no woman, I 'll not swoon at it.
Hub. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk:
I left him almost speechless; and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil, that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this.
Bast. How did he take it? who did taste to him?
Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king
Yet speaks and peradventure may recover.
Bast. Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?
Hub. Why, know you not? the lords are all come back,
And brought Prince Henry in their company;
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his majesty.
Bast. Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power!
I 'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide;
These Lincoln Washes have devoured them;
Myself, well mounted, hardly have escaped.

26. *time*, emergency.
28. *taste*, perform the office of tasting each dish offered to the king.

Away before: conduct me to the king;
I doubt he will be dead or ere I come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *The orchard in Swinstead Abbey.*

Enter PRINCE HENRY, SALISBURY, *and* BIGOT.

P. Hen. It is too late: the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly, and his pure brain,
Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house,
Doth by the idle comments that it makes
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pem. His highness yet doth speak, and holds belief
That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard here.
Doth he still rage? [*Exit Bigot.*

Pem. He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he sung.

P. Hen. O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes
In their continuance will not feel themselves.
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them invisible, and his siege is now
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds

2. *corruptibly*, so as to corrupt.
ib. *his pure brain*, his otherwise clear mind.
4. *idle*, wandering.
16. *Leaves them invisible*, becomes imperceptible outwardly.

With many legions of strange fantasies,
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange that death should sing.
I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,
And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.
Sal. Be of good comfort, prince; for you are born
To set a form upon that indigest
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

Enter Attendants, *and* BIGOT, *carrying* KING JOHN *in a chair.*

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;
It would not out at windows nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment, and against this fire
Do I shrink up.
P. Hen. How fares your majesty?
K. John. Poison'd,—ill fare—dead, forsook, cast off:
And none of you will bid the winter come
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw,
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom, nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips
And comfort me with cold. I do not ask you much,
I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait

26. *indigest*, shapeless, confused mass.
35. *ill fare;* 'fare' is disyllabic.

And so ingrateful, you deny me that.
P. Hen. O that there were some virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you!
K. John. The salt in them is hot
Within me is a hell; and there the poison
Is as a fiend confined to tyrannize
On unreprievable condemned blood.

Enter the BASTARD.

Bast. O, I am scalded with my violent motion,
And spleen of speed to see your majesty!
K. John. O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye:
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd,
And all the shrouds wherewith my life should sail
Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered;
And then all this thou seest is but a clod
And module of confounded royalty.
Bast. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward,
Where heaven He knows how we shall answer him;
For in a night the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the Washes all unwarily
Devoured by the unexpected flood. [*The king dies.*
Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.
My liege! my lord! but now a king, now thus.
P. Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so stop.

58. *module* . . ., the mould or form of annihilated royalty.
60. *answer*, confront, meet.
62. *upon advantage*, as a favourable opportunity occurred.
65. *dead news*, news of death.

What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay?
Bast. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind
To do the office for thee of revenge,
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.
Now, now, you stars that move in your right spheres,
Where be your powers? show now your mended faiths,
And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction and perpetual shame
Out of the weak door of our fainting land.
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought;
The Dauphin rages at our very heels.
Sal. It seems you know not, then, so much as we:
The Cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin,
And brings from him such offers of our peace
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.
Bast. He will the rather do it when he sees
Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.
Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many carriages he hath dispatch'd
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the cardinal:
With whom yourself, myself and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.
Bast. Let it be so: and you, my noble prince,
With other princes that may best be spared,

82. *Cardinal Pandulph.* The historic cardinal who effected the negotiations was no longer Pandulph, but Gualo (Hol. iii. 192).
97. *princes*, lords.

Shall wait upon your father's funeral.
P. Hen. At Worcester must his body be interr'd;
For so he will'd it.
Bast. Thither shall it then:
And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state and glory of the land!
To whom, with all submission, on my knee
I do bequeath my faithful services
And true subjection everlastingly.
Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore.
P. Hen. I have a kind soul that would give you thanks
And knows not how to do it but with tears.
Bast. O, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.
This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true. [*Exeunt.*

104. *bequeath*, transfer.

THE TRAGEDY OF
KING RICHARD THE SECOND

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING RICHARD the Second.
JOHN OF GAUNT, Duke of Lancaster, } uncles to the
EDMUND OF LANGLEY, Duke of York, } King.
HENRY, surnamed BOLINGBROKE, Duke of Hereford, son to John of Gaunt; afterwards KING HENRY IV.
DUKE OF AUMERLE, son to the Duke of York.
THOMAS MOWBRAY, Duke of Norfolk.
DUKE OF SURREY.
EARL OF SALISBURY.
LORD BERKELEY.
BUSHY, }
BAGOT, } servants to King Richard.
GREEN, }
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.
HENRY PERCY, surnamed Hotspur, his son.
LORD ROSS.
LORD WILLOUGHBY.
LORD FITZWATER.
Bishop of Carlisle.
Abbot of Westminster.
Lord Marshal.
SIR STEPHEN SCROOP.
SIR PIERCE of Exton.
Captain of a band of Welshmen.

QUEEN to King Richard.
DUCHESS OF YORK.
DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.
Lady attending on the Queen.

Lords, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, two Gardeners, Keeper, Messenger, Groom, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *England and Wales.*

DURATION OF TIME

I. *Dramatic Time.* — Fourteen days represented on the stage, with indeterminable intervals.

King Richard the Second

Day 1. I. 1.
Interval
,, 2. I. 2.
Interval.
,, 3. I. 3.
,, 4. I. 4., II. 1.
Interval.
,, 5. II. 2.
Interval.
,, 6. II. 3.
Interval.
,, 7. II. 4., III. 1.
,, 8. III. 2.
Interval.
,, 9. III. 3.
Interval.
,, 10. III. 4.
Interval.
,, 11. IV. 1., V. 1.
Interval.
,, 12. V. 2.-4.
Interval.
,, 13. V. 5.
Interval.
,, 14. V. 6.

II. *Historic Time.*—From April 29, 1398, to March 12, 1400, when what was officially stated to be the body of Richard was brought to London.

INTRODUCTION

RICHARD II. was first published in a Quarto edition of 1597, which was entered in the Stationers' Register on August 29 of that year. Its title-page is as follows :— Early Literary History.

The | Tragedie of King Ri-|chard the Se-|cond. | *As it hath been publikely acted* | *by the right Honourable the* | *Lorde Chamberlaine his Ser-|uants.* | London. Printed by Valentine Simmes for Andrew Wise, and | are to be sold at his Shop in Paules Church yard at | the signe of the Angel. | 1597.

A second Quarto appeared in the following year, bearing Shakespeare's name. A third, in 1608, was announced to contain 'new additions of the Parliament Sceane, and the deposing | of King Richard, as it hath been lately acted by the Kinges | Majesties Seruantes, at the Globe.'[1] A fourth Quarto, reprinted from the third, appeared in 1615; and on this was evidently based the text of the Folio of 1623, certain errors being corrected, while, on the other hand, a number of short passages were excised, doubtless those currently omitted on the stage. A fifth Quarto, entitled 'The Life and Death of King

[1] Some extant copies do not contain this announcement, the old title-page having been substantially reprinted from Q_3. But all contain the 'additions' themselves.

Richard the Second,' appeared in 1634. The First Quarto, so far as it extends, gives the most authoritative text. But 'in the "new additions of the Parliament Sceane" it would appear that the defective text of the [Fourth] Quarto had been corrected from the author's MS. For this part, therefore, the First Folio is our highest authority.'[1]

The Abdication Scene.

The 'new additions' (iv. 1. 159-318) first introduced in the 1608 Quarto are indistinguishable in style from the rest of the play, and undoubtedly belonged to the original text. Their omission during Elizabeth's lifetime is explained by the sinister significance which the story of Richard had acquired in the political intrigues of her later years as a means of veiled allusion to herself. It was dangerous to relate, even with the best intentions, Richard's deposition in print; and Sir John Hayward, who narrated it in his *History of the Life and Raigne of Henry IV.*, in 1599, was censured by the Star Chamber and sent to prison. That such severity was not altogether groundless became clear in 1601 when Sir Gilly Merrick, with a company of Essex's confederates, procured the performance of 'the play of the deposing and killing of King Richard the Second,' on the afternoon before the revolt. 'Know ye not that I am Richard the Second?' said Elizabeth to Lambarde, the Keeper of the Records in the Tower, on his showing her the Rolls of the reign; adding, as an illustration of Essex's ingratitude to his benefactor, that the tragedy in question 'had been played 40^{tie} times in open streets and houses.'[2]

The Essex Play.

We have no definite evidence that this much-debated tragedy was Shakespeare's *Richard II.* But the sceptical view has been somewhat over-urged. In

[1] Cambridge edition, iv. 9.
[2] Nichol's *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth.*

its favour is Camden's description of the piece as 'an obsolete tragedy'—*exoletam tragediam de tragica abdicatione regis Ric. II.*,—as well as the objection raised by the players, when applied to by Merrick, that it was 'so old and so long out of use that they should have small or no company at yt';[1] an objection only overcome by the offer of 'forty shillings beyond their ordinary.' This is scarcely language which we expect to hear applied to a Shakespearean drama, especially one which repaid the issue of five quarto editions. But can we accept the players' excuse as their real motive? A play so dangerously suggestive as to be mutilated before publication was not likely to lack an audience when played, as it must have been, entire; and we know that the tragedy in question was in request 'in open streets and houses.' If the players hung back, we may surmise that it was rather from fear of official resentment than of deficient receipts, whatever subterfuge they chose to put forward in reply to Merrick. Moreover, not only is no other play on the subject known, but the language used of it appears to imply that no other existed, that they had no choice. Phillipps, a member of Shakespeare's company, and Lord Bacon, both speak of it as '*the* play of the deposing,' etc. Two other Elizabethan *Richard II.'s* are known: (i) the play witnessed by Dr. Simon Forman, at the Globe, on April 30, 1611; (ii) 'The Tragedy of Richard II.,' still extant in a so-called Egerton MS.[2] Both, however, deal with the earlier events of

[1] *Examination of Augustine Phillipps servant of the L. Chamberlain* in the State Paper Office. The incident is told in substantially similar terms by Bacon in his 'Declaration of the practices and treasons attempted and committed by Robert Earl of Essex,' and in the State Trials.

[2] Printed privately by Halliwell. Cf. Marshall's paper in *Transactions of New Shakesp. Society*, April 10, 1885.

the reign,—the revolt of Jack Straw, and the royal conspiracy which led to the murder of Gloucester. Forman's play may perhaps have included Richard's deposition as one of its crowded incidents, but certainly not as its main subject. Is it likely that, in 1601, a member of Shakespeare's company, which had had his *Richard* in their possession for half a dozen years, should speak of any older piece as 'the play of the deposing' of Richard? It is also to be borne in mind that Shakespeare, by his obligations to Southampton, was connected with the Essex party. On the whole, we may safely conclude that it was Shakespeare's *Richard II.* with which we have here to do.

Date of Composition.

Beyond the fact of its publication in 1597, our evidence for the date of *Richard II.* is wholly internal. Daniel's *Civil Wars* (1595) has been thought to show traces of its influence,[1] and certainly agrees with the play in two or three points in which both diverge from history; *e.g.* Richard's meeting with the queen after his return, and his public abdication. But his way of handling these scenes does not suggest imitation, and it remains doubtful whether he had seen the play.[2] The internal evidences of date, on the other hand, are unusually pronounced, and mark it off decisively from both the earlier and the later groups of Histories. In subject it is almost a Prelude to *Henry IV.*, but two years at least are measured, in Shakespearean chronology, by the transition from the somewhat constrained and ceremonial style of *Richard*, with its lyric tone, rhetorical phrasing,[3]

[1] Grant White.

[2] Richard abdicates in a long prosaic speech of self-defence and exhortation; his meeting with the queen takes place in the Tower, before his abdication.

[3] Note *e.g.* the recurring images founded on sharp contrasts of light or colour,—a favourite effect in Elizabethan lyric poetry; thus Aumerle is the 'muddy passage' in which York's 'silver fountain' has been defiled (v. 3. 61).

and persistent[1] word-play, to the large movement, the freedom, variety, and naturalness, and dramatic vivacity of style in *Henry IV.* A similar hiatus seems discernible in the characters. The brief glimpse of the 'dissolute and desperate' prince (v. 2.) suggests a coarser and cruder conception of him than that finally worked out; and Henry's vivid picture (1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 60) of 'the skipping king,' who 'ambled up and down with shallow jesters and rash bavin wits,' opens up visions of a Falstaffian world which the author of *Richard II.* did not yet venture to read between the lines of his chronicle. Differences little less striking separate *Richard II.* from *Richard III.* The extraordinary wealth of rhyme in *Richard II.* is not in itself a trustworthy mark of date; but it proves that Shakespeare was breaking away from the spell of Marlowe, so dominant through the all but rhymeless *Richard III.* A tragedy upon Richard II. inevitably challenged comparison with Marlowe's *Edward II.*; but Shakespeare deals with his kindred theme like a rival who had recently escaped from the glamour of discipleship. Reminiscences abound,[2] but in point of dramatic art the two works stand at opposite poles. Marlowe reproduces the whole tangled story of the reign; Shakespeare detaches the final catastrophe, and treats it with an almost classical severity and reserve. Marlowe accumulates harrowing and squalid details. Shakespeare subordinates all that is thrilling, violent, and sensational in tragedy to the

Marlowe's *Edward II.*

[1] Here and there the pursuit of verbal antithesis leads to glaringly unnatural touches,—as in York's almost grotesque repudiation of Bolingbroke's proffered mercy to his son (v. 3.).

Thou kill'st me in his life; giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

[2] *e.g.* the obvious imitation of Faustus' outburst (of Helen) 'Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,' etc., and Richard's self-pity in iv. i. 281 f., 'Was this the face,' etc.

profounder tragic pathos of character. *Richard II.* seems to be closely akin in several points to *Romeo and Juliet.* In both we find the high-wrought lyric style, ready at any moment of quickened impulse to break into rhyme and strophe; in both, the disposition to paint character by detailed and eloquent rendering of emotional states, rather than by the brief revealing vision of the later tragedies. In the fate of Richard, too, there is a suggestion of the antithesis between poetry and prose, romance and politics, on which the tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet* is built.[1] Only one other History resembles *Romeo and Juliet* in this respect,—that in which the passion of Constance for Arthur is crushed out among the intrigues of state and war; and *King John*, as will be seen, must in any case be placed near *Richard II.* All these considerations tend to assign *Richard II.* to the years 1593-5, most probably to 1594,—the epoch of Shakespeare's most elaborate efforts in lyric romance, —the *Venus* and the *Lucrece.*

Romeo and Juliet.

The Shaping of the Plot—Sources.

The play follows, with remarkable fidelity, the *Chronicle* of Holinshed, as given in the enlarged second edition.[2] What is invented is often highly romantic in quality (*e.g.* the pathetic parting of Richard and his queen), but far less daringly un-

[1] York, with his feeble, ineffective wrath and scraps of colloquial bluster ('Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle'), as also in his extravagant animosity towards his own kin, curiously resembles old Capulet.

[2] A few details seem to be derived from Holinshed's chief authority, Halle. Some unknown source perhaps supplied Shakespeare with the information that Carlisle was committed to the custody of the Abbot of Westminster, as we know to have been the case, not as Holinshed says to that of the Abbot of St. Alban's. But it is more likely that Shakespeare, having to deal later with a conspiracy in the house of the Abbot of Westminster in which both this abbot and Carlisle took part, deliberately economised with his abbots by assigning the rôle of both to Westminster.

historical than the fictions of the otherwise kindred drama of *King John*. Thus the patriotism which animates both plays is put in the mouth not of the fictitious Falconbridge but (unhistorically enough no doubt) of the historic John of Gaunt. The only quite unhistorical personages are the two gardeners (iii. 4.) and the groom (v. 5.). The vital work done by Shakespeare upon his subject here took the form pre-eminently of imaginative elaboration of detail within the lines of the historical record.

This relative fidelity was partly due to the peculiar simplicity and native dramatic distinction of the historic matter itself. Alone among the Histories, *Richard II.* presents, not a more or less comprehensive epitome of the events of a reign, but a picture of its closing catastrophe. When the scene opens it is already the beginning of the end. Twenty years of Richard's sway have already passed over England, and his crimes and follies have provoked a Nemesis which is close at hand. Bolingbroke's 'appeal' against Mowbray is its first covert stroke, and Richard seals his own fate by the sentence of banishment with which he apparently checkmates his most dangerous adversary. The entire plot resolves itself into a duel between Richard and Bolingbroke. Hardly any other actor in it has received the finer psychological elaboration of Shakespeare's art. York's helpless impotence in the hour of crisis is powerfully painted; but no clue enables us to follow the transition from Richard's weak-kneed vicegerent to the fanatic whose loyalty is outraged by the proposal to pardon his own son's treason (v. 3.). The intrigues of Aumerle, a coward and liar almost too contemptible for tragedy, are rendered with even extravagant detail; yet the undecided dispute in iv. 1. leaves the precise degree of his guilt obscure. A

deeper shade of ambiguity crosses the fine character of Mowbray. Bolingbroke charges him with direct complicity in Gloucester's murder. He replies evasively :—

> For Gloucester . . .
> I slew him not ; but to my own disgrace
> Neglected my sworn duty in that case.

No one concerned questions his guilt. Gloucester's widow denounces 'butcher Mowbray,' and Gaunt evidently includes him among the assassins, yet the extravagance of Bolingbroke's other charges and his ready and apt defence predispose us in Mowbray's favour ; and our sympathies are won by his dignified and eloquent plea for justice, and by the pathos of his life-long banishment. Nor does Shakespeare choose to let us suspect in this play what, in its successor, he goes out of his way to disclose,—that Mowbray was the object of universal loathing, as the willing tool and prompter of Richard's crimes and follies, while his opponent, Bolingbroke, without seeking popularity was dear to all hearts. 'If your father,' says Westmoreland to Mowbray's son in *2 Henry IV.*, 'had been victor' [in the combat with Bolingbroke]

> He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry :
> For all the country in a general voice
> Cried hate upon him ; and all their prayers and love
> Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on
> And bless'd and graced indeed, more than the king.
> *2 Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 134.

No such damning unanimity of hatred is visited upon Mowbray here ; and the last we learn of him is a glowing eulogy on his heroic deeds in banishment—

> Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross
> Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens,—

a eulogy to which the historic Mowbray had no

claim, and which seems, curiously enough, to have been suggested by the feats of the historic Bolingbroke.

The evident nobility of both accuser and accused powerfully enforces the suspicion that the real guilt lies elsewhere,—and thus heightens the sinister effect of Richard's evident wish to suppress the entire inquiry. Throughout the early Acts his despotic caprice is relentlessly emphasised. A few minutes of perfunctory consultation produce the decree which banishes the two most dangerous witnesses of his guilt;—a few minutes more pluck four years from the exile of one of them. His expedients for raising money by plundering the rich (so pointedly contrasted with Bolingbroke's astute courtesies to the poor, in the same scene, i. 4.) are not only childishly simple in themselves, but are announced with the artless frankness of a child :— Richard.

> Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters;
> Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
> They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold
> And send them after to supply our wants.

Holinshed tells of the angry murmurs excited by these proceedings; Shakespeare pours forth the retributive indignation of England from the dying lips, consecrated by history to no function so lofty, of John of Gaunt; and Richard's furious outburst is equally unauthentic.[1]

[1] It is, however, thoroughly in the spirit of the historical Richard. His bearing in this scene is probably suggested by Holinshed's account of a similar encounter with his other uncle Gloucester. In February 1397, Gloucester roughly censured Richard because of the surrender of Brest to the Duke of Brittany. 'Upon this multiplying of words in such presumptuous manner by the duke against the king,' says Holinshed (iii. 480), 'there kindled such displeasure betwixt them that it never ceased to increase into flames, till the duke was brought to his end.' Richard is, in fact, made to threaten his dying uncle with Gloucester's fate (ii. 1. 123).

Yet it is not chiefly with stern touches like these that Shakespeare has elaborated his wonderful study of Richard. Scorn for the ruler is never allowed to obliterate a compassionate sympathy, enforced both by the pathetic helplessness of his fate and by a certain native exquisiteness and charm of mind. At times we seem to detect something like a calculated sequence of the two effects: the damning exposure, for instance, of the scene by Gaunt's death-bed, being followed at once by the allaying pathos of the queen's wistful forebodings for her 'sweet Richard.' Indeed the queen—in Holinshed a mere child of eleven—has no other *raison d'être* in the drama than thus at intervals to reinforce our difficult and precarious pity for the king. His personal beauty, too, counts for something; not altogether the delicate flower-like beauty suggested by Isabelle's 'my fair rose' and Hotspur's 'Richard, that sweet lovely rose';[1] for York can compare him with the paragon of English knighthood,—the Black Prince,—'His face thou hast, for even so look'd he.' When his action is least kingly we are reminded that he 'yet looks like a king.' It is noteworthy, too, that the popular indignation excited by his rule is brought into prominence only in the later stages of the action, where it appears rather as an aggravation of his sufferings than as due retribution for his misrule. In the second act it is a hearsay; in the third, after his capture, it finds expression only in the grave dialogue of the gardeners; in the fifth it becomes at length virulent and ferocious, and the 'dust thrown upon his sacred head' by the Londoners tempts us to forget what excellent reasons he had given them for throwing it. With his landing in Wales (iii. 2.) a new and subtle aspect of his character emerges,

[1] 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 175.

which belongs wholly to Shakespeare's imaginative reading of it. He is met at length by open resistance with which he is wholly unable to cope. Deprived of its despotic privilege of shaping the destiny of his subjects, his brilliant fancy turns upon itself and creates a dramatic spectacle of its own. He is humiliated, dethroned, imprisoned, and every trifling incident now serves as a nucleus about which he wreathes the beautiful tangles of his arabesque wit. In the two culminating scenes Shakespeare has provided such a nucleus by a slight variation of the historic conditions. The colloquy at Flint Castle (iii. 3.) is adapted from an actual interview between Richard and Northumberland alone, at Conway. The historic abdication took place privately in the Tower. Shakespeare draws Richard from prison to make a public surrender in Parliament (iv. 1.). His fall, unkingly as it is, gathers distinction and dignity from the glamour of poetry which he sheds about it; and the hunters, standing silent round their stricken victim, fade for the moment into insignificance before the beautiful creature writhing in their toils. Once dethroned, Richard acquires the pathos of overthrow; while Bolingbroke, crowned, becomes a prey to the jealous disaffection that attends usurped power. The fifth act is a dirge over Richard and a portent of the ultimate fall of the House of Lancaster.

Bolingbroke

The character of Bolingbroke is less elaborately wrought out, emphasising by its very severity of outline and colour the unsubstantial pageantry of Richard's mind. Every trait tends to heighten the contrast between the two,—a contrast hardly surpassed for subtlety and suggestiveness in the whole range of the Histories. Bolingbroke's astute compliance with the laws is pointedly opposed to Richard's reckless and insane defiance of law. He pursues his ends by

constitutional forms, knows how to bide his time, uses violence only to vindicate justice, and controls while appearing to obey. The historical Bolingbroke was not averse from ruder methods. Shakespeare tells us nothing of the plot laid by him in June 1397, in concert with Mowbray and Gloucester, to seize and imprison Richard, and his uncles York and Lancaster, and to put the rest of the council to death. His first step towards bringing Gloucester's murder home to the king is the cautious 'indirection' of accusing his accomplice Mowbray. His return from banishment has an excuse as well as a pretext in Richard's flagrant confiscation of his inheritance. Once landed, he finds himself at the head of a national uprising which bears him by its own momentum to the throne; and he is already a king in power before he has put off the obeisances of the subject. In all this we are far removed from the Marlowesque tragedy of Force (*virtù*), displayed in Titanic violations of the laws of man and God.

Richard II.'s crimes are as heinous as those of Richard III., but they are so closely inwoven with the psychical texture of a pitifully weak and vicious nature that crime-interest is absorbed in the subtler interest of character. *Richard III.* is a tragedy of Guilt and Nemesis. *Richard II.* contains traces of the framework of such a tragedy in the murder of Gloucester, which Bolingbroke makes it his mission to avenge. But as the drama proceeds these traces fade, and Richard the aggressive despot discloses himself as a fantastic dreamer tragically thrust upon a world of laws and limits, whose rudest buffetings, instead of bringing him to his senses, only generate some new and brilliant variation of his dream. Thus out of the stirring political drama is evolved a tragedy of individual soul, conceived in a spirit more akin to that of

Hamlet and *Julius Cæsar* than to anything found elsewhere in the English Histories. In *Richard II.* we have almost the first note of that profound Shakespearean pity which the Titanism of the earlier Histories and the joyous exultation of the later alike exclude:—the pity which penetrates beyond the doom of an individual to the social *milieu* by which the doom was provoked; and reflects a sad recognition of what Pater called 'the unkindness of things themselves,'—the tragedy of the world itself.

THE TRAGEDY OF
KING RICHARD THE SECOND

ACT I.

SCENE I. *London.* KING RICHARD'S *palace.*

Enter KING RICHARD, JOHN OF GAUNT, *with other* Nobles *and* Attendants.

K. Rich. Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster,
Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,
Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold son,
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt. I have, my liege.

1. *Old John of Gaunt.* Gaunt is throughout represented as in extreme old age. He was in reality fifty-eight.

2. *band,* bond.

3. *Hereford* (always disyllabic; in Qq and Ff written 'Herford').

4. *appeal;* a formal accusation which the accuser bound himself to make good, commonly by the judicial method of combat. It was thus equivalent to a challenge. Hereford's actual 'appeal' had been made at the Parliament of Shrewsbury, Jan. 30, 1398. Holinshed says 'about six weeks' before.

K. Rich. Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded him,
If he appeal the duke on ancient malice;
Or worthily, as a good subject should,
On some known ground of treachery in him?
Gaunt. As near as I could sift him on that argument,
On some apparent danger seen in him
Aim'd at your highness, no inveterate malice.
K. Rich. Then call them to our presence; face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
The accuser and the accused freely speak:
High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

Enter BOLINGBROKE *and* MOWBRAY.

Boling. Many years of happy days befal
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!
Mow. Each day still better other's happiness;
Until the heavens, envýing earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!
K. Rich. We thank you both: yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cause you come;
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?
Boling. First, heaven be the record to my speech!
In the devotion of a subject's love,

9. *on*, on the ground of. So v. 13.

13. *apparent*, evident.

18. *High-stomach'd*, full of warlike temper.

20. *Many . . . befal.* The first foot lacks a syllable. An incomplete line often follows a marked pause or break.

26. *the cause you come*, i.e. come for.

Tendering the precious safety of my prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely presence.
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.
Thou art a traitor and a miscreant,
Too good to be so and too bad to live,
Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;
And wish, so please my sovereign, ere I move,
What my tongue speaks my right drawn sword may prove.

Mow. Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal:
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain;
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this:
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast
As to be hush'd and nought at all to say:
First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech;
Which else would post until it had return'd
These terms of treason doubled down his throat.
Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
I do defy him, and I spit at him;
Call him a slanderous coward and a villain:

32. *Tendering*, in fond regard for.
40. *Too good*, i.e. in virtue of his noble name and descent.
43. *aggravate the note*, deepen the stigma.
46. *right drawn*, justly drawn.

Which to maintain I would allow him odds,
And meet him, were I tied to run afoot
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Where ever Englishman durst set his foot.
Mean time let this defend my loyalty,
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.
Boling. Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,
Disclaiming here the kindred of the king,
And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except.
If guilty dread have left thee so much strength
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop:
By that and all the rites of knighthood else,
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.
Mow. I take it up; and by that sword I swear,
Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,
I 'll answer thee in any fair degree,
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial:
And when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor or unjustly fight!
K. Rich. What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge?
It must be great that can inherit us
So much as of a thought of ill in him.
Boling. Look, what I speak, my life shall prove it true;
That Mowbray hath received eight thousand nobles
In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers,

65. *inhabitable*, 'un-habitable,' uninhabitable.
74. *pawn*, pledge.
80. *in any fair degree*, in any way becoming me.
81. *design*, enterprise, action.
85. *inherit*, possess.
89. *In name of lendings*, as money entrusted to him.

The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,
Like a false traitor and injurious villain.
Besides I say and will in battle prove,
Or here or elsewhere to the furthest verge
That ever was survey'd by English eye,
That all the treasons for these eighteen years
Complotted and contrived in this land
Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring.
Further I say and further will maintain
Upon his bad life to make all this good,
That he did plot the Duke of Gloucester's death,
Suggest his soon-believing adversaries,
And consequently, like a traitor coward,
Sluiced out his innocent soul through streams of blood:
Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me for justice and rough chastisement;
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

K. Rich. How high a pitch his resolution soars!
Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?

Mow. O, let my sovereign turn away his face
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this slander of his blood,
How God and good men hate so foul a liar.

K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and ears:
Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,
As he is but my father's brother's son,

100. *the Duke of Gloucester*, Thomas of Woodstock, youngest son of Edward III., and uncle of Richard and of Bolingbroke. Mowbray was, in reality, himself concerned, with Gloucester and with Bolingbroke, in a plot to seize the king (June 1397); he betrayed it to Richard, and was charged to put Gloucester to death.

101. *Suggest*, seduce.

Now, by my sceptre's awe, I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul:
He is our subject, Mowbray; so art thou:
Free speech and fearless I to thee allow.

Mow. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest.
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais
Disbursed I duly to his highness' soldiers;
The other part reserved I by consent,
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt
Upon remainder of a dear account,
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen:
Now swallow down that lie. For Gloucester's death,
I slew him not; but to my own disgrace
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.
For you, my noble Lord of Lancaster,
The honourable father to my foe,
Once did I lay an ambush for your life,
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul;
But ere I last received the sacrament
I did confess it, and exactly begg'd

119. *neighbour nearness*, close kinship.

126. *receipt*, money committed to me.

130. *dear*, large, heavy.

131. *his queen*, Richard's second queen, Isabel.

132, 133. *For Gloucester's death*, etc. In Holinshed Mowbray ignores this charge. A previous page of his *Chronicle* (iii. 489) relates that Mowbray had unwillingly, and only under threats, carried out Richard's own order for his death. He had thus 'neglected his sworn duty' to his sovereign. According to Mowbray's own account to Bagot, as told by him after Richard's death (*Hol.* iii. 511), he had saved Gloucester's life 'for three weeks and more,' in defiance of Richard's order and at peril of his life: the murder being finally carried out by persons expressly despatched by Richard 'to see it done.'

Your grace's pardon, and I hope I had it.
This is my fault: as for the rest appeal'd,
It issues from the rancour of a villain,
A recreant and most degenerate traitor:
Which in myself I boldly will defend;
And interchangeably hurl down my gage
Upon this overweening traitor's foot,
To prove myself a loyal gentleman
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom.
In haste whereof, most heartily I pray
Your highness to assign our trial day.
K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be ruled by me;
Let 's purge this choler without letting blood:
This we prescribe, though no physician;
Deep malice makes too deep incision;
Forget, forgive; conclude and be agreed;
Our doctors say this is no month to bleed.
Good uncle, let this end where it begun;
We 'll calm the Duke of Norfolk, you your son.
Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my age:
Throw down, my son, the Duke of Norfolk's gage.
K. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his.
Gaunt. When, Harry, when?
Obedience bids I should not bid again.
K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down, we bid; there is no boot.
Mow. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot.
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame:
The one my duty owes; but my fair name,
Despite of death that lives upon my grave,

157. *no month to bleed.* Certain seasons of the year were prescribed in the old medical almanacs as proper for 'bleeding.'

168. *i.e.* 'that lives, despite of death,' etc.

To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.
I am disgraced, impeach'd and baffled here,
Pierced to the soul with slander's venom'd spear,
The which no balm can cure but his heart-blood
Which breathed this poison.
K. Rich. Rage must be withstood:
Give me his gage: lions make leopards tame.
Mow. Yea, but not change his spots: take but my shame,
And I resign my gage. My dear dear lord,
The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation: that away,
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done:
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try;
In that I live and for that will I die.
K. Rich. Cousin, throw up your gage; do you begin.
Boling. O, God defend my soul from such deep sin!
Shall I seem crest-fall'n in my father's sight?
Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height
Before this out-dared dastard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound my honour with such feeble wrong,
Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear
The slavish motive of recanting fear,
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face. [*Exit Gaunt.*

170. *baffled*, ignominiously punished, like a recreant knight.
189. *impeach my height*, detract from my high dignity.
190. *out-dared*, cowed down.
191. *feeble wrong*, one that implies weakness in the man who submits to it.
193. *motive*, instrument (viz. his tongue).

K. Rich. We were not born to sue, but to command;
Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day:
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your settled hate:
Since we can not atone you, we shall see
Justice design the victor's chivalry.
Lord marshal, command our officers at arms
Be ready to direct these home alarms. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The* DUKE OF LANCASTER'S *palace.*

Enter JOHN OF GAUNT *with the* DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.

Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in Woodstock's blood
Doth more solicit me than your exclaims,
To stir against the butchers of his life!
But since correction lieth in those hands
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven;
Who, when they see the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.
Duch. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
Were as seven vials of his sacred blood,
Or seven fair branches springing from one root:

202. *atone*, reconcile.
203. *design*, designate.
204. *Lord marshal*; see note to i. 3. 1.
1. *Woodstock*, Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester.

Some of those seven are dried by nature's course,
Some of those branches by the Destinies cut;
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloucester,
One vial full of Edward's sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt,
Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all faded,
By envy's hand and murder's bloody axe.
Ah, Gaunt, his blood was thine! that bed, that womb,
That metal, that self mould, that fashion'd thee
Made him a man; and though thou livest and breathest,
Yet art thou slain in him: thou dost consent
In some large measure to thy father's death,
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model of thy father's life.
Call it not patience, Gaunt; it is despair:
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
Thou showest the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee:
That which in mean men we intitle patience
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.
What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,
The best way is to venge my Gloucester's death.

Gaunt. God's is the quarrel; for God's substitute,
His deputy anointed in His sight,
Hath caused his death: the which if wrongfully,
Let heaven revenge; for I may never lift
An angry arm against His minister.

Duch. Where then, alas, may I complain myself?

Gaunt. To God, the widow's champion and defence.

23. *self*, very. 28. *model*, copy.

Duch. Why, then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt.
Thou goest to Coventry, there to behold
Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight:
O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,
That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast!
Or, if misfortune miss the first career,
Be Mowbray's sin so heavy in his bosom,
That they may break his foaming courser's back,
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
A caitiff recreant to my cousin Hereford!
Farewell, old Gaunt: thy sometimes brother's wife
With her companion grief must end her life.

Gaunt. Sister, farewell; I must to Coventry:
As much good stay with thee as go with me!

Duch. Yet one word more: grief boundeth where it falls,
Not with the empty hollowness, but weight:
I take my leave before I have begun,
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.
Commend me to thy brother, Edmund York.
Lo, this is all:—nay, yet depart not so;
Though this be all, do not so quickly go;
I shall remember more. Bid him—ah, what?—
With all good speed at Plashy visit me.
Alack, and what shall good old York there see
But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls,
Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones?
And what hear there for welcome but my groans?
Therefore commend me; let him not come there,
To seek out sorrow that dwells every where.
Desolate, desolate, will I hence and die:
The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye.

[*Exeunt.*

49. *career*, onset.

66. *Plashy*, the seat of Gloucester, near Dunmow, Essex.

68. *unfurnish'd*, not hung with arras.

SCENE III. *The lists at Coventry.*

Enter the Lord Marshal *and the* DUKE OF AUMERLE.

Mar. My Lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?

Aum. Yea, at all points; and longs to enter in.

Mar. The Duke of Norfolk, sprightfully and bold,
Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.

Aum. Why, then, the champions are prepared, and stay
For nothing but his majesty's approach.

The trumpets sound, and the KING *enters with his nobles,* GAUNT, BUSHY, BAGOT, GREEN, *and others. When they are set, enter* MOWBRAY *in arms, defendant, with a* Herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms:
Ask him his name and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. In God's name and the king's, say who thou art
And why thou comest thus knightly clad in arms,

Sc. 3. The meeting at Coventry actually occurred five months after the event represented in i. 1., on Sept. 16, 1398.

The Lord Marshal. This was, according to Holinshed, the Duke of Surrey, who had been appointed to serve 'for that tourne' (*Holinshed*, iii. 493), Norfolk himself normally holding the office.

6. *Bushy, Bagot, Green.* Sir John Bushy, Speaker of the House of Commons in 1394; Sir Henry Green, son of a judge of the Court of Queen's Bench; Sir William Bagot, sometime Sheriff of Leicestershire.

Against what man thou comest, and what thy quarrel:
Speak truly, on thy knighthood and thy oath;
As so defend thee heaven and thy valour!
Mow. My name is Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk;
Who hither come engaged by my oath—
Which God defend a knight should violate!—
Both to defend my loyalty and truth
To God, my king and my succeeding issue,
Against the Duke of Hereford that appeals me;
And, by the grace of God and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myself,
A traitor to my God, my king, and me:
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

The trumpets sound. Enter BOLINGBROKE, *appellant, in armour, with a* Herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is and why he cometh hither
Thus plated in habiliments of war,
And formally, according to our law,
Depose him in the justice of his cause.
Mar. What is thy name? and wherefore comest thou hither,
Before King Richard in his royal lists?
Against whom comest thou? and what's thy quarrel?
Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven!
Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby
Am I; who ready here do stand in arms,
To prove, by God's grace and my body's valour,
In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,
That he is a traitor, foul and dangerous,

30. *Depose*, take his sworn deposition.

To God of heaven, King Richard and to me;
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven!
Mar. On pain of death, no person be so bold
Or daring-hardy as to touch the lists,
Except the marshal and such officers
Appointed to direct these fair designs.
Boling. Lord marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand,
And bow my knee before his majesty:
For Mowbray and myself are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;
Then let us take a ceremonious leave
And loving farewell of our several friends.
Mar. The appellant in all duty greets your highness,
And craves to kiss your hand and take his leave.
K. Rich. We will descend and fold him in our arms.
Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight!
Farewell, my blood; which if to-day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.
Boling. O, let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gored with Mowbray's spear:
As confident as is the falcon's flight
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.
My loving lord, I take my leave of you;
Of you, my noble cousin, Lord Aumerle;
Not sick, although I have to do with death,
But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.
Lo, as at English feasts, so I regreet
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet:

57. *my blood*, my kinsman.
64. *cousin*. Aumerle, as son of the Duke of York (with John of Gaunt the only surviving son of Edward III.), was cousin to both Richard and Bolingbroke.
67. *as at English feasts*, which were distinguished by their concluding course of 'sweet meats.'
67. *regreet*, salute.

O thou, the earthly author of my blood,
Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a twofold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers;
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,
And furbish new the name of John a Gaunt,
Even in the lusty haviour of his son.

Gaunt. God in thy good cause make thee prosperous!

Be swift like lightning in the execution;
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy:
Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.

Boling. Mine innocency and Saint George to thrive!

Mow. However God or fortune cast my lot,
There lives or dies, true to King Richard's throne,
A loyal, just and upright gentleman:
Never did captive with a freer heart
Cast off his chains of bondage and embrace
His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
This feast of battle with mine adversary.
Most mighty liege, and my companion peers,
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years:
As gentle and as jocund as to jest
Go I to fight: truth hath a quiet breast.

K. Rich. Farewell, my lord: securely I espy

75. *waxen coat*, his armour, which will be as wax to my blow.
80. *redoubled* (four syllables).
81. *amazing*, confounding.
84. *innocency;* Capell's emendation for Qq Ff 'innocence.'
84. *Saint George to thrive*, St. George for me!
95. *as to jest*, as if to mere sport or masquerade.

Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.
Order the trial, marshal, and begin.
Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby,
Receive thy lance; and God defend the right!
Boling. Strong as a tower in hope, I cry amen.
Mar. Go bear this lance to Thomas, Duke of Norfolk.
First Her. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby,
Stands here for God, his sovereign and himself,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
To prove the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
A traitor to his God, his king and him;
And dares him to set forward to the fight.
Sec. Her. Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himself and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his sovereign and to him disloyal;
Courageously and with a free desire
Attending but the signal to begin.
Mar. Sound, trumpets; and set forward, combatants. [*A charge sounded.*
Stay, the king hath thrown his warder down.
K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets and their spears,
And both return back to their chairs again:
Withdraw with us: and let the trumpets sound
While we return these dukes what we decree.
[*A long flourish.*

118. *warder*, the staff truncheon borne by the king as presiding over the combat.

122. *While we return*, until we inform.

122. *A long flourish.* This represents, somewhat awkwardly, the historical interval of two hours during which the council deliberated.

Draw near,
And list what with our council we have done.
For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd
With that dear blood which it hath fostered;
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspéct
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours' sword;
And for we think the eagle-winged pride
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival-hating envy, set on you
To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;
Which so roused up with boisterous untuned drums,
With harsh-resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,
And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace
And make us wade even in our kindred's blood;
Therefore, we banish you our territories:
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life,
Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields
Shall not regreet our fair dominions,
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

Boling. Your will be done: this must my comfort be,
That sun that warms you here shall shine on me;
And those his golden beams to you here lent
Shall point on me and gild my banishment.

127. *for*, because.

129-133. Omitted in Ff, which probably represent the stage-copy. They may have been struck out of this, like the Deposition scene, after Essex's plot, as too dangerously suggestive.

131. *set on you*, set you on.

140. *pain of life*, a penalty involving life. Holinshed (followed by Ff) has the equivalent phrase 'pain of death.' So in v. 153.

K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce:
The sly slow hours shall not determinate
The dateless limit of thy dear exile;
The hopeless word of 'never to return'
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.
Mow. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,
And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth:
A dearer merit, not so deep a maim
As to be cast forth in the common air,
Have I deserved at your highness' hands.
The language I have learn'd these forty years,
My native English, now I must forego:
And now my tongue's use is to me no more
Than an unstringed viol or a harp,
Or like a cunning instrument cased up,
Or, being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony:
Within my mouth you have engaol'd my tongue,
Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips;
And dull unfeeling barren ignorance
Is made my gaoler to attend on me.
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
Too far in years to be a pupil now:
What is thy sentence then but speechless death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?
K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate:

150. *sly slow*, stealthily creeping.
151. *dear*, grievous.
156. *A dearer merit*, a better reward. 'Merit' is concretely used, 'that which is merited.'
174. *be compassionate*, give way to lamentation (a solecism, used probably with the blended suggestion of 'passion,' *i.e.* emotion, and 'compassion' for oneself).

After our sentence plaining comes too late.
Mow. Then thus I turn me from my country's light,
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.
K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with thee.
Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands;
Swear by the duty that you owe to God—
Our part therein we banish with yourselves—
To keep the oath that we administer:
You never shall, so help you truth and God!
Embrace each other's love in banishment;
Nor never look upon each other's face;
Nor never write, regreet, nor reconcile
This louring tempest of your home-bred hate;
Nor never by advised purpose meet
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill
'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.
Boling. I swear.
Mow. And I, to keep all this.
Boling. Norfolk, so far as to mine enemy:—
By this time, had the king permitted us,
One of our souls had wander'd in the air,
Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banish'd from this land:
Confess thy treasons ere thou fly the realm;
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging burthen of a guilty soul.
Mow. No, Bolingbroke: if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heaven banish'd as from hence!

179. *Lay on our sword . . . swear.* To swear by a sword was equivalent to swearing by the cross.

181. *Our part therein we banish.* Richard releases them from their duty to him as subjects.

188. *advised*, deliberate.

193. *so far as to mine enemy;* so far as I may becomingly speak to an enemy.

But what thou art, God, thou, and I do know;
And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.
Farewell, my liege. Now no way can I stray;
Save back to England, all the world's my way.
[*Exit.*

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy grieved heart: thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banish'd years
Pluck'd four away. [*To Boling.*] Six frozen winters spent,
Return with welcome home from banishment.

Boling. How long a time lies in one little word!
Four lagging winters and four wanton springs
End in a word: such is the breath of kings.

Gaunt. I thank my liege, that in regard of me
He shortens four years of my son's exile:
But little vantage shall I reap thereby;
For, ere the six years that he hath to spend
Can change their moons and bring their times about,
My oil-dried lamp and time-bewasted light
Shall be extinct with age and endless night;
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.

Gaunt. But not a minute, king, that thou canst give:
Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow;
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;

209-212. In Holinshed this reduction of Bolingbroke's sentence takes place subsequently on his taking leave of the king at Eltham.

230. *his* (*i.e.* Time's), no wrinkle wrought by Time in his course.

Thy word is current with him for my death,
But dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.
K. Rich. Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave:
Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lour?
Gaunt. Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.
You urged me as a judge; but I had rather
You would have bid me argue like a father.
O, had it been a stranger, not my child,
To smooth his fault I should have been more mild:
A partial slander sought I to avoid,
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.
Alas, I look'd when some of you should say,
I was too strict to make mine own away;
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue
Against my will to do myself this wrong.
K. Rich. Cousin, farewell; and, uncle, bid him so:
Six years we banish him, and he shall go.
[*Flourish. Exeunt King Richard and train.*
Aum. Cousin, farewell: what presence must not know,
From where you do remain let paper show.
Mar. My lord, no leave take I; for I will ride,
As far as land will let me, by your side.
Gaunt. O, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,
That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?
Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office should be prodigal
To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.

234. *a party-verdict gave*, was a party to the sentence by voting for it.

239-242. Omitted in Ff.

241. *partial slander*, imputation of partiality.

Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.
Boling. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.
Gaunt. What is six winters? they are quickly gone.
Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.
Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou takest for pleasure.
Boling. My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,
Which finds it an inforced pilgrimage.
Gaunt. The sullen passage of thy weary steps
Esteem as foil wherein thou art to set
The precious jewel of thy home return.
Boling. Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make
Will but remember me what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.
Must I not serve a long apprenticehood
To foreign passages, and in the end,
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else
But that I was a journeyman to grief?
Gaunt. All places that the eye of heaven visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not the king did banish thee,
But thou the king. Woe doth the heavier sit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour
And not the king exiled thee; or suppose
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air

268-293. Omitted in Ff.

272. *foreign passages*, foreign travel.

273. *Having my freedom*, etc., having completed his apprenticeship and won his 'freedom' as a master. In 'journeyman' the imagery is slightly shifted for the sake of the play on 'journey.'

275. *the eye of heaven*, the sun.

276. *wise man* (pron. 'wiseman' and so written in $Qq_{1, 2}$).

And thou art flying to a fresher clime:
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou comest:
Suppose the singing birds musicians,
The grass whereon thou tread'st the presence strew'd,
The flowers fair ladies, and thy steps no more
Than a delightful measure or a dance;
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it and sets it light.
Boling. O, who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
O, no! the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
Than when he bites, but lanceth not the sore.
Gaunt. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy way:
Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.
Boling. Then, England's ground, farewell; sweet soil, adieu;
My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!
Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,
Though banish'd, yet a trueborn Englishman.
[*Exeunt.*

289. *the presence strew'd*, the presence-chamber strewed with rushes.

291. *measure*, a stately dance.

299. *fantastic*, imaginary.

SCENE IV. *The court.*

Enter the KING, *with* BAGOT *and* GREEN *at one door; and the* DUKE OF AUMERLE *at another.*

K. Rich. We did observe. Cousin Aumerle,
How far brought you high Hereford on his way?
Aum. I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,
But to the next highway, and there I left him.
K. Rich. And say, what store of parting tears were shed?
Aum. Faith, none for me; except the north-east wind,
Which then blew bitterly against our faces,
Awaked the sleeping rheum, and so by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.
K. Rich. What said our cousin when you parted with him?
Aum. 'Farewell:'
And, for my heart disdained that my tongue
Should so profane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such grief
That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.
Marry, would the word 'farewell' have lengthen'd hours
And added years to his short banishment,
He should have had a volume of farewells;
But since it would not, he had none of me.
K. Rich. He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,

1. *We did observe;* cf. v. 24.
6. *for me,* as far as I was concerned.
13. *that,* i.e. his disdaining to abuse the word.

Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.
Ourself and Bushy, Bagot here and Green
Observed his courtship to the common people;
How he did seem to dive into their hearts
With humble and familiar courtesy,
What reverence he did throw away on slaves,
Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles
And patient underbearing of his fortune,
As 'twere to banish their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;
A brace of draymen bid God speed him well
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With 'Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends;'
As were our England in reversion his,
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

Green. Well, he is gone; and with him go these thoughts.
Now for the rebels which stand out in Ireland,
Expedient manage must be made, my liege,
Ere further leisure yield them further means
For their advantage and your highness' loss.

K. Rich. We will ourself in person to this war:
And, for our coffers, with too great a court
And liberal largess, are grown somewhat light,
We are inforced to farm our royal realm;
The revenue whereof shall furnish us
For our affairs in hand: if that come short,

24. *his courtship to the common people.* Holinshed speaks of the universal grief at Bolingbroke's departure, and of the multitudes who 'ran after him in every town and street where he came,' but does not suggest that Bolingbroke 'courted them.'

30. *affects*, affections.

39. *Expedient manage must be made*, prompt steps must be taken.

45. *farm our royal realm.* Holinshed mentions as 'a common brute' (rumour) that Richard had pledged the revenues of England to the Earl of Wiltshire, Bagot, Bushy, and Green.

Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters;
Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold
And send them after to supply our wants;
For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter BUSHY.

Bushy, what news?

Bushy. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord,
Suddenly taken; and hath sent post haste
To entreat your majesty to visit him.

K. Rich. Where lies he?

Bushy. At Ely House.

K. Rich. Now put it, God, in the physician's mind
To help him to his grave immediately!
The lining of his coffers shall make coats
To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.
Come, gentlemen, let 's all go visit him:
Pray God we may make haste, and come too late!

All. Amen. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Ely House.*

Enter JOHN OF GAUNT *sick, with the* DUKE OF YORK, *etc.*

Gaunt. Will the king come, that I may breathe my last

58. *Ely House;* the Bishop of Ely's palace, in Holborn.

Sc. i. The scene as far as v. 138 is based upon the bare record in Holinshed of Gaunt's death. This actually occurred on Feb. 3, 1399.

In wholesome counsel to his unstaid youth?
York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath;
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.
Gaunt. O, but they say the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony:
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain,
For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.
He that no more must say is listen'd more
Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose;
More are men's ends mark'd than their lives before:
The setting sun, and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,
Writ in remembrance more than things long past:
Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.
York. No; it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds,
As praises, of whose taste the wise are fond,
Lascivious metres, to whose venom sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen;
Report of fashions in proud Italy,
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
Limps after in base imitation.
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity—

10. *glose*, deal in hollow phrases.

12. *the close*, the harmonious closing chords.

18. *of whose taste the wise are fond.* Collier's emendation. F_1 has 'of his state: then there are sound'; Q_1 'of whose taste the wise are found.'

21. *fashions in proud Italy.* Shakespeare is transferring to the fourteenth century a social phenomenon of his own time.

So it be new, there 's no respect how vile—
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.
Direct not him whose way himself will choose:
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

Gaunt. Methinks I am a prophet new inspired
And thus expiring do foretell of him:
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,
For violent fires soon burn out themselves;
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;
He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder:
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,

25. *no respect*, no consideration; no one considers.

26. *buzz'd*, whispered.

28. *with wit's regard*, against that which understanding approves.

40-55. This well-known passage early became famous. It was printed, with slight variations, in *England's Parnassus*, 1600.

41. *earth*, domain, native abode.

Fear'd by their breed and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
For Christian service and true chivalry,
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son;
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leased out, I die pronouncing it,
Like to a tenement or pelting farm:
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds:
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life
How happy then were my ensuing death!

Enter KING RICHARD *and* QUEEN, AUMERLE, BUSHY, GREEN, BAGOT, ROSS, *and* WILLOUGHBY.

York. The king is come: deal mildly with his youth;
For young hot colts being raged do rage the more.
Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster?
K. Rich. What comfort, man? how is't with aged Gaunt?
Gaunt. O, how that name befits my composition!
Old Gaunt indeed, and gaunt in being old:
Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;
And who abstains from meat that is not gaunt?

60. *pelting*, petty.
70. *raged*, chafed, fretted. The word-play here barely escapes tautology, but is not uncharacteristic of the senile intelligence of York, in this as in weightier matters a feebler counterpart of Gaunt.

For sleeping England long time have I watch'd;
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt:
The pleasure that some fathers feed upon,
Is my strict fast; I mean, my children's looks;
And therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt:
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

K. Rich. Can sick men play so nicely with their names?

Gaunt. No, misery makes sport to mock itself:
Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,
I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

K. Rich. Should dying men flatter with those that live?

Gaunt. No, no, men living flatter those that die.

K. Rich. Thou, now a-dying, say'st thou flatterest me.

Gaunt. O, no! thou diest, though I the sicker be.

K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.

Gaunt. Now He that made me knows I see thee ill;
Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.
Thy death-bed is no lesser than thy land
Wherein thou liest in reputation sick;
And thou, too careless patient as thou art,
Commit'st thy anointed body to the cure
Of those physicians that first wounded thee:
A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head;

84. *nicely*, fantastically.
86. *kill my name in me*, i.e. by banishing his heir.
94. *Ill in myself*, etc.; both myself ill to see (*i.e.* to look on; visibly ill), and seeing ill in thee. Gaunt's reference to his own illness only embarrasses his argument and heightens antithesis at the cost of dramatic truth.

And yet, incaged in so small a verge,
The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.
O, had thy grandsire with a prophet's eye
Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,
Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,
Which art possess'd now to depose thyself.
Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,
It were a shame to let this land by lease;
But for thy world enjoying but this land,
Is it not more than shame to shame it so?
Landlord of England art thou now, not king:
Thy state of law is bondslave to the law;
And thou—

K. Rich. A lunatic lean-witted fool,
Presuming on an ague's privilege,
Darest with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek, chasing the royal blood
With fury from his native residence.
Now, by my seat's right royal majesty,
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,
This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head
Should run thy head from thy unreverent shoulders.

Gaunt. O, spare me not, my brother Edward's son,

102. *incaged.* So Ff_1, 2. Qq_{1-4} read 'inraged.'

102. *verge*, (technically) the region extending twelve miles round the king's court on every side.

103. *waste*, (technically) destruction of houses, woods, etc., by the tenant to the prejudice of the freehold. Richard's 'waste' absorbs the entire estate.

114. *Thy state of law*, etc., thy legal status is that of one in the clutches of the law.

115. *And thou*— K. Rich. *A lunatic*, etc. So (substantially) Qq_{1-3}. The Ff and Q_5 make Richard take up Gaunt's words, 'And thou,' a plausible arrangement adopted by Warburton and Delius. But the older version is more dramatic. Richard's retort is not a deliberate counterthrust but a half-incoherent ebullition of rage.

122. *roundly*, bluntly.

For that I was his father Edward's son;
That blood already, like the pelican,
Hast thou tapp'd out and drunkenly caroused:
My brother Gloucester, plain well-meaning soul,
Whom fair befal in heaven 'mongst happy souls!
May be a precedent and witness good
That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood:
Join with the present sickness that I have;
And thy unkindness be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too long wither'd flower.
Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee!
These words hereafter thy tormentors be!
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:
Love they to live that love and honour have.
[*Exit, borne off by his Attendants.*

K. Rich. And let them die that age and sullens have;
For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

York. I do beseech your majesty, impute his words
To wayward sickliness and age in him:
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
As Harry Duke of Hereford, were he here.

K. Rich. Right, you say true: as Hereford's love, so his;
As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your majesty.

K. Rich. What says he?

North. Nay, nothing; all is said:

126. *like the pelican;* Richard has 'tapped' the blood of his race, and thus, in a sense, his own. Hence the comparison.

145. *Right, you say true.* Richard affects to misunderstand York's unconscious equivoque.

His tongue is now a stringless instrument;
Words, life and all, old Lancaster hath spent.
York. Be York the next that must be bankrupt so!
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.
K. Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he;
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be.
So much for that. Now for our Irish wars:
We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns,
Which live like venom where no venom else
But only they have privilege to live.
And for these great affairs do ask some charge,
Towards our assistance we do seize to us
The plate, coin, revenues and moveables,
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.
York. How long shall I be patient? ah, how long
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?
Not Gloucester's death, nor Hereford's banishment,
Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,
Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,
Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.

154. *must be*, i.e. spent.

156. *rug-headed kerns*, the shaggy native soldiers of Ireland. Spenser notices their 'long glibbes' or 'thick curled bush of hair hanging down over their eyes.'

167. *the prevention of poor Bolingbroke*, etc. Bolingbroke had, on leaving England, been well received at the French court, and was about to marry the king's cousin, daughter of the Duke of Berry, when Richard, hearing of it, sent the Earl of Salisbury with a list of vamped-up charges against him, and a peremptory request that the king would not permit the match with 'so manifest an offender.' The match was accordingly broken off.

I am the last of noble Edward's sons,
Of whom thy father, Prince of Wales, was first:
In war was never lion raged more fierce,
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentleman.
His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,
Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours;
But when he frown'd, it was against the French
And not against his friends; his noble hand
Did win what he did spend and spent not that
Which his triumphant father's hand had won;
His hands were guilty of no kindred blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
O Richard! York is too far gone with grief,
Or else he never would compare between.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, what 's the matter?

York. O my liege,
Pardon me, if you please; if not, I, pleased
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.
Seek you to seize and gripe into your hands
The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford?
Is not Gaunt dead, and doth not Hereford live?
Was not Gaunt just, and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deserve to have an heir?
Is not his heir a well-deserving son?
Take Hereford's rights away, and take from Time
His charters and his customary rights;
Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day;
Be not thyself; for how art thou a king
But by fair sequence and succession?
Now, afore God—God forbid I say true!—
If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,

173. *raged*, chafed. The participle, not the preterite, as appears both from the analogy of the next line and from v. 70.

177. *Accomplish'd*, furnished.

185. *compare between*, draw such a comparison.

190. *royalties*, feudal dues and revenues.

197. *ensue*, follow.

Call in the letters patents that he hath
By his attorneys-general to sue
His livery, and deny his offer'd homage,
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts
And prick my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

K. Rich. Think what you will, we seize into our hands
His plate, his goods, his money and his lands.

York. I 'll not be by the while: my liege, farewell:
What will ensue hereof, there 's none can tell;
But by bad courses may be understood
That their events can never fall out good. [*Exit.*

K. Rich. Go, Bushy, to the Earl of Wiltshire straight:
Bid him repair to us to Ely House
To see this business. To-morrow next
We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow:
And we create, in absence of ourself,
Our uncle York lord governor of England;
For he is just and always loved us well.
Come on, our queen: to-morrow must we part;
Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

[*Flourish. Exeunt King, Queen, Aumerle, Bushy, Green, and Bagot.*

North. Well, lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.

Ross. And living too; for now his son is duke.

Willo. Barely in title, not in revenue.

202. *the letters patents that he hath*, etc. Richard had granted to both the banished dukes letters patent entitling them to claim by attorney any feudal inheritance which should fall due to them,—this formal claim for its surrender being technically known as 'suing their livery.' It involved an act of homage to the king as suzerain.

North. Richly in both, if justice had her right.
Ross. My heart is great; but it must break with silence,
Ere 't be disburden'd with a liberal tongue.
North. Nay, speak thy mind; and let him ne'er speak more
That speaks thy words again to do thee harm!
Willo. Tends that thou wouldst speak to the Duke of Hereford?
If it be so, out with it boldly, man;
Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.
Ross. No good at all that I can do for him;
Unless you call it good to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.
North. Now, afore God, 'tis shame such wrongs are borne
In him, a royal prince, and many moe
Of noble blood in this declining land.
The king is not himself, but basely led
By flatterers; and what they will inform,
Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,
That will the king severely prosecute
'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.
Ross. The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,
And quite lóst their hearts: the nobles hath he fined
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.
Willo. And daily new exactions are devised,
As blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what:

247, 248. The repetition of 'and . . . hearts' is only tolerable if the clauses correspond in cadence. Hence v. 247 must be read: 'And quite lóst their hearts.'

250. *blanks*, blank charters which wealthy persons were required to sign and seal, the king's agents then filling them up with the desired amount.

250. *benevolences* (pronounced 'benevolence').

But what, o' God's name, doth become of this?
North. Wars have not wasted it, for warr'd he hath not,
But basely yielded upon compromise
That which his noble ancestors achieved with blows:
More hath he spent in peace than they in wars.
Ross. The Earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.
Willo. The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.
North. Reproach and dissolution hangeth over him.
Ross. He hath not money for these Irish wars,
His burthenous taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.
North. His noble kinsman: most degenerate king!
But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm;
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.
Ross. We see the very wreck that we must suffer;
And unavoided is the danger now,
For suffering so the causes of our wreck.
North. Not so; even through the hollow eyes of death

253. *basely yielded upon compromise.* This probably refers to Richard's cession of Brest, for which he was roughly taken to task by Gloucester, in words which recall Northumberland's: 'Sir, your grace ought to put your body in pain to win a stronghold or town by feats of war, ere you take upon you to sell or deliver any . . . gotten with great adventure by the manhood and policy of your noble progenitors' (*Holinshed*, iii. 487, quot. Stone).

266. *strike*, i.e. strike sail.

ib. *securely*, in vain confidence.

268. *unavoided*, unavoidable.

I spy life peering; but I dare not say
How near the tidings of our comfort is.
Willo. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.
Ross. Be confident to speak, Northumberland:
We three are but thyself; and, speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore, be bold.
North. Then thus: I have from Port le Blanc, a bay
In Brittany, received intelligence
That Harry Duke of Hereford, Rainold Lord Cobham,
. 280
That late broke from the Duke of Exeter,
His brother, Archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Ramston,
Sir John Norbery, Sir Robert Waterton and Francis Quoint,
All these well furnish'd by the Duke of Bretagne
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience

277. *I have . . . received intelligence*, etc. This introduces a scale of time at variance with that hitherto observed; for the present scene is still part of the same day as i. 4., when Bolingbroke had not yet left England.

277. *Port le Blanc.* Qq have 'le Port Blan,' Holinshed 'le Porte Blanc,' Ff 'Port le Blan.'

280, 281. The person 'that late broke from the Duke of Exeter' was, as stated by Holinshed, Thomas Arundel, son and heir to the Earl of Arundel, not Cobham. Arundel had been kept in the Duke of Exeter's house, but with the aid of one William Scot escaped and found refuge with his uncle the Archbishop of Canterbury at Cologne (Hol. iii. 496). Such a blunder would be extremely remarkable in Shakespeare; we are then on the whole justified in assuming that a line has been lost, as could easily happen in a series of names.

283. *Sir John Ramston.* In Holinshed: Sir Thomas Ramston. Possibly a misprint; 'Thos' in Elizabethan writing being easily confused with 'Ihon,' John. L.

286. *tall*, fine, well-equipped.

287. *expedience*, speed.

And shortly mean to touch our northern shore:
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the king for Ireland.
If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,
Redeem from broken pawn the blemish'd crown,
Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt
And make high majesty look like itself,
Away with me in post to Ravenspurgh;
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay and be secret, and myself will go.

Ross. To horse, to horse! urge doubts to them that fear.

Willo. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Windsor Castle.*

Enter QUEEN, BUSHY, *and* BAGOT.

Bushy. Madam, your majesty is too much sad:
You promised, when you parted with the king,
To lay aside life-harming heaviness
And entertain a cheerful disposition.

Queen. To please the king I did; to please myself
I cannot do it; yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,

289. *they stay the first departing*, etc. This motive is invented. According to Holinshed they landed four months after Richard's departure.

292. *Imp out*, graft new feathers upon, piece out (a term of falconry).

293. *broken pawn*, pawn in the hands of brokers, or base agents.

296. *Ravenspurgh*, an old port and haven on the north of the Humber mouth, destroyed by the advance of the sea in the course of the sixteenth century.

Sc. 2. Windsor Castle. The place intended is conjectural; but Holinshed says that Richard left his queen at Windsor.

Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet Richard: yet again, methinks,
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming towards me, and my inward soul
With nothing trembles: at some thing it grieves,
More than with parting from my lord the king.
Bushy. Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which shows like grief itself, but is not so;
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects;
Like pérspectives, which rightly gazed upon
Show nothing but confusion, eyed awry
Distinguish form: so your sweet majesty,
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Find shapes of grief, more than himself, to wail;
Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows
Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,
More than your lord's departure weep not: more 's not seen;
Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
Which for things true weeps things imaginary.
Queen. It may be so; but yet my inward soul
Persuades me it is otherwise: howe'er it be,
I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad
As, though on thinking on no thought I think,

18. *pérspectives*, glasses producing optical illusion. The special kind of illusion here meant is illustrated by a contemporary account of the pictures of Henry IV. of France and his queen at Gerards Bromley, 'both upon the same indented board, which if beheld directly you only perceive a confused piece of work; but if obliquely, of one side you see the king's, and on the other the queen's picture' (Plot's *Natural History of Staffordshire*).

20. *Distinguish*, show distinctly.

31. *though*. So Ff; 'thought' Q_1.

31. *on thinking*, 'a-thinking,' in thinking. 'So sad, as makes me, though in my brooding I have no distinct thought, yet faint with indefinable oppression.'

Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.
Bushy. 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.
Queen. 'Tis nothing less: conceit is still derived
From some forefather grief; mine is not so,
For nothing hath begot my something grief;
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve:
'Tis in reversion that I do possess;
But what it is, that is not yet known; what
I cannot name; 'tis nameless woe, I wot.

Enter GREEN.

Green. God save your majesty! and well met, gentlemen:
I hope the king is not yet shipp'd for Ireland.
Queen. Why hopest thou so? 'tis better hope he is;
For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope:
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipp'd?
Green. That he, our hope, might have retired his power,
And driven into despair an enemy's hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this land:
The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,
And with uplifted arms is safe arrived
At Ravenspurgh.
Queen. Now God in heaven forbid!
Green. Ah, madam, 'tis too true: and that is worse,
The Lord Northumberland, his son young Henry Percy,

33. *conceit*, imagination, imagined grief.
36-38. 'My grief, though real, has no real ground; or else some real ground exists unknown for my seemingly groundless grief, keeping back from me the deeper sorrow which will become mine ("by reversion") when I know it.'
48. *strongly*, with a large force.
49. *repeals*, recalls.

The Lords of Ross, Beaumond, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.
Bushy. Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland
And all the rest revolted faction traitors?
Green. We have: whereupon the Earl of Worcester
Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,
And all the household servants fled with him
To Bolingbroke.
Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife to my woe,
And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir:
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy,
And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.
Bushy. Despair not, madam.
Queen. Who shall hinder me?
I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope: he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

Enter YORK.

Green. Here comes the Duke of York.
Queen. With signs of war about his aged neck:
O, full of careful business are his looks!
Uncle, for God's sake, speak comfortable words.
York. Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts:
Comfort's in heaven; and we are on the earth,

58. *the Earl of Worcester.* Thomas Percy, brother of Northumberland.
59. *his staff*, his official staff, as Steward of the Household.
64. *prodigy*, monstrous birth.
72. *lingers*, prolongs.
75. *careful*, grievous.
76. *comfortable*, comfort-giving.

Where nothing lives but crosses, cares and grief.
Your husband, he is gone to save far off,
Whilst others come to make him lose at home:
Here am I left to underprop his land,
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself:
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made;
Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, your son was gone before I came.

York. He was? Why, so! go all which way it will!
The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.
Sirrah, get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloucester;
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound:
Hold, take my ring.

Serv. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship,
To-day, as I came by, I called there;
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

York. What is 't, knave?

Serv. An hour before I came, the duchess died.

York. God for his mercy! what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this woeful land at once!
I know not what to do: I would to God,
So my untruth had not provoked him to it,
The king had cut off my head with my brother's.
What, are there no posts dispatch'd for Ireland?
How shall we do for money for these wars?
Come, sister,—cousin, I would say,—pray, pardon me.

101. *untruth*, disloyalty.

Go, fellow, get thee home, provide some carts
And bring away the armour that is there.
[*Exit Servant.*
Gentlemen, will you go muster men?
If I know how or which way to order these affairs
Thus thrust disorderly into my hands,
Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen:
The one is my sovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend; the other again
Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd,
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.
Well, somewhat we must do. Come, cousin, I'll
Dispose of you.
Gentlemen, go, muster up your men,
And meet me presently at Berkeley.
I should to Plashy too;
But time will not permit: all is uneven,
And every thing is left at six and seven.
[*Exeunt York and Queen.*

Bushy. The wind sits fair for news to go to Ireland,
But none returns. For us to levy power
Proportionable to the enemy
Is all unpossible.

Green. Besides, our nearness to the king in love
Is near the hate of those love not the king.

Bagot. And that's the wavering commons: for their love
Lies in their purses, and whoso empties them
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Bushy. Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd.

Bagot. If judgement lie in them, then so do we,
Because we ever have been near the king.

Green. Well, I will for refuge straight to Bristol castle:

The Earl of Wiltshire is already there.
Bushy. Thither will I with you; for little office
The hateful commons will perform for us,
Except like curs to tear us all to pieces.
Will you go along with us?
Bagot. No; I will to Ireland to his majesty.
Farewell: if heart's presages be not vain,
We three here part that ne'er shall meet again.
Bushy. That's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke.
Green. Alas, poor duke! the task he undertakes
Is numbering sands and drinking oceans dry:
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.
Farewell at once, for once, for all, and ever.
Bushy. Well, we may meet again.
Bagot. I fear me, never.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Wilds in Gloucestershire.*

Enter BOLINGBROKE *and* NORTHUMBERLAND, *with Forces.*

Boling. How far is it, my lord, to Berkeley now?
North. Believe me, noble lord,
I am a stranger here in Gloucestershire:
These high wild hills and rough uneven ways
Draws out our miles, and makes them wearisome;
And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and délectable.
But I bethink me what a weary way
From Ravenspurgh to Cotswold will be found

In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company,
Which, I protest, hath very much beguiled
The tediousness and process of my travel:
But theirs is sweetened with the hope to have
The present benefit which I possess;
And hope to joy is little less in joy
Than hope enjoy'd: by this the weary lords
Shall make their way seem short, as mine hath done
By sight of what I have, your noble company.
Boling. Of much less value is my company
Than your good words. But who comes here?

Enter HENRY PERCY.

North. It is my son, young Harry Percy,
Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever.
Harry, how fares your uncle?
Percy. I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd his health of you.
North. Why, is he not with the queen?
Percy. No, my good Lord; he hath forsook the court,
Broken his staff of office and dispersed
The household of the king.
North. What was his reason?
He was not so resolved when last we spake together.
Percy. Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor.
But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurgh,
To offer service to the Duke of Hereford,
And sent me over by Berkeley, to discover
What power the Duke of York had levied there;
Then with directions to repair to Ravenspurgh.
North. Have you forgot the Duke of Hereford, boy?

Percy. No, my good lord, for that is not forgot
Which ne'er I did remember: to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.
North. Then learn to know him now; this is the duke.
Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my service,
Such as it is, being tender, raw and young;
Which elder days shall ripen and confirm
To more approved service and desert.
Boling. I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be sure
I count myself in nothing else so happy
As in a soul remembering my good friends;
And, as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It shall be still thy true love's recompense:
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.
North. How far is it to Berkeley? and what stir
Keeps good old York there with his men of war?
Percy. There stands the castle, by yon tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard;
And in it are the Lords of York, Berkeley, and Seymour;
None else of name and noble estimate.

Enter ROSS *and* WILLOUGHBY.

North. Here comes the Lords of Ross and Willoughby,
Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.
Boling. Welcome, my lords. I wot your love pursues
A banish'd traitor: all my treasury

Is yet but unfelt thanks, which more enrich'd
Shall be your love and labour's recompense.

Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.

Willo. And far surmounts our labour to attain it.

Boling. Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor;
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?

Enter BERKELEY.

North. It is my Lord of Berkeley, as I guess.

Berk. My Lord of Hereford, my message is to you.

Boling. My lord, my answer is—to Lancaster;
And I am come to seek that name in England;
And I must find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you say.

Berk. Mistake me not, my lord; 'tis not my meaning
To raze one title of your honour out:
To you, my lord, I come, what lord you will,
From the most gracious regent of this land,
The Duke of York, to know what pricks you on
To take advantage of the absent time
And fright our native peace with self-borne arms.

Enter YORK *attended.*

Boling. I shall not need transport my words by you;
Here comes his grace in person.

79. *absent time*, time of the king's absence.

80. *self-borne*, borne in your own cause, not your sovereign's; rebellious. Others 'self-born,' native, home-sprung (which Bolingbroke's were not). Cf. v. 144 below.

My noble uncle! [*Kneels.*

York. Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose duty is deceivable and false.

Boling. My gracious uncle—

York. Tut, tut!
Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle:
I am no traitor's uncle; and that word 'grace'
In an ungracious mouth is but profane.
Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs
Dared once to touch a dust of England's ground?
But then more 'why?' why have they dared to march
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,
Frighting her pale-faced villages with war
And ostentation of despised arms?
Comest thou because the anointed king is hence?
Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.
Were I but now the lord of such hot youth
As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself
Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,
From forth the ranks of many thousand French,
O, then how quickly should this arm of mine,
Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee
And minister correction to thy fault!

Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault:
On what condition stands it and wherein?

York. Even in condition of the worst degree,
In gross rebellion and detested treason:

84. *deceivable*, deceptive.
95. *despised*, despicable, base (as taking a mean advantage of the 'absent time').
100. *As when brave Gaunt*, etc. The incident is imagined.
107. *On what condition*, what is its nature and in what does it consist?

Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms against thy sovereign.

Boling. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford;
But as I come, I come for Lancaster.
And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my father, for methinks in you
I see old Gaunt alive; O, then, my father,
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
A wandering vagabond; my rights and royalties
Pluck'd from my arms perforce and given away
To upstart unthrifts? Wherefore was I born?
If that my cousin king be King of England,
It must be granted I am Duke of Lancaster.
You have a son, Aumerle, my noble cousin;
Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
To rouse his wrongs and chase them to the bay.
I am denied to sue my livery here,
And yet my letters-patents give me leave:
My father's goods are all distrain'd and sold,
And these and all are all amiss employ'd.
What would you have me do? I am a subject,
And I challenge law: attorneys are denied me;
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free descent.

North. The noble duke hath been too much abused.

Ross. It stands your grace upon to do him right.

Willo. Base men by his endowments are made great.

112. *braving*, defiant.
116. *indifferent*, impartial.
128. *to the bay*, to the last extremity.
138. *stands . . . upon*, is incumbent upon.

York. My lords of England, let me tell you this:
I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs
And laboured all I could to do him right;
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
Be his own carver and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong, it may not be;
And you that do abet him in this kind
Cherish rebellion and are rebels all.

North. The noble duke hath sworn his coming is
But for his own; and for the right of that
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid;
And let him ne'er see joy that breaks that oath!

York. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms:
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weak and all ill left:
But if I could, by Him that gave me life,
I would attach you all and make you stoop
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king;
But since I cannot, be it known to you
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well;
Unless you please to enter in the castle
And there repose you for this night.

Boling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept:
But we must win your grace to go with us
To Bristol castle, which they say is held
By Bushy, Bagot and their complices,
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Which I have sworn to weed and pluck away.

York. It may be I will go with you: but yet I 'll pause;
For I am loath to break our country's laws.
Nor friends nor foes, to me welcome you are:
Things past redress are now with me past care.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A camp in Wales.*

Enter SALISBURY *and a* Welsh Captain.

Cap. My Lord of Salisbury, we have stay'd ten days,
And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the king;
Therefore we will disperse ourselves: farewell.
Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman:
The king reposeth all his confidence in thee.
Cap. 'Tis thought the king is dead; we will not stay.
The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;
The pale-faced moon looks bloody on the earth
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change;
Rich men look sad and ruffians dance and leap,
The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other to enjoy by rage and war:
These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.
Farewell: our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assured Richard their king is dead.
[*Exit.*
Sal. Ah, Richard, with the eyes of heavy mind
I see thy glory like a shooting star
Fall to the base earth from the firmament.
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing storms to come, woe and unrest:
Thy friends are fled to wait upon thy foes,
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes. [*Exit.*

11. *lean-look'd*, lean-looking.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Bristol. Before the castle.*

Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, ROSS, PERCY, WILLOUGHBY, *with* BUSHY *and* GREEN, *prisoners.*

Boling. Bring forth these men.
Bushy and Green, I will not vex your souls—
Since presently your souls must part your bodies—
With too much urging your pernicious lives,
For 'twere no charity; yet, to wash your blood
From off my hands, here in the view of men
I will unfold some causes of your deaths.
You have misled a prince, a royal king,
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappied and disfigured clean:
You have in manner with your sinful hours
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him,
Broke the possession of a royal bed
And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.
Myself, a prince by fortune of my birth,
Near to the king in blood, and near in love
Till you did make him misinterpret me,
Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,
And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment;

3. *part*, depart from.
9. *happy*, well endowed (in blood and lineaments).
20. *clouds*. That sighs turn into clouds is a recurring fancy in Shakespeare's earlier work.

Whilst you have fed upon my signories,
Dispark'd my parks, and fell'd my forest woods,
From my own windows torn my household coat,
Razed out my imprese, leaving me no sign,
Save men's opinions and my living blood,
To show the world I am a gentleman.
This and much more, much more than twice all this,
Condemns you to the death. See them deliver'd over
To execution and the hand of death.
Bushy. More welcome is the stroke of death to me
Than Bolingbroke to England. Lords, farewell.
Green. My comfort is that heaven will take our souls
And plague injustice with the pains of hell.
Boling. My Lord Northumberland, see them dispatch'd.
[*Exeunt Northumberland and others, with the prisoners.*
Uncle, you say the queen is at your house;
For God's sake, fairly let her be entreated:
Tell her I send to her my kind commends;
Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.
York. A gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd
With letters of your love to her at large.
Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle. Come, lords, away,
To fight with Glendower and his complices:
Awhile to work, and after holiday. [*Exeunt.*

23. *Dispark'd*, disenclosed by pulling down the hedges and fences.

24. *household coat*, my arms blazoned in the stained glass.

25. *imprese*, heraldic emblem or device.

29. *the death*, death authoritatively inflicted, execution.

43. *To fight with Glendower and his complices.* This appears to blend two distinct occasions of hostility between Henry and Glendower, as reported by

SCENE II. *The coast of Wales. A castle in view.*

Drums: flourish and colours. Enter KING RICHARD, *the* BISHOP OF CARLISLE, AUMERLE, *and Soldiers.*

K. Rich. Barkloughly castle call they this at hand?

Aum. Yea, my lord. How brooks your grace the air,
After your late tossing on the breaking seas?

K. Rich. Needs must I like it well: I weep for joy
To stand upon my kingdom once again.
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:
As a long-parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears and smiles in meeting,
So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,

Holinshed. (1) Glendower 'served King Richard at Flint Castle, when he was taken by Henry Duke of Lancaster'; (2) he 'made war against . . . Lord Grey [Sept. 1400]. . . . The king, advertised of such rebellious exploits, enterprised by the said Owen and his unruly complices, determined to chastise them,' etc. Shakespeare's 'fighting Glendower' seems to be a reminiscence of (2) transferred to the date and circumstances of (1). Theobald, however, doubted the genuineness of this isolated allusion; and Mr. Stone thinks these lines introduced a 'lost or omitted portion of the play' in which Glendower's attack on Lord Grey was presented as warfare on Richard's behalf.

1. *Barkloughly*, Harlech. The name is due to a mere scribal or printer's blunder in Holinshed, standing for 'Hertlowle' or Hertlow, the last an Anglicised form of the Old Welsh 'Harddlech.'

8. *a long-parted mother*, a mother long-parted (with her child).

And do thee favours with my royal hands.
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense;
But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads lie in their way,
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet
Which with usurping steps do trample thee:
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies;
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords:
This earth shall have a feeling and these stones
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.

Car. Fear not, my lord: that Power that made you king
Hath power to keep you king in spite of all.
The means that heaven yields must be embraced,
And not neglected; else, if heaven would,
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse,
The proffer'd means of succour and redress.

Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss;
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,
Grows strong and great in substance and in power.

K. Rich. Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou not
That when the searching eye of heaven is hid,
Behind the globe, that lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen
In murders and in outrage, boldly here;

23. *senseless conjuration*, adjuration of an inanimate thing.
29-32. Omitted in Ff.
40. *boldly*; Collier's emendation. Q_1 'bouldy'; the rest, and Ff, 'bloody.'

But when from under this terrestrial ball
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines
And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treasons and detested sins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?
So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night
Whilst we were wandering with the antipodes,
Shall see us rising in our throne, the east,
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day,
But self-affrighted tremble at his sin.
Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm off from an anointed king;
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord:
For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall, for heaven still guards the right.

Enter SALISBURY.

Welcome, my lord: how far off lies your power?
Sal. Nor near nor farther off, my gracious lord,
Than this weak arm: discomfort guides my tongue
And bids me speak of nothing but despair.
One day too late, I fear me, noble lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth:
O, call back yesterday, bid time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men!

64. *near*, nearer.
70. *twelve thousand.* According to Holinshed, forty thousand.

To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune and thy state:
For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispersed and fled.

Aum. Comfort, my liege: why looks your grace so pale?

K. Rich. But now the blood of twenty thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;
And, till so much blood thither come again,
Have I not reason to look pale and dead?
All souls that will be safe fly from my side,
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my liege; remember who you are.

K. Rich. I had forgot myself: am I not king?
Awake, thou coward majesty! thou sleepest.
Is not the king's name twenty thousand names?
Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes
At thy great glory. Look not to the ground,
Ye favourites of a king: are we not high?
High be our thoughts: I know my uncle York
Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who comes here?

Enter SCROOP.

Scroop. More health and happiness betide my liege
Than can my care-tuned tongue deliver him!

K. Rich. Mine ear is open and my heart prepared:
The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.
Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care;
And what loss is it to be rid of care?
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?

92. *care-tuned*, tuned to a sorrowful note.

Greater he shall not be; if he serve God,
We 'll serve Him too and be his fellow so:
Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend;
They break their faith to God as well as us:
Cry woe, destruction, ruin and decay;
The worst is death, and death will have his day.
Scroop. Glad am I that your highness is so arm'd
To bear the tidings of calamity.
Like an unseasonable stormy day,
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
As if the world were all dissolved to tears,
So high above his limits swells the rage
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land
With hard bright steel and hearts harder than steel.
White-beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps
Against thy majesty; boys, with women's voices,
Strive to speak big and clap their female joints
In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown:
Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows
Of double-fatal yew against thy state;
Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills
Against thy seat: both young and old rebel,
And all goes worse than I have power to tell.
K. Rich. Too well, too well thou tell'st a tale so ill.
Where is the Earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Bushy? where is Green?
That they have let the dangerous enemy
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?

112. *thin and hairless*, with thin hair or none.
116. *beadsmen*, the king's pensioners, who, as such, were bound to pray for him.
117. *double-fatal*. The yew's leaves were held to be poisonous.

If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it:
I warrant they have made peace with Bolingbroke.
Scroop. Peace have they made with him indeed, my lord.
K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption!
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!
Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart!
Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas!
Would they make peace? terrible hell make war
Upon their spotted souls for this offence!
Scroop. Sweet love, I see, changing his property,
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate:
Again uncurse their souls; their peace is made
With heads, and not with hands: those whom you curse
Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound
And lie full low, graved in the hollow ground.
Aum. Is Bushy, Green, and the Earl of Wiltshire dead?
Scroop. Ay, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.
Aum. Where is the duke my father with his power?
K. Rich. No matter where; of comfort no man speak:
Let's talk of graves, of worms and epitaphs;
Make dust our paper and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth,
Let's choose executors and talk of wills:
And yet not so, for what can we bequeath
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives and all are Bolingbroke's,

140. *graved*, buried.
146. *Make dust our paper*, 'write sorrow' in the dust.

And nothing can we call our own but death
And that small model of the barren earth
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:
How some have been deposed; some slain in war;
Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed;
Some poison'd by their wives; some sleeping kill'd;
All murder'd: for within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king
Keeps Death his court, and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp,
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchize, be fear'd and kill with looks,
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
As if this flesh which walls about our life
Were brass impregnable, and humour'd thus,
Comes at the last and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and farewell king!
Cover your heads and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence: throw away respect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while:
I live with bread like you, feel want,

153. *model of the barren earth.* 'Model' in Shakespeare fluctuates between the two notions of *an imitation (or plan) in little*, and an *impress* or *mould*. Here the earth which the corpse can 'call its own' is a semblance of the earth at large, of which in filling the grave it may be said to take the mould.

156. *sad stories of the death of kings;* probably with a reference to the *Mirror for Magistrates*, the great Elizabethan repertory of such stories,—a continuation of Boccaccio's more famous book the *Falls of Princes* (tr. by Lydgate), which closed shortly before the 'story' of Richard himself was complete.

162. *antic*, buffoon.

163. *Scoffing*, scoffing at.

164. *breath*, breathing-space.

166. *self and vain conceit*, vain self-conceit.

168. *humour'd thus*, (the king) having thus been humoured.

Taste grief, need friends: subjected thus,
How can you say to me, I am a king?
Car. My lord, wise men ne'er sit and wail their woes,
But presently prevent the ways to wail.
To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Gives in your weakness strength unto your foe,
And so your follies fight against yourself.
Fear, and be slain; no worse can come to fight:
And fight and die is death destroying death;
Where fearing dying pays death servile breath.
Aum. My father hath a power; inquire of him,
And learn to make a body of a limb.
K. Rich. Thou chidest me well: proud Bolingbroke, I come
To change blows with thee for our day of doom.
This ague fit of fear is over-blown;
An easy task it is to win our own.
Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power?
Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.
Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the sky
The state and inclination of the day:
So may you by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.
I play the torturer, by small and small
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken:
Your uncle York is join'd with Bolingbroke,
And all your northern castles yielded up,
And all your southern gentlemen in arms
Upon his party.
K. Rich. Thou hast said enough.
Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth
[*To Aumerle.*

176. *subjected*, made a subject.
183. *to fight*, by fighting.
185. *fearing dying*, to die fearing.

Of that sweet way I was in to despair!
What say you now? what comfort have we now?
By heaven, I 'll hate him everlastingly
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go to Flint castle: there I 'll pine away;
A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.
That power I have, discharge; and let them go
To ear the land that hath some hope to grow,
For I have none: let no man speak again
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.
Aum. My liege, one word.
K. Rich. He does me double wrong
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Discharge my followers: let them hence away,
From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Wales. Before Flint castle.*

Enter, with drum and colours, BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, Attendants, *and forces.*

Boling. So that by this intelligence we learn
The Welshmen are dispersed, and Salisbury
Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed
With some few private friends upon this coast.
North. The news is very fair and good, my lord:
Richard not far from hence hath hid his head.
York. It would beseem the Lord Northumberland

209. *Go to Flint castle.* Holinshed makes Richard fly first to Conway. To induce him to place himself in Bolingbroke's power by advancing to Flint was the original object of Northumberland's cajolery, reproduced in the next scene. See note to v. 72.

211. *power*, forces, troops.

To say 'King Richard:' alack the heavy day
When such a sacred king should hide his head.
North. Your grace mistakes; only to be brief,
Left I his title out.
York. The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,
For taking so the head, your whole head's length.
Boling. Mistake not, uncle, further than you should.
York. Take not, good cousin, further than you should,
Lest you mistake the heavens are o'er our heads.
Boling. I know it, uncle, and oppose not myself
Against their will. But who comes here?

Enter PERCY.

Welcome, Harry: what, will not this castle yield?
Percy. The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Against thy entrance.
Boling. Royally!
Why, it contains no king?
Percy. Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a king; King Richard lies
Within the limits of yon lime and stone:
And with him are the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop, besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence; who, I cannot learn.
North. O, belike it is the Bishop of Carlisle.
Boling. Noble lords,
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle;
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parley

13. *taking the head*, cutting off the title (with a play upon the sense, 'acting wilfully, presuming').

Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver:
Henry Bolingbroke
On both his knees doth kiss King Richard's hand
And sends allegiance and true faith of heart
To his most royal person, hither come
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power,
Provided that my banishment repeal'd
And lands restored again be freely granted:
If not, I 'll use the advantage of my power
And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood
Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen:
The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke
It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench
The fresh green lap of fair King Richard's land,
My stooping duty tenderly shall show.
Go, signify as much, while here we march
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.
Let 's march without the noise of threatening drum,
That from this castle's tatter'd battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perused.
Methinks King Richard and myself should meet
With no less terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thundering shock
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
Be he the fire, I 'll be the yielding water:
The rage be his, whilst on the earth I rain
My waters; on the earth, and not on him.
March on, and mark King Richard how he looks.

Parle without, and answer within. Then a flourish. Enter on the walls, KING RICHARD, *the* BISHOP OF CARLISLE, AUMERLE, SCROOP, *and* SALISBURY.

See, see, King Richard doth himself appear,

52. *tatter'd*, ragged, weather-worn.

As doth the blushing discontented sun
From out the fiery portal of the east,
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory and to stain the track
Of his bright passage to the occident.
York. Yet looks he like a king: behold, his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty: alack, alack, for woe,
That any harm should stain so fair a show!
K. Rich. We are amazed; and thus long have we stood
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,
[*To North.*
Because we thought ourself thy lawful king:
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence?
If we be not, show us the hand of God
That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship;
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,
Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.
And though you think that all, as you have done,
Have torn their souls by turning them from us,
And we are barren and bereft of friends;
Yet know, my master, God omnipotent,
Is mustering in his clouds on our behalf
Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike
Your children yet unborn and unbegot,
That lift your vassal hands against my head

72. The following colloquy with Northumberland is founded upon one reported by Holinshed at an earlier point of the history, viz. while Richard was still at Conway. Northumberland, despatched thither to entice him to Flint, used similar 'words of sooth,' and expressly declared that Bolingbroke 'would be ready to come to him on his knees' (Hol. iii. 500).

76. *awful*, reverent.

And threat the glory of my precious crown.
Tell Bolingbroke—for yond methinks he stands—
That every stride he makes upon my land
Is dangerous treason: he is come to open
The purple testament of bleeding war;
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
Shall ill become the flower of England's face,
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.

North. The king of heaven forbid our lord the king
Should so with civil and uncivil arms
Be rush'd upon! Thy thrice noble cousin
Harry Bolingbroke doth humbly kiss thy hand;
And by the honourable tomb he swears,
That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones,
And by the royalties of both your bloods,
Currents that spring from one most gracious head,
And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt,
And by the worth and honour of himself,
Comprising all that may be sworn or said,
His coming hither hath no further scope
Than for his lineal royalties and to beg
Enfranchisement immediate on his knees:
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glittering arms he will commend to rust,
His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
To faithful service of your majesty.
This swears he, as he is a prince, is just;
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

102. *civil and uncivil*, intestine and turbulent.
112. *scope*, end.
114. *Enfranchisement*, restitution to full civic rights.
115. *party*, part.
117. *barbed*, equipped with armour (a corruption of 'barded').

K. Rich. Northumberland, say thus the king returns:
His noble cousin is right welcome hither;
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction:
With all the gracious utterance thou hast
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.
We do debase ourselves, cousin, do we not,
[*To Aumerle.*
To look so poorly and to speak so fair?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die?

Aum. No, good my lord; let 's fight with gentle words
Till time lend friends and friends their helpful swords.

K. Rich. O God, O God! that e'er this tongue of mine,
That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On yon proud man, should take it off again
With words of sooth! O that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name!
Or that I could forget what I have been,
Or not remember what I must be now!
Swell'st thou, proud heart? I 'll give thee scope to beat,
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. What must the king do now? must he submit?
The king shall do it: must he be deposed?
The king shall be contented: must he lose
The name of king? o' God's name, let it go:

136. *With words of sooth*, in gentle, conciliatory speech (opp. to the stern language of his former condemnation).

I 'll give my jewels for a set of beads,
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,
My gay apparel for an almsman's gown,
My figured goblets for a dish of wood,
My sceptre for a palmer's walking-staff,
My subjects for a pair of carved saints,
And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obscure grave;
Or I 'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head;
For on my heart they tread now whilst I live;
And buried once, why not upon my head?
Aumerle, thou weep'st, my tender-hearted cousin!
We 'll make foul weather with despised tears;
Our sighs and they shall lodge the summer corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting land.
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some pretty match with shedding tears?
As thus, to drop them still upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
Within the earth; and, therein laid,—'there lies
Two kinsmen digg'd their graves with weeping eyes.'
Would not this ill do well? Well, well, I see
I talk but idly, and you laugh at me.
Most mighty prince, my Lord Northumberland,
What says King Bolingbroke? will his majesty
Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says ay.

North. My lord, in the base court he doth attend
To speak with you; may it please you to come down.

156. *of common trade*, frequented.
162. *lodge*, lay low.
175. *make a leg*, express assent by bowing with one leg drawn back.

K. Rich. Down, down I come; like glistering Phaethon,
Wanting the manage of unruly jades.
In the base court? Base court, where kings grow base,
To come at traitors' calls and do them grace.
In the base court? Come down? Down, court! down, king!
For night-owls shriek where mounting larks should sing. [*Exeunt from above.*

Boling. What says his majesty?

North. Sorrow and grief of heart
Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man:
Yet he is come.

Enter KING RICHARD *and his attendants below.*

Boling. Stand all apart,
And show fair duty to his majesty.
[*He kneels down.*
My gracious lord,—

K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee
To make the base earth proud with kissing it:
Me rather had my heart might feel your love
Than my unpleased eye see your courtesy.
Up, cousin, up; your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least, although your knee be low.

Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.

K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,

179. *Wanting the manage*, wanting the skill to govern.
180. *Base court*, technically the 'basse cour,' or outer court of a castle.
195. *Thus high*, i.e. as Richard's head, which he must be supposed to point to.

As my true service shall deserve your love.
K. Rich. Well you deserve: they well deserve to have,
That know the strong'st and surest way to get.
Uncle, give me your hands: nay, dry your eyes;
Tears show their love, but want their remedies.
Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.
What you will have, I 'll give, and willing too;
For do we must what force will have us do.
Set on towards London, cousin, is it so?
Boling. Yea, my good lord.
K. Rich. Then I must not say no.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Langley. The* DUKE OF YORK'S *garden.*

Enter the QUEEN *and two* Ladies.

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in this garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care?
Lady. Madam, we 'll play at bowls.
Queen. 'Twill make me think the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runs against the bias.
Lady. Madam, we 'll dance.
Queen. My legs can keep no measure in delight,
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief:

203. *show their love*, etc., are a sign of love in those who shed them, but avail nothing.

4, 5. *rubs, . . . bias.* The queen plays on the technical senses of these terms in bowls; where they meant, respectively, the diversion of a bowl from its course by a sudden obstacle, and the oblique bent impressed upon a bowl by a weight let into one side.

7. *measure*, a stately dance.

Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport.
Lady. Madam, we 'll tell tales.
Queen. Of sorrow or of joy?
Lady. Of either, madam.
Queen. Of neither, girl:
For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow;
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy:
For what I have I need not to repeat;
And what I want it boots not to complain.
Lady. Madam, I 'll sing.
Queen. 'Tis well that thou hast cause;
But thou shouldst please me better, wouldst thou weep.
Lady. I could weep, madam, would it do you good.
Queen. And I could sing, would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.

Enter a Gardener, *and two* Servants.

But stay, here come the gardeners:
Let 's step into the shadow of these trees.
My wretchedness unto a row of pins,
They 'll talk of state; for every one doth so
Against a change; woe is forerun with woe.
[*Queen and Ladies retire.*
Gard. Go, bind thou up yon dangling apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight:

11. *joy*, Rowe's emendation; 'griefe,' Qq Ff.
22. *I could sing, would weeping do me good;* if my grief were so slight or so fanciful that weeping would avail to relieve it, I could sing for joy and should not need your tears.
29. *apricocks*, apricots.

Give some supportance to the bending twigs.
Go thou, and like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth:
All must be even in our government.
You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The noisome weeds, which without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.
Serv. Why should we in the compass of a pale
Keep law and form and due proportion,
Showing, as in a model, our firm estate,
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds, her fairest flowers choked up,
Her fruit-trees all unpruned, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots disorder'd and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?
Gard. Hold thy peace:
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf:
The weeds which his broad-spreading leaves did shelter,
That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,
Are pluck'd up root and all by Bolingbroke,
I mean the Earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.
Serv. What, are they dead?
Gard. They are; and Bolingbroke
Hath seized the wasteful king. O, what pity is it
That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land
As we this garden! We at time of year
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees,
Lest, being over-proud in sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself:
Had he done so to great and growing men,

46. *knots*, flowerbeds arranged in curious figures.
57. *at time of year*, in due season. Qq Ff omit 'we,' which was inserted by Capell.

They might have lived to bear and he to taste
Their fruits of duty: superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown down.

Serv. What, think you then the king shall be deposed?

Gard. Depress'd he is already, and deposed
'Tis doubt he will be: letters came last night
To a dear friend of the good Duke of York's,
That tell black tidings.

Queen. O, I am press'd to death through want of speaking! [*Coming forward.*
Thou, old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden,
How dares thy harsh rude tongue sound this unpleasing news?
What Eve, what serpent, hath suggested thee
To make a second fall of cursed man?
Why dost thou say King Richard is deposed?
Darest thou, thou little better thing than earth,
Divine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how,
Camest thou by this ill tidings? speak, thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, madam: little joy have I
To breathe this news; yet what I say is true.
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke: their fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
And some few vanities that make him light;
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
Besides himself, are all the English peers,
And with that odds he weighs King Richard down.
Post you to London, and you will find it so;
I speak no more than every one doth know.

69. *doubt*, fear.
72. *press'd to death*, a form of torture applied to persons who refused to plead.

Queen. Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,
Doth not thy embassage belong to me,
And am I last that knows it? O, thou think'st
To serve me last, that I may longest keep
Thy sorrow in my breast. Come, ladies, go,
To meet at London London's king in woe.
What, was I born to this, that my sad look
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?
Gardener, for telling me these news of woe,
Pray God the plants thou graft'st may never grow.
[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*

Gard. Poor Queen! so that thy state might be no worse,
I would my skill were subject to thy curse.
Here did she fall a tear; here in this place
I 'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace:
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Westminster Hall.*

Enter, as to the Parliament, BOLINGBROKE, AUMERLE, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, FITZWATER, SURREY, *the* BISHOP OF CARLISLE, *the* ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER, *and another* Lord, Herald, Officers, *and* BAGOT.

Boling. Call forth Bagot.

105. *rue, sour herb of grace;* to rue being to repent, and repentance a 'sign of grace.'

Sc. 1. This scene combines proceedings of two distinct parliaments: the deposition of Richard having taken place on September 30, 1399, in a par-

Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind;
What thou dost know of noble Gloucester's death,
Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd
The bloody office of his timeless end.

Bagot. Then set before my face the Lord Aumerle.

Boling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

Bagot. My lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue
Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd.
In that dead time when Gloucester's death was plotted,
I heard you say, 'Is not my arm of length,
That reacheth from the restful English court
As far as Calais, to mine uncle's head?'
Amongst much other talk, that very time,
I heard you say that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand crowns
Than Bolingbroke's return to England;
Adding withal, how blest this land would be
In this your cousin's death.

Aum. Princes and noble lords,
What answer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars,
On equal terms to give him chastisement?
Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd
With the attainder of his slanderous lips.
There is my gage, the manual seal of death,
That marks thee out for hell: I say, thou liest,

liament previously summoned in his name; the examination of Bagot, on October 16, in a new parliament summoned by the new king. Richard was not himself present on either occasion.

5. *timeless*, untimely.

10. *dead*, deadly, death-bringing.

21. *my fair stars*, that which fortune gave me at birth, my high rank and royal blood.

25. *manual seal of death*, death-warrant.

And will maintain what thou hast said is false
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.
Boling. Bagot, forbear; thou shalt not take it up.
Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence that hath moved me so.
Fitz. If that thy valour stand on sympathy,
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine:
By that fair sun which shows me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spakest it,
That thou wert cause of noble Gloucester's death.
If thou deny'st it twenty times, thou liest;
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.
Aum. Thou darest not, coward, live to see that day.
Fitz. Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.
Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.
Percy. Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as true
In this appeal as thou art all unjust;
And that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
To prove it on thee to the extremest point
Of mortal breathing: seize it, if thou darest.
Aum. An if I do not, may my hands rot off
And never brandish more revengeful steel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!
Another Lord. I task the earth to the like, forsworn Aumerle;

33. *sympathy*, likeness in rank. Shakespeare's use of Greek words commonly ignores their etymological meaning; his use of Latin words almost always suggests it.

52-59. Omitted in Ff.

52. *I task the earth*, i.e. charge it with the weight of the gage I throw down. So Q_1. 'I take the earth' Qq_{2-4}.

And spur thee on with full as many lies
As may be holloa'd in thy treacherous ear
From sun to sun: there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou darest.
Aum. Who sets me else? by heaven, I'll throw at all:
I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.
Surrey. My Lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.
Fitz. 'Tis very true: you were in presence then;
And you can witness with me this is true.
Surrey. As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true.
Fitz. Surrey, thou liest.
Surrey. Dishonourable boy!
That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword,
That it shall render vengeance and revenge
Till thou the lie-giver and that lie do lie
In earth as quiet as thy father's skull:
In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou darest.
Fitz. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse!
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,
And spit upon him, whilst I say he lies,
And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my strong correction.
As I intend to thrive in this new world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal:
Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say

53. *full as many lies*, giving thee to lie as many times.

55. *sun to sun;* Capell's emendation of Qq 'sinne to sinne.'

57. *sets me*, challenges me; properly said of challenging to a match by staking (at cards, dice, etc.).

That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble duke at Calais.
Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,
That Norfolk lies: here do I throw down this,
If he may be repeal'd, to try his honour.
Boling. These differences shall all rest under gage
Till Norfolk be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be,
And, though mine enemy, restored again
To all his lands and signories: when he 's return'd,
Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.
Car. That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.
Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ in glorious Christian field,
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens;
And toil'd with works of war, retired himself
To Italy; and there at Venice gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.
Boling. Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead?
Car. As surely as I live, my lord.
Boling. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the bosom
Of good old Abraham! Lords appellants,
Your differences shall all rest under gage
Till we assign you to your days of trial.

Enter YORK, *attended.*

York. Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-pluck'd Richard; who with willing soul
Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields
To the possession of thy royal hand:

Ascend his throne, descending now from him;
And long live Henry, fourth of that name!

Boling. In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne.

Car. Marry, God forbid!
Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best beseeming me to speak the truth.
Would God that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard! then true noblesse would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
What subject can give sentence on his king?
And who sits here that is not Richard's subject?
Thieves are not judged but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them;
And shall the figure of God's majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy-elect,
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
Be judged by subject and inferior breath,
And he himself not present? O, forfend it, God,
That in a Christian climate souls refined
Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed!
I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
Stirr'd up by God, thus boldly for his king.
My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king:
And if you crown him, let me prophesy:
The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act;

114-149. Carlisle's speech was actually delivered, according to Holinshed, after Richard had abdicated and Henry been proclaimed king. His subsequent arrest for treason (v. 151) becomes therefore in Shakespeare's version a more violent act.

115. *Worst*, meanest, least qualified (yet one whom it best beseems, etc.).

130. *climate*, region.

ib. *refined*, i.e. purified by their Christian faith.

131. *obscene*, foul.

Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And in this seat of peace tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin and kind with kind confound;
Disorder, horror, fear and mutiny
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.
O, if you raise this house against this house,
It will the woefullest division prove
That ever fell upon this cursed earth.
Prevent it, resist it, let it not be so,
Lest child, child's children, cry against you 'woe!'
North. Well have you argued, sir; and, for your pains,
Of capital treason we arrest you here.
My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge
To keep him safely till his day of trial.
May it please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit.
Boling. Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
He may surrender; so we shall proceed
Without suspicion.
York. I will be his conduct. [*Exit.*
Boling. Lords, you that here are under our arrest,
Procure your sureties for your days of answer.
Little are we beholding to your love,
And little look'd for at your helping hands.

Re-enter YORK, *with* RICHARD, *and* Officers *bearing the regalia.*

K. Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a king,
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts

152. *My Lord of Westminster,* the Abbot of Westminster. According to Holinshed he was confined in the abbey of St. Alban's.

154-318. Omitted from $Qq_{1,2}$. See Introduction.

Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my limbs:
Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember
The favours of these men: were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry, 'all hail!' to me?
So Judas did to Christ: but he, in twelve,
Found truth in all but one; I, in twelve thousand, none.
God save the king! Will no man say amen?
Am I both priest and clerk? well then, amen.
God save the king! although I be not he;
And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.
To do what service am I sent for hither?
York. To do that office of thine own good will
Which tired majesty did make thee offer,
The resignation of thy state and crown
To Henry Bolingbroke.
K. Rich. Give me the crown. Here, cousin, seize the crown;
Here cousin;
On this side my hand, and on that side yours.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well
That owes two buckets, filling one another,
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen and full of water:
That bucket down and full of tears am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.
Boling. I thought you had been willing to resign.
K. Rich. My crown I am; but still my griefs are mine:
You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs; still am I king of those,
Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your crown.

168. *favours*, features.

K. Rich. Your cares set up do not pluck my cares down.
My care is loss of care, by old care done;
Your care is gain of care, by new care won:
The cares I give I have, though given away;
They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.
Boling. Are you contented to resign the crown?
K. Rich. Ay, no; no, ay; for I must nothing be;
Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.
Now mark me, how I will undo myself:
I give this heavy weight from off my head
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duty's rites:
All pomp and majesty I do forswear;
My manors, rents, revenues I forego;
My acts, decrees, and statutes I deny:
God pardon all oaths that are broke to me!
God keep all vows unbroke that swear to thee!
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing grieved,
And thou with all pleased, that hast all achieved!
Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit!
God save King Harry, unking'd Richard says,
And send him many years of sunshine days!
What more remains?
North. No more, but that you read
These accusations and these grievous crimes

199. *tend*, wait upon. 215. *swear*, i.e. are sworn.

Committed by your person and your followers
Against the state and profit of this land;
That, by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily deposed.
K. Rich. Must I do so? and must I ravel out
My weaved-up folly? Gentle Northumberland,
If thy offences were upon recórd,
Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop
To read a lecture of them? If thou wouldst,
There shouldst thou find one heinous article,
Containing the deposing of a king
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven:
Nay, all of you that stand and look upon,
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,
Though some of you with Pilate wash your hands,
Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates
Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.
North. My lord, dispatch; read o'er these articles.
K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see:
And yet salt water blinds them not so much
But they can see a sort of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
I find myself a traitor with the rest;
For I have given here my soul's consent
To undeck the pompous body of a king;
Made glory base and sovereignty a slave,
Proud majesty a subject, state a peasant.
North. My lord,—
K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught insulting man,

237. *look upon*, look on. 246. *sort*, set, band.

Nor no man's lord; I have no name, no title,
No, not that name was given me at the font,
But 'tis usurp'd: alack the heavy day,
That I have worn so many winters out,
And know not now what name to call myself!
O that I were a mockery king of snow,
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
To melt myself away in water-drops!
Good king, great king, and yet not greatly good,
An if my word be sterling yet in England,
Let it command a mirror hither straight,
That it may show me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

Boling. Go some of you and fetch a looking-glass. [*Exit an attendant.*

North. Read o'er this paper while the glass doth come.

K. Rich. Fiend, thou torment'st me ere I come to hell!

Boling. Urge it no more, my Lord Northumberland.

North. The commons will not then be satisfied.

K. Rich. They shall be satisfied: I'll read enough,
When I do see the very book indeed
Where all my sins are writ, and that's myself.

Re-enter Attendant, *with a glass.*

Give me the glass, and therein will I read.
No deeper wrinkles yet? hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds? O flattering glass,
Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me! Was this face the face
That every day under his household roof

Did keep ten thousand men? was this the face
That, like the sun, did make beholders wink?
Was this the face that faced so many follies,
And was at last out-faced by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory shineth in this face:
As brittle as the glory is the face;
[*Dashes the glass against the ground.*
For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers.
Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport,
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.
Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd
The shadow of your face.
K. Rich. Say that again.
The shadow of my sorrow! ha! let's see:
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;
And these external manners of laments
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief
That swells with silence in the tortured soul;
There lies the substance: and I thank thee, king,
For thy great bounty, that not only givest
Me cause to wail but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,
And then be gone and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?
Boling. Name it, fair cousin.
K. Rich. 'Fair cousin'? I am greater than a king:
For when I was a king, my flatterers
Were then but subjects; being now a subject,
I have a king here to my flatterer.
Being so great, I have no need to beg.
Boling. Yet ask.
K. Rich. And shall I have?
Boling. You shall.

292. *shadow*, image.

K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.
Boling. Whither?
K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.
Boling. Go, some of you convey him to the Tower.
K. Rich. O, good! convey? conveyers are you all,
That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.
[*Exeunt King Richard, some Lords, and a Guard.*
Boling. On Wednesday next we solemnly set down
Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves.
[*Exeunt all except the Bishop of Carlisle, the Abbot of Westminster, and Aumerle.*
Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.
Car. The woe 's to come; the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.
Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?
Abbot. My lord,
Before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament
To bury mine intents, but also to effect
Whatever I shall happen to devise.
I see your brows are full of discontent,
Your hearts of sorrow and your eyes of tears:
Come home with me to supper; and I 'll lay
A plot shall show us all a merry day. [*Exeunt.*

316. *convey him to the Tower.* According to Holinshed (iii. 501) Richard had been already committed to the Tower the day after his arrival in London, and therefore before his abdication.
317. *conveyers,* thieves.
319. *On Wednesday next.* According to Holinshed, Henry was crowned on Monday, October 13, 1399. In $Qq_{1,2}$, where the Deposition was omitted, this line ran: 'Let it be so, and lo on Wednesday next we solemnly proclaim,' etc.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *London. A street leading to the Tower.*

Enter QUEEN *and* Ladies.

Queen. This way the king will come; this is the way
To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower,
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke:
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true king's queen.

Enter RICHARD *and* Guard.

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair rose wither: yet look up, behold,
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.
Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand,
Thou map of honour, thou King Richard's tomb,
And not King Richard; thou most beauteous inn,
Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodged in thee,
When triumph is become an alehouse guest?

K. Rich. Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,

Sc. 1. The scene is imaginary. Richard after performing his abdication in the Tower was conveyed thence to Pomfret by way of Leeds Castle, in Kent. He and Isabelle never met after his departure for Ireland.

11. *the model where old Troy did stand*, the bare shell of greatness, like the ruined site of Troy.

13. *inn* (a more dignified word than at present), 'hostelry.'

To make my end too sudden: learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream;
From which awaked, the truth of what we are
Shows us but this: I am sworn brother, sweet,
To grim Necessity, and he and I
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France,
And cloister thee in some religious house:
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.
Queen. What, is my Richard both in shape and mind
Transform'd and weaken'd? hath Bolingbroke deposed
Thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?
The lion dying thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o'erpower'd; and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly, kiss the rod,
And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a lion and a king of beasts?
K. Rich. A king of beasts, indeed; if aught but beasts,
I had been still a happy king of men.
Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France:
Think I am dead and that even here thou takest,
As from my death-bed, thy last living leave.
In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire
With good old folks and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages long ago betid;
And ere thou bid good night, to quit their griefs,
Tell thou the lamentable tale of me

20. *sworn brother;* alluding to the institution of *fratres jurati* in chivalry, knights naturally bound to share all the adventures and perils of war.

43. *quit their griefs*, requite their sad stories (by matching them with as sad a one).

And send the hearers weeping to their beds:
For why the senseless brands will sympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue
And in compassion weep the fire out;
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
For the deposing of a rightful king.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND *and* others.

North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is changed;
You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.
And, madam, there is order ta'en for you;
With all swift speed you must away to France.
K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,
The time shall not be many hours of age
More than it is ere foul sin gathering head
Shall break into corruption: thou shalt think,
Though he divide the realm and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all;
And he shall think that thou, which know'st the way
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er so little urged, another way
To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.
The love of wicked men converts to fear;
That fear to hate, and hate turns one or both
To worthy danger and deserved death.
North. My guilt be on my head, and there an end.
Take leave and part; for you must part forthwith.
K. Rich. Doubly divorced! Bad men, you violate
A twofold marriage, 'twixt my crown and me,
And then betwixt me and my married wife.

Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me;
And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.
Part us, Northumberland; I towards the north,
Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime;
My wife to France: from whence, set forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hallowmas or short'st of day.

Queen. And must we be divided? must we part?

K. Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from heart.

Queen. Banish us both and send the king with me.

North. That were some love but little policy.

Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.

K. Rich. So two, together weeping, make one woe.

Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;
Better far off than near, be ne'er the near.
Go, count thy way with sighs; I mine with groans.

Queen. So longest way shall have the longest moans.

K. Rich. Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being short,

And piece the way out with a heavy heart.
Come, come, in wooing sorrow let 's be brief,
Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief:
One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part;
Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart.

Queen. Give me mine own again; 'twere no good part

80. *Hallowmas*, Allhallows, 1st November. In Shakespeare's time (O.S.) this was ten days nearer to the winter solstice than at present.

88. *the near*, the nearer. 'Near,' the old comparative of 'nigh,' was for the most part obsolete as a comparative, but lingered in the combination with 'the.'

95. *part*, part us.

To take on me to keep and kill thy heart.
So, now I have mine own again, be gone,
That I may strive to kill it with a groan.
K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond delay:
Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The* DUKE OF YORK'S *palace.*

Enter YORK *and his* DUCHESS.

Duch. My lord, you told me you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you break the story off,
Of our two cousins coming into London.
York. Where did I leave?
Duch. At that sad stop, my lord,
Where rude misgovern'd hands from windows' tops
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head.
York. Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,
With slow but stately pace kept on his course,
Whilst all tongues cried 'God save thee, Bolingbroke!'
You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage, and that all the walls
With painted imagery had said at once
'Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!'
Whilst he, from the one side to the other turning,
Bareheaded, lower than his proud steed's neck,

Bespake them thus; 'I thank you, countrymen:'
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.
Duch. Alack, poor Richard! where rode he the whilst?
York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious;
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on gentle Richard; no man cried 'God save him!'
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home:
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted
And barbarism itself have pitied him.
But heaven hath a hand in these events,
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
Whose state and honour I for aye allow.
Duch. Here comes my son Aumerle.
York. Aumerle that was;
But that is lost for being Richard's friend,
And, madam, you must call him Rutland now:
I am in parliament pledge for his truth
And lasting fealty to the new-made king.

Enter AUMERLE.

Duch. Welcome, my son: who are the violets now

40. *allow*, accept, accede to.
41. *Aumerle that was.* Aumerle, with the dukes of Surrey and Exeter, had been degraded by Parliament from their ducal titles. Aumerle thence resumed his former title, Earl of Rutland.

That strew the green lap of the new-come spring?
Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not:
God knows I had as lief be none as one.
York. Well, bear you well in this new spring of time,
Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime.
What news from Oxford? hold those justs and triumphs?
Aum. For aught I know, my lord, they do.
York. You will be there, I know.
Aum. If God prevent not, I purpose so.
York. What seal is that, that hangs without thy bosom?
Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.
Aum. My lord, 'tis nothing.
York. No matter, then, who see it:
I will be satisfied; let me see the writing.
Aum. I do beseech your grace to pardon me:
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not have seen.
York. Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.
I fear, I fear,—
Duch. What should you fear?
'Tis nothing but some bond, that he is enter'd into
For gay apparel 'gainst the triumph day.
York. Bound to himself! what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.
Boy, let me see the writing.

52. *hold those justs and triumphs*, i.e. are they still to come off?

56. *What seal is that*, etc. The seal was attached by a loop to the document, and could thus emerge when the document itself was safely hidden.

Aum. I do beseech you, pardon me; I may not show it.

York. I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say.

[*He plucks it out of his bosom and reads it.*

Treason! foul treason! Villain! traitor! slave!

Duch. What is the matter, my lord?

York. Ho! who is within there?

Enter a Servant.

Saddle my horse.

God for his mercy, what treachery is here!

Duch. Why, what is it, my lord?

York. Give me my boots, I say; saddle my horse. [*Exit Servant.*

Now, by mine honour, by my life, by my troth,

I will appeach the villain.

Duch. What is the matter?

York. Peace, foolish woman.

Duch. I will not peace. What is the matter, Aumerle?

Aum. Good mother, be content; it is no more

Than my poor life must answer.

Duch. Thy life answer!

York. Bring me my boots: I will unto the king.

Re-enter Servant *with boots.*

Duch. Strike him, Aumerle. Poor boy, thou art amazed.

Hence, villain! never more come in my sight.

York. Give me my boots, I say.

Duch. Why, York, what wilt thou do?

Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?

Have we more sons? or are we like to have?

85. *amazed*, bewildered.

Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?
And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,
And rob me of a happy mother's name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?
York. Thou fond mad woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?
A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,
And interchangeably set down their hands,
To kill the king at Oxford.
Duch. He shall be none;
We'll keep him here: then what is that to him?
York. Away, fond woman! were he twenty times my son,
I would appeach him.
Duch. Hadst thou groan'd for him
As I have done, thou wouldst be more pitiful.
But now I know thy mind; thou dost suspect
That I have been disloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy son:
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind:
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like to me, or any of my kin,
And yet I love him.
York. Make way, unruly woman! [*Exit.*
Duch. After, Aumerle! mount thee upon his horse;
Spur post, and get before him to the king,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.
I'll not be long behind; though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as York:

91. *teeming date*, time of child-bearing.

98. *interchangeably*, mutually, each binding himself by his signature to be faithful to all the rest. Holinshed speaks of only six conspirators; the agreement being thence 'a sextipartite indenture' (iii. 515).

103. *thou wouldst*, pronounced 'thou 'dst.'

And never will I rise up from the ground
Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee. Away, be gone! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A royal palace.*

Enter BOLINGBROKE, PERCY, *and other* Lords.

Boling. Can no man tell me of my unthrifty son?
'Tis full three months since I did see him last:
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.
I would to God, my lords, he might be found:
Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
With unrestrained loose companions,
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, and rob our passengers;
Which he, young wanton and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour to support
So dissolute a crew.

Percy. My lord, some two days since I saw the prince,
And told him of those triumphs held at Oxford.

Boling. And what said the gallant?

Percy. His answer was, he would unto the stews,
And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,
And wear it as a favour; and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

Boling. As dissolute as desperate; yet through both

9. *passengers*, passers-by.
10. *Which;* a loose Elizabethan usage of the relative without definite antecedent. Pope needlessly substituted 'while.'
18. *a favour*, a token of the mistress in whose honour he fought.

I see some sparks of better hope, which elder years
May happily bring forth. But who comes here?

Enter AUMERLE.

Aum. Where is the king?
Boling. What means our cousin, that he stares and looks
So wildly?
Aum. God save your grace! I do beseech your majesty,
To have some conference with your grace alone.
Boling. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone. [*Exeunt Percy and Lords.*
What is the matter with our cousin now?
Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth,
My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon ere I rise or speak.
Boling. Intended or committed was this fault?
If on the first, how heinous e'er it be,
To win thy after-love I pardon thee.
Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the key,
That no man enter till my tale be done.
Boling. Have thy desire.
York. [*Within*] My liege, beware: look to thyself;
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.
Boling. Villain, I'll make thee safe. [*Drawing.*
Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand; thou hast no cause to fear.
York. [*Within*] Open the door, secure, foolhardy king:

Shall I for love speak treason to thy face?
Open the door, or I will break it open.

Enter YORK.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle? speak;
Recover breath; tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.
York. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
The treason that my haste forbids me show.
Aum. Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise pass'd:
I do repent me; read not my name there;
My heart is not confederate with my hand.
York. It was, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.
I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king;
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence:
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.
Boling. O heinous, strong and bold conspiracy!
O loyal father of a treacherous son!
Thou sheer, immaculate and silver fountain,
From whence this stream through muddy passages
Hath held his current and defiled himself!
Thy overflow of good converts to bad,
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing son.
York. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd;
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,

44. *speak treason*, i.e. by calling him 'foolhardy.'

45. *Enter York.* In Holinshed's account, Aumerle has already obtained pardon before York enters. The Duchess of York's ride, and the tragi-comic encounter of plea and counter-plea which follows, is Shakespeare's addition, a strangely injudicious one.

61. *sheer*, pure.

64. *converts*, turns.

66. *digressing*, degenerate.

As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.
Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,
Or my shamed life in his dishonour lies:
Thou kill'st me in his life; giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.
Duch. [*Within*] What ho, my liege! for God's sake, let me in.
Boling. What shrill-voiced suppliant makes this eager cry?
Duch. A woman, and thy aunt, great king; 'tis I.
Speak with me, pity me, open the door:
A beggar begs that never begg'd before.
Boling. Our scene is alter'd from a serious thing,
And now changed to 'The Beggar and the King.'
My dangerous cousin, let your mother in:
I know she is come to pray for your foul sin.
York. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
More sins for this forgiveness prosper may.
This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rest sound;
This let alone will all the rest confound.

Enter DUCHESS.

Duch. O king, believe not this hard-hearted man!
Love loving not itself none other can.
York. Thou frantic woman, what dost thou make here?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?
Duch. Sweet York, be patient. Hear me, gentle liege. [*Kneels.*
Boling. Rise up, good aunt.
Duch. Not yet, I thee beseech:

80. '*The Beggar and the King*,' alluding to the ballad of 'King Cophetua and the Beggar-maid' (reprinted in Percy's *Reliques*).

For ever will I walk upon my knees,
And never see day that the happy sees,
Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.
Aum. Unto my mother's prayers I bend my knee.
York. Against them both my true joints bended be.
Ill mayst thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!
Duch. Pleads he in earnest? look upon his face;
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast:
He prays but faintly and would be denied;
We pray with heart and soul and all beside:
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;
Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of false hypocrisy;
Ours of true zeal and deep integrity.
Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them have
That mercy which true prayer ought to have.
Boling. Good aunt, stand up.
Duch. Nay, do not say, 'stand up;'
Say 'pardon' first, and afterwards 'stand up.'
An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,
'Pardon' should be the first word of thy speech.
I never long'd to hear a word till now;
Say 'pardon,' king; let pity teach thee how:
The word is short, but not so short as sweet;
No word like 'pardon' for kings' mouths so meet.
York. Speak it in French, king; say, 'pardonne moi.'

119. *Speak it in French*, i.e. use the word in the French sense of a polite negative: 'excuse me.' Ff write: 'Pardon? ne moy'; as if Shakespeare had intended a punning 'Pardon? not I.' L.

Duch. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy?
Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,
That set'st the word itself against the word!
Speak 'pardon' as 'tis current in our land;
The chopping French we do not understand.
Thine eye begins to speak; set thy tongue there;
Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear;
That hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
Pity may move thee 'pardon' to rehearse.
Boling. Good aunt, stand up.
Duch. I do not sue to stand;
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.
Boling. I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.
Duch. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!
Yet am I sick for fear: speak it again;
Twice saying 'pardon' doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon strong.
Boling. With all my heart
I pardon him.
Duch. A god on earth thou art.
Boling. But for our trusty brother-in-law and the abbot,
With all the rest of that consorted crew,
Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.
Good uncle, help to order several powers
To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are:
They shall not live within this world, I swear,
But I will have them, if I once know where.
Uncle, farewell: and, cousin too, adieu:

124. *chopping*, changing, 'chopping round' from one meaning to another; the effect of French vivacity. Arsene Darmesteter has dwelt on the important bearing which this national alertness in apprehending affinities of meaning has had upon the range and scope of the French vocabulary (*La Vie des Mots*).

Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.
Duch. Come, my old son: I pray God make thee new. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *The same.*

Enter Exton *and* Servant.

Exton. Didst thou not mark the king, what words he spake,
'Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?'
Was it not so?
Serv. These were his very words.
Exton. 'Have I no friend?' quoth he: he spake it twice,
And urged it twice together, did he not?
Serv. He did.
Exton. And speaking it, he wistly look'd on me;
As who should say, 'I would thou wert the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart;'
Meaning the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go:
I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene V. *Pomfret castle.*

Enter King Richard.

K. Rich. I have been studying how I may compare
This prison where I live unto the world:
And for because the world is populous
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it; yet I'll hammer it out.
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul,
My soul the father; and these two beget

7. *wistly*, wistfully.

A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world,
In humours like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better sort,
As thoughts of things divine, are intermix'd
With scruples and do set the word itself
Against the word:
As thus, 'Come, little ones,' and then again,
'It is as hard to come as for a camel
To thread the postern of a small needle's eye.'
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders; how these vain weak nails
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls,
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars
Who sitting in the stocks refuge their shame,
That many have and others must sit there;
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortunes on the back
Of such as have before endured the like.
Thus play I in one person many people,
And none contented: sometimes am I king;
Then treasons make me with myself a beggar,
And so I am: then crushing penury
Persuades me I was better when a king;
Then am I king'd again: and by and by

9. *this little world*, the 'microcosm,' man.

10. *humours*, temperaments, dispositions (attributed to a predominance of one of the four essential fluids of the body, and hence distinguished as 'choleric, melancholy, . phlegmatic, sanguine').

17. *needle* (pron. 'neeld').

21. *ragged*, rugged.

26. *refuge their shame*, find refuge from their shame (in the thought that, etc.).

31. *person*, so Q_1. The rest substitute 'prison.'

Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing; but whate'er I be,
Nor I nor any man that but man is
With nothing shall be pleased, till he be eased
With being nothing. Music do I hear? [*Music.*
Ha, ha! keep time: how sour sweet music is,
When time is broke and no proportion kept!
So is it in the music of men's lives.
And here have I the daintiness of ear
To check time broke in a disorder'd string;
But for the concord of my state and time
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me;
For now hath time made me his numbering clock:
My thoughts are minutes; and with sighs they jar
Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward watch,
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
Now sir, the sound that tells what hour it is
Are clamorous groans, which strike upon my heart,
Which is the bell: so sighs and tears and groans
Show minutes, times, and hours: but my time
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock.
This music mads me; let it sound no more;
For though it have holp madmen to their wits,
In me it seems it will make wise men mad.
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me!

50-60. *For now hath time*, etc. Richard compares the several modes in which grief finds expression to the clock's threefold expression of time: viz. (1) his *sighs* to the 'jarring' of the pendulum, which, in 'watching' or numbering the seconds, also marks their progress in minutes on the dial, or 'eye,' of the clock; (2) his tears (continually wiped away by his finger) to the movement of the minute-hand; (3) his *groans* to the bell which sounds the hour.

60. *Jack o' the clock*, a metal figure made to strike the bell with a hammer at the hour and quarters.

For 'tis a sign of love; and love to Richard
Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.

Enter a Groom of the Stable.

Groom. Hail, royal prince!

K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer;
The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.
What art thou? and how comest thou hither,
Where no man never comes but that sad dog
That brings me food to make misfortune live?

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,
When thou wert king; who, travelling towards York,
With much ado at length have gotten leave
To look upon my sometimes royal master's face.
O, how it yearn'd my heart when I beheld
In London streets, that coronation-day,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary,
That horse that thou so often hast bestrid,
That horse that I so carefully have dress'd!

K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle friend,

66. *brooch*, ornamental buckle worn in the hat: hence 'ensign,' 'badge.'

68. *The cheapest of us*, etc. The coins 'royal' and 'noble' were worth respectively ten shillings, and twenty groats or 6s. 8d. The 'royal' was thence worth ten groats more than the 'noble.' Hence the quibble. Richard says in effect: 'I, who am really worth less than you even, am made by you (who call me "royal") ten groats dearer than I make you (in calling you "noble").' L.

76. *yearn'd*, grieved. So Ff ('yernd'). Qq_{1-4} keep the older form 'ernd' (for 'ermd'). The word was confused with *yearn*, 'desire.'

81. *Rode he on Barbary?* No source is known for this famous incident; but Mr. Stone points to a parallel story told by Froissart of Richard's favourite greyhound Mattie, which, on his meeting with Henry at Flint Castle, 'left the king and came to the Duke of Lancaster, and made to him the same friendly countenance and cheer as he was wont to do to the king.' But Richard takes this cruel blow with more equanimity than in the play, and frankly explains to Bolingbroke that 'it is a great good token to you and an evil sign to me.' (Berners' *Froissart*, 1523-25, ii. 312, quoted Stone, *Hol.* p. 125).

How went he under him?

Groom. So proudly as if he disdain'd the ground.

K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back!

That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble? would he not fall down,
Since pride must have a fall, and break the neck
Of that proud man that did usurp his back?
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be awed by man,
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse;
And yet I bear a burthen like an ass,
Spurr'd, gall'd and tired by jauncing Bolingbroke.

Enter Keeper, *with a dish.*

Keep. Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay.

K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say. [*Exit.*

Keep. My lord, will 't please you to fall to?

K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.

Keep. My lord, I dare not: Sir Pierce of Exton, who lately came from the king, commands the contrary.

K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaster and thee!

Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.
[*Beats the keeper.*

Keep. Help, help, help!

94. *Spurr'd, gall'd;* so Qq. Ff 'spur-gall'd.'

94. *jauncing,* fretting to make him prance.

Enter EXTON *and* Servants, *armed.*

K. Rich. How now! what means death in this rude assault?
Villain, thy own hand yields thy death's instrument.
[*Snatching an axe from a Servant and killing him.*
Go thou, and fill another room in hell.
[*He kills another. Then Exton strikes him down.*
That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire
That staggers thus my person. Exton, thy fierce hand
Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land.
Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die. [*Dies.*

Exton. As full of valour as of royal blood:
Both have I spill'd; O would the deed were good!
For now the devil, that told me I did well,
Says that this deed is chronicled in hell.
This dead king to the living king I 'll bear:
Take hence the rest, and give them burial here.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Windsor castle.*

Flourish. Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, *with other* Lords, *and* Attendants.

Boling. Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear
Is that the rebels have consumed with fire
Our town of Cicester in Gloucestershire;
But whether they be ta'en or slain we hear not.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Welcome, my lord: what is the news?

North. First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness.
The next news is, I have to London sent
The heads of Oxford, Salisbury, Blunt, and Kent:
The manner of their taking may appear
At large discoursed in this paper here.

Boling. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains;
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter FITZWATER.

Fitz. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London
The heads of Brocas and Sir Bennet Seely,
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors
That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot;
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter PERCY, *and the* BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

Percy. The grand conspirator, Abbot of Westminster,
With clog of conscience and sour melancholy
Hath yielded up his body to the grave;
But here is Carlisle living, to abide
Thy kingly doom and sentence of his pride.

Boling. Carlisle, this is your doom:
Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,
More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life;

8. *Oxford;* apparently an oversight for 'Spencer' (*i.e.* the Earl of Gloucester), the name given by Holinshed, and thence substituted in Ff.

So as thou livest in peace, die free from strife:
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

Enter EXTON, *with persons bearing a coffin.*

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I present
Thy buried fear: herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bordeaux, by me hither brought.
Boling. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou hast wrought
A deed of slander with thy fatal hand
Upon my head and all this famous land.
Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.
Boling. They love not poison that do poison need,
Nor do I thee: though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word nor princely favour:
With Cain go wander thorough shades of night,
And never show thy head by day nor light.
Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,
That blood should sprinklé me to make me grow:
Come, mourn with me for that I do lament,
And put on sullen black incontinent:
I 'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand:
March sadly after; grace my mournings here;
In weeping after this untimely bier. [*Exeunt.*

35. *A deed of slander*, one that will cause scandal or reproach. So Q_1. The rest 'slaughter.'

THE FIRST PART OF
KING HENRY THE FOURTH

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY the Fourth.
HENRY, Prince of Wales, } sons to the King.
JOHN of Lancaster, }
EARL OF WESTMORELAND.
SIR WALTER BLUNT.
THOMAS PERCY, Earl of Worcester.
HENRY PERCY, Earl of Northumberland.
HENRY PERCY, surnamed HOTSPUR, his son.
EDMUND MORTIMER, Earl of March.
RICHARD SCROOP, Archbishop of York.
ARCHIBALD, Earl of DOUGLAS.
OWEN GLENDOWER.
SIR RICHARD VERNON.
SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.
SIR MICHAEL, a friend to the Archbishop of York.
POINS.
GADSHILL.
PETO.
BARDOLPH.

LADY PERCY, wife to Hotspur, and sister to Mortimer.
LADY MORTIMER, daughter to Glendower, and wife to Mortimer.
MISTRESS QUICKLY, hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, two Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

SCENE: *England.*

DURATION OF TIME

Dramatic Time.—Ten 'historic' days, with three extra 'Falstaffian' days, and intervals.

Historic Days.	Falstaffian Days.
Day 1. I. 1.	I. 2. 1a.
Interval.	
,, 2. I. 3.	II. 1. 2. } 2a.
Interval.	II. 4. }
,, 3. II. 3.	III. 2. } 3a.
Interval.	

King Henry the Fourth

Day 4. III. 1.
,, 5. III. 2.
,, 6. III. 3.
Interval.
,, 7. IV. 1.
Interval.
,, 8. IV. 2.
,, 9. IV. 3., 4.
,, 10. V. 1.-5.

Three months at the outside. (Daniel, 'Time Analysis,' *N. Sh. Soc.*, p. 279.)

Historic Time.—From the defeat of Mortimer by Glendower, June 22, 1402,[1] to the battle of Shrewsbury, July 21, 1403.

Dramatis Personæ. Sir John Falstaff. In the original version of the play this character was called Sir John Oldcastle. A trace of this remains in 'my old lad of the castle,' i. 2. 48.

Peto. Bardolph. It is probable that these characters were originally called 'Harvey' and 'Russel' respectively, these names being accidentally retained in i. 2. 182. Mr. Fleay has pointed out, as a possible ground of these changes, that Russell was the name of the Dukes of Bedford, and Harvey that of a near relative of Lord Southampton.

[1] A subsequent event (battle of Homildon, Sept. 14, 1402) has, however, already happened before the close of the opening scene (i. 1. 67 f.).

INTRODUCTION

Early Editions.

THE First Part of *King Henry IV.* was first published in a quarto edition of 1598, bearing the title :—

The | History of | Henrie the | Fourth ; | with the battell at Shrewsburie, | *betweene the King and Lord* | Henry Percy, surnamed | Henrie Hotspur of | the North. | *With the humorous conceits of Sir* | John Falstalffe. | At London. | Printed by P. S. for Andrew Wise. . . . 1598.

Five other quartos were issued before the appearance of the First Folio, each described on the title-page as 'newly corrected by W. Shakespeare.' They are dated 1599, 1604, 1608, 1613, 1622. Two more appeared in 1632 and 1639. Each appears to have been printed from its predecessor. The title in the First Folio ran: 'The First Part of Henry the Fourth, with the Life and Death of Henry sirnamed Hot-spurre.' It was printed, in the view of the Cambridge editors, from a partially corrected copy of the Fifth Quarto, with occasional reference to the earlier quartos.

The Second Part from the outset never rivalled the fame of the First. A single edition only was issued in quarto, in 1600, with the title :—

The Second Part of Henrie | the fourth, continuing to his death, | *and coronation of Henrie* | the fift. | With the humours of Sir John Fal-|*staffe, and*

swaggering | Pistoll. | As it hath been sundrie times publikely | acted by the right honorable, the Lord Chamberlaine his servants. | *Written by William Shakspeare.* London. Printed by V. S. for Andrew Wise and William Aspley. 1600.

In some copies of this Quarto, the first scene of Act III. was omitted; the omission being afterwards rectified by inserting two new leaves and resetting part of the type.

The Folio text of the Second Part was apparently derived from a transcript of the original MS. It contains several striking passages not found in the Quarto, yet clearly inseparable from the context. The text of both parts in the Folio has been rigorously purified of all profane oaths and biblical allusions.

Date of Composition.

The First Part was entered in the Stationers' Register under date of Feb. 25, 1597-8, as 'The Historye of Henry the iiiith.' Critics are unanimous in regarding it as the work of one of the two previous years 1596-7. Some slight allusions have been detected to events of 1596; while the perfect uniformity of manner which connects this play with the Second Part, and both with *Henry V.*, favours the later year. For the Second Part was clearly unknown and presumably unwritten when the First Part of the History was entered as '*The History*,' i.e. in Feb. 1598.

But the Second Part must have been produced before the close of the year, for a few months later the character of Silence was already famous enough to point an allusion in Jonson's second comedy, performed in 1599.[1] *Henry V.* is fixed with equal

[1] In Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour* (1599), v. 2, where Saviolina asks Fastidious Brisk

Who is he, gentle monsieur Brisk? Not that gentleman?
(*Points to Fungoso.*)
Fast. No, lady, this (*i.e.* Fungoso) is a kinsman to justice Silence.

The first allusion to Falstaff occurs at the close of the same play: 'You may in time make lean Macilente as fat as Sir John Falstaff.'

definiteness to 1599. The three plays thus composed in close succession form a trilogy on the career of the great Lancastrian king, clearly more after Shakespeare's heart than any other figure in English history. A deep gulf separates this trilogy, in manner and matter, from all the previous Histories, even from *Richard II.*, which looks so like a prelude to it. *Richard III.*, *Richard II.*, and *John* are almost devoid of prose. Of *Henry IV.* and *Henry V.* nearly one-half is prose;[1] and this external difference rests upon differences of dramatic method by no means wholly due to the less passionate and tragic quality of the subject. Richard II. moves throughout among courtly persons; if for a moment we are suffered to hear the *vox populi* (as in iv. 1.), it speaks pathetically, in blank verse, like the rest. Yet Richard, not less than Hal, had given occasion for scenes in the Eastcheap vein of humour and realism which flowed with such marvellous freedom in 1597-8. Characteristically enough it is only in the later play that Shakespeare draws the vivid picture of 'the skipping king' who

> ambled up and down
> With shallow jesters and rash bavin wits, . . .
> Mingled his royalty with capering fools, . . .
> Grew a companion to the common streets,
> Enfeoff'd himself to popularity; etc.
> (1 *Henry IV.* iii. 2. 60 f.)

The quality of the verse is still more decisive. Even in the most intense and dramatic situations of *Richard II.* it rarely escapes a suggestion of the lilting rhetoric, the wanton and self-indulgent sweetness, the highly poetised and somewhat abstract ornateness of phrase, by which the lyric Shakespeare had won renown. In *Henry IV.* this manner is no longer Shakespeare's

[1] In 1 *Hen. IV.*, 1464 out of 3170 lines; in 2 *Hen. IV.*, 1860 out of 3446; in *Hen. V.*, 1531 out of 3379.

own, but only the dramatically expressive utterance of lyrical natures like Glendower (who had 'framed to the harp many an English ditty lovely well'), and his daughter, whose beautiful love-lyric (interpreted by Glendower) in 1 iii. 1. 214-222 was admired and imitated by later dramatists. Here we have for the first time the mature dramatic verse of Shakespeare with its wonderful capacity of wedding itself with the character of each speaker and the matter of each speech; so that it seems as natural a vehicle for Hotspur, vowing that he

> had rather live
> With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,
> Than feed on cates and have him talk to me,

as for the king's solemn expostulations, or Vernon's dazzling description of 'young Harry, with his beaver on.'

The plot-structure, finally, shows a radically changed appreciation of the dramatic elements of history. *Richard III.*, *Richard II.*, and *John* are in effect tragedies; they carry us through crimes or follies to a ruin weighted with Nemesis; they represent a struggle carried on by move and counter-move through situations of ever-heightened intensity to the mortal catastrophe. In *Henry IV.*, on the contrary, the interest is not criminal but heroic. If the king broods remorsefully over his crime, and sees its Nemesis in his riotous son and his rebellious subjects, it is only that the prince may gloriously shatter the illusion. The guilt of the House of Lancaster, though confessed by both kings, falls altogether into the background as a dramatic *motif*, and Henry V., no longer the head of a usurping dynasty, but the 'star of England,' king and brother to all the peoples of the English nation, reigns by the title of merit. And, to judge from the Epilogue to *Henry V.*, even the subsequent ruin of

the House of Lancaster in the person of Henry VI., was held to have befallen it, no longer as a Nemesis for their usurpation, but because of his

> state so many had the managing,
> That they lost France and made his England bleed.

Lastly, certain discrepancies of detail between *Richard II.* and *Henry IV.* confirm the view that a considerable interval separated their composition. Henry's account of Richard's prophecy (*2 Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 65 f.) does not agree with the actual representation of it in *Rich. II.* v. 1. Warwick was not 'by,' Henry was already king, when according to the later play he 'had no such intent.' And what is more important, Henry in the earlier play accepts the throne as a divine mission ('in God's name, I 'll ascend the regal throne,' iv. 1. 113), while in the later he sorrowfully excuses the act as unavoidable. The cold and calculating Bolingbroke of the earlier is not clearly recognisable in the remorseful king. And the prince, as reported, is much more like the ruffianly scapegrace of the *Famous Victories* than the Hal of Shakespeare.

The Second Part.

The relation of the Two Parts is not altogether clear. The Second can hardly be maintained to be either an integral part of the original plan or a mere afterthought. Much in the first four acts looks like a reworking of motives used in the First Part: the plot of Scroop tamely echoes the rising of the Percies; Falstaff's recruiting is a dramatised version of his account of a corresponding exploit before Shrewsbury. On the other hand, the loose threads left hanging at the close of the First Part point to a sequel; the appearance of the Archbishop of York in the First has no meaning unless his conspiracy was to follow. The great death-scene of Henry, and the new king's final rebuff to his followers must have been designed from the outset. And much that makes the Second Part

less attractive is due to the deliberate preparation for this catastrophe. The prince is no longer 'the king of good fellows.' After once becoming himself at Shrewsbury, he cannot again throw his soul into the squalid revels of Eastcheap. He is fain, it is true, to 'remember the poor creature, small beer'; but he is conscious that the desire 'shows vilely' in him, and he is 'exceeding weary' of it all (2 ii. 2.). His jests are bitter and joyless, and already in the third act his curt 'Falstaff, good night' closes the days of their fellowship. Falstaff himself is far from falling off in humour; and his intellectual ascendency is thrown into relief by the introduction of new and contemptible figures, Pistol and Doll Tearsheet, Shallow and Silence. In place of a farcical victory over the dead Hotspur, he is allowed to effect a *bona-fide* (though dramatically questionable) capture of the 'famous rebel' Colevile. But his more imposing position only makes more emphatic and significant the abrupt dismissal in which his glories end.

Sources of the Plot.

The political movements of Henry IV.'s reign, as told by Shakespeare's standard authorities, Holinshed and Halle, offered little salient matter for the dramatist. Nevertheless it is here that he most decisively abandons the boldly reconstructive methods of Marlowe; here that he unfolds with most consummate power his own method, of creating character and detail within the limits of a general fidelity to recorded fact. His most direct divergences from the tale of the chroniclers amount to little more than compressions of isolated and scattered event.[1] But he supplements their tale and

[1] Even this applies chiefly to the Second Part, where the revolt of Scroop (1405) nearly coincides in date with that of Northumberland (defeated 1408), and with the death of Glendower (in 1408-9 according to Holinshed; actually in 1415). The king is throughout imagined an old man (cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 1. 13, 'our old limbs'), yet he died at forty.

interprets their silence with a prodigal magnificence of invention unapproached in the other Histories. Hence *Henry IV.* presents analogies to the group of brilliant Comedies with which it was nearly contemporary, not only in its obvious wealth of comic genius, but in the points at which this is exercised. The historic matter, like the serious story of *Twelfth Night* or *Much Ado*, is taken over without substantial change; while within its meshes plays a lambent humour which, ostensibly subordinate and by the way, in reality reveals the finer significance of the derived story itself, and forms, as literature, the crowning glory of the whole.

The Famous Victories of Henry V. (by 1588).

Some hints of the comic substructure Shakespeare found in one of the crudest of the older Chronicle-plays, *The Famous Victories of Henry V., containing the Honourable Battell of Agincourt* (acted by 1588, licensed for printing in 1594, and extant in two editions, 1598 and 1617). Henry's riotous youth is painted in the early scenes; here we find 'Ned' and 'Sir John Oldcastle,' and a revel in 'the old tavern at Eastcheap,' and a robbery of carriers on Gadshill,—even the 'great race of ginger' they convey. The prince himself is arrested by the Mayor and Sheriff, and deals his famous box on the ear to the Chief Justice,—a scene immediately afterwards travestied by the Clown in a fashion which perhaps suggested Falstaff's brilliant personation of the king.[1] But there are hints of the serious story too: Henry's apology to his father; his unlucky abstraction of the crown; his exoneration of the Chief Justice; his stern dismissal of his boon companions.

[1] *Derrick.* Faith John, Ile tell thee what, thou shalt be my Lord Chiefe Justice, and thou shalt sit in the chaire, And ile be the yong Prince, and hit thee a box on the eare, And then thou shalt say, 'to teach you what prerogatives meane, I commit you to the Fleete.'

Shakespeare's *Henry IV.* in so far resembles the early scenes of this crude jumble, that it is virtually a prelude to the *Famous Victories* of Henry V.,—that its real subject is the future, not the reigning, king. But the old playwright made no attempt to solve the psychological problem of Henry's career as recorded by the chroniclers; his only thought was to paint a crude and glaring contrast. He seems to have held the sudden-conversion theory put forward by Canterbury in the famous words:—

> At that very moment [his father's death]
> Consideration, like an angel, came
> And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him.

In Shakespeare this bald antithesis of riot and ripe wisdom receives for the first time a coherent interpretation, and the revels of Eastcheap and the frolics of Gadshill take their place in the development of a genial and large-hearted king. Not that we are entirely to accept the prince's own explanation of his conduct (1 i. 2. 173),—to suppose that he deliberately obscures his merits, in order that, when he pleases at length to be himself, 'being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at.' This is a flash of his father's politic artifice, not altogether in keeping with his own hearty delight in living and in all frank and unconventional forms of life.[1] His Bohemianism may be controlled by tact and justified after the event by calculation, but it is immediately prompted by exuberant vitality and impatience of court formalism. He is not, like the prince of the *Famous Victories*, a ringleader in outrages which his gang reckon on his presence to commit with impunity; he accepts a share in the freaks,

[1] The speech may be regarded as a late specimen of the programme-monologue of Shakespeare's less developed technique. Cf. Bulthaupt, *Dram. des Schauspiels*, ii. 65.

but rarely initiates them, and his comradeship has wide but definite limits. The prince of the *Famous Victories* robs the king's receivers; Shakespeare's Hal indignantly spurns a parallel suggestion ('What, I a thief?'), and agrees even to the comparatively innocent sport of robbing the robbers only by way of 'being a madcap for once.'

Hotspur.

Among the crowd of figures whom the drama brings into contact with the prince, two are obviously designed to throw his character into relief. Hotspur was first cousin of Henry IV. and perhaps his senior; in 1388, the year after Henry Monmouth's birth, he had led the English forces at Otterburne.[1] Yet Shakespeare makes them youthful rivals of the same age, to point the contrast between Hotspur's passion for personal glory and Henry's contented self-effacement. Hotspur in his way, not less than Henry, rebels against the traditions of his order. His blunt petulance, his disdain for music and poetry, his somewhat bourgeois relations with his wife, infringe as rudely as Henry's choice of comrades, or his weakness for 'the poor creature, small beer,' upon the code of chivalrous breeding. But Hotspur's unconventionalities spring from mere insensibility to other ambitions than that of snatching 'honour' by heroic exploits; while Henry's most questionable compliances with the ways of mean men betray only a somewhat crude exercise of that 'liberal eye' which in later days discovered still 'some soul of goodness in things evil,' that genial sympathy which on the eve of Agincourt banished fear from the meanest of his 'brothers, friends and countrymen' (*Henry V.* chorus iv.). Henry is of kin with all Englishmen, a living embodiment of England; Hotspur is so far from embodying England that he conspires without a qualm

[1] *Holinshed*, ed. Stone, p. 142.

to break it up, and is only concerned to round off the indentations which diminish his own share.

Falstaff. But Henry is thrown into still more powerful relief by the companion of his revelries. Nothing can be less like the mere mouthpiece of an idea or the representative of a tendency than Falstaff, whose incomparably vivid personality is rather, notwithstanding his childlike innocence of mental or moral conflict, a very meeting-point of conflicting traits. But we can hardly be wrong in regarding as the decisive trait which justifies the extraordinary rôle he plays in this drama, his wonderful gift of *non-moral humour*. It is his chief occupation to cover with immortal ridicule the ideals of heroic manhood,—the inward honour which the prince maintains, a little damaged, in his company, as well as the outward honour which Hotspur would fain pluck from the pale-faced moon. His reputation is a bubble which he delights to blow for the pleasure of seeing it burst. He comes of a good stock, has been page to the Duke of Norfolk, and exchanged jests with John of Gaunt. But like the prince, and like Hotspur, he is a rebel to the traditions of his order; and he is the greatest rebel of the three. Shakespeare's contemporaries, however, and the whole seventeenth century, conceived his revolt as yet more radical than it was, taking him, as the prince does, for a genuine coward endowed with an inimitable faculty of putting a good face on damaging facts. Since the famous essay of Maurice Morgan criticism has inclined even excessively to the opposite extreme, conceiving him as from first to last a genial artist in humour, who plays the coward for the sake of the monstrous caricature of valour that he will make in rebutting the charge. The admirable battle-scene at Shrewsbury is thus the very kernel of the play. It is altogether a marvellous example of epic material pene-

trated through and through with dramatic invention; and Shakespeare's boldest innovations in the political story are here concentrated. Here the prince reveals his noble quality as at once a great warrior, a loyal son, and a generous foe,—in the duel with Hotspur, the rescue of his father, and the ransomless release of Douglas;—all incidents unknown to the Chronicles. Here Hotspur falls a victim to his infatuated disdain of the rival whose valour had grown 'like the summer grass, fastest by night.' And here Falstaff, the mocker at honour, lies motionless side by side with its extravagant devotee,—not like him dead, but presently to conjure up the wonderful phantom of the fight for a good hour by Shrewsbury clock.

The name of Falstaff.

No fictitious character approaching Falstaff in importance had figured in any of the earlier Histories, and it was not unnatural that Shakespeare should seek to give him an apparent *locus standi* on the historic stage by means of a historic name. The attempt was not very fortunate. In the original version of the play, as is well known, he bore the name of Sir John Oldcastle. This was taken directly from the *Famous Victories*, where Sir John Oldcastle is a wild companion of the prince, but devoid of any other trait of the Shakespearean Falstaff. The public insisted on identifying the disreputable knight with the Lollard martyr; and the supposed degradation of a Protestant hero aroused loud resentment. The Cobham family (his descendants) entered an effective protest at court, and a group of playwrights, attached to the rival (Admiral's) company,[1] turned the wave of public indignation to

[1] These were Drayton, Munday, Wilson, and Hathaway. Mr. Fleay adduces some grounds for suspecting that Drayton conceived a special animosity against Shakespeare at this time (*Life of Shakespeare*, 139, 140).

account by producing a counterblast to Shakespeare's play — *Sir John Oldcastle* (in two parts). This play was acted in 1599, and licensed August 11, 1600, under the title, *History of the Life of Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, with his Martyrdom.* Only the First Part is extant. The Prologue makes its animus sufficiently clear—

> It is no pampered glutton we present,
> Nor aged counsellor to youthful sin,
> But one whose virtue shone above the rest.

There are faint and somewhat dubious traces of other plays in which a Sir John Oldcastle was introduced; but they look more like imitations of Falstaff than vindications of the Lollard martyr.[1]

Shakespeare took the course (perhaps under pressure from court) of excising the name of Oldcastle[2] and attaching the character to another historic 'Sir John.' In the Epilogue to the Second Part all connexion between Falstaff and Oldcastle is expressly repudiated: 'for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man.' Sir John Fastolfe (c. 1378-1459) was

[1] Halliwell (followed by Mr. Fleay) quotes from *Hey for Honesty:* 'The rich rubies and incomparable carbuncles of Sir John Oldcastle's nose'; and Mr. Fleay from Howell's Letters, ii. 71:. 'All is thought to be much adulterated, and nothing so good as Sir John Oldcastle and Smug the Smith was used to drink.' A 'Sir John' (a priest) and Smug the Smith drink ale in the *Merry Devil of Edmonton.* In both cases there may be nothing more than a blundering allusion to Shakespeare's Sir John.

[2] One or two tell-tale instances, however, escaping detection, as in 2 *Henry IV.* i. 2. 137, where '*Old*' is prefixed in Q_1 to Falstaff's speech. Similarly, the prince's apparently pointless phrase 'my old lad of the castle' was originally a quibble on the knight's name. An unmetrical line or two may perhaps be explicable from the substitution of Falstaff for Oldcastle, as 1 ii. 2. 115: 'Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death.' On the other hand, the allusion in 2 *Henry IV.* iii. 2. 28, to Falstaff's having been page to the Duke of Norfolk is of little importance, for Fastolfe as well as Oldcastle had close relations with the duke.

a Norfolk landowner and soldier, highly distinguished in the French wars, and lieutenant of Harfleur under Henry V. The change was not accepted without demur. So late as 1647 a Royalist poetaster, George Daniel, took Shakespeare sharply to task for 'throwing scandal upon a name of honour'; and Fuller pronounced a weightier condemnation: 'The stage,' he declares in the *Worthies* ('Norfolk') 'hath been overbold with [Fastolfe's] memory, making him a thrasonical puff, and emblem of mock-valour. . . . Now as I am glad that *Sir John Oldcastle* is *put out*, so I am sorry that *Sir John Fastolfe* is *put in*, to relieve his memory in this base service, to be the anvil for every dull wit to strike upon. Nor is our comedian excusable, by some alteration of his name, writing him *Sir John Falstafe*, . . . few do heed the *inconsiderable difference* of spelling of their name.' The historical Fastolfe had in fact as little as Oldcastle in common with Falstaff. In war he deserved the hearty praise which Fuller gives to Oldcastle, as 'a man of arms every inch of him, and as valiant as any in his age.' In private life (as displayed in the Paston Letters) he was a hard and grasping man of business, whose 'means,' unlike Falstaff's, much exceeded his 'waste.' Shakespeare doubtless knew from Holinshed that the charge of cowardice brought against Fastolfe after Patay had been promptly withdrawn and all his honours restored. But the author of 1 *Henry VI.* had ignored the withdrawal of the charge; and it seems probable that Shakespeare intended to hint a connexion with this dramatic misbirth, while protecting himself by the 'inconsiderable difference in spelling' from the charge of defamation.[1] This, however, availed nothing. The

[1] It may be noted that the printers of the First Quarto of the First Part throughout printed the name *Falstaffe* (cf. the title-

public insisted on identifying the Falstaff who masqueraded at Shrewsbury with the Fastolfe who ran away at Patay, and in the first printed text of 1 *Henry VI.* it is by the name 'Falstaff' that he is known.[1]

Nevertheless the name by which Falstaff first became famous did not at once die out. Twenty years after the production of the play Nathaniel Field in his *Amends for Ladies* (1618) could ask :—

> Did you never see
> The Play where the fat knight, hight *Oldcastle*,
> Did tell you truly what this honor was?

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page above, p. 249). Shakespeare may have sought to make the 'inconsiderable difference' more considerable by dropping the *l.* L.

[1] If the Epilogue to 2 *Henry IV.* is Shakespeare's, it would seem that he designed to make Falstaff, like the historical Fastolfe, figure in Henry V.'s wars in France. In that case he may have been led finally to exclude him from *Henry V.* by the wish to check that identification. But the authenticity of the Epilogue is very doubtful, and it is hardly credible that Shakespeare seriously intended to revoke the banished Falstaff merely in order to make his audience merry.

THE FIRST PART OF

KING HENRY THE FOURTH

ACT I.

SCENE I. *London. The palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER, the EARL OF WESTMORELAND, SIR WALTER BLUNT, *and others.*

King. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenced in strŏnds afar remote.
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowerets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes,

4. *stronds*, strands, shores.

5. *the thirsty entrance of this soil*, the thirsty pores of the soil of England. The image is from Gen. iv. 2, where Cain is cursed from 'the earth, which hath opened her mouth to receive thy brother's blood from thy hand.'

9. *those opposed eyes*, the eyes of contending armies; the intent gaze of two forces as they rush together being vividly put for the forces themselves.

Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery
Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way and be no more opposed
Against acquaintance, kindred and allies:
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
We are impressed and engaged to fight,
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy;
Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' womb
To chase these pagans in those holy fields
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter cross.
But this our purpose now is twelve month old,
And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go:
Therefore we meet not now. Then let me hear
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
What yesternight our council did decree
In forwarding this dear expedience.

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the charge set down
But yesternight: when all athwart there came
A post from Wales loaden with heavy news;

13. *furious close*, fierce hand-to-hand grapple.

14. *mutual*, combined.

30. *Therefore*, etc., it is not for this that we are met.

33. *this dear expedience*, this momentous enterprise.

34. *hot in question*, being warmly debated.

35. *limits of the charge*, express and definite instructions.

Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
A thousand of his people butchered;
Upon whose dead corpse there was such misuse,
Such beastly shameless transformation,
By those Welshwomen done as may not be
Without much shame retold or spoken of.

King. It seems then that the tidings of this broil
Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

West. This match'd with other did, my gracious lord;
For more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the north, and thus it did import:
On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,
Young Harry Percy and brave Archibald,

38. *the noble Mortimer.* Two historical Edmund Mortimers were confused by Holinshed, and hence by Shakespeare. The following table shows their relationship to one another and to Lady Percy:—

Edmund Mortimer, 3rd Earl of March.

Elizabeth, m. H. Percy (Hotspur).	**Roger Mortimer**, 4th Earl of March.	**Sir Edmund Mortimer** (1376-1409) (def. by Glendower).
Anne, m. Richard, Earl of Cambridge (*Hen. V.* ii. 2. 11).	**Edmund Mortimer**, 5th Earl of March (1391-1425), (direct heir to the throne after death of Richard II.). 1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 5.	

In the play the Mortimer who had a title to the crown is identified with Glendower's captive; he is inconsistently spoken of as *brother* to Hotspur and his wife (1 i. 3. 142, ii. 3. 78), and as their nephew (1 iii. 1. 196). In i. 3. these two Mortimers are further identified with Roger Mortimer, fourth Earl, who was proclaimed by Richard II. his heir in 1385.

50. *uneven*, rough, embarrassing.

52. *Holy-rood day*, i.e. Sept. 14.

53. *Archibald*, fourth Earl of Douglas.

That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
At Holmedon met,
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour,
As, by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood, the news was told;
For he that brought them, in the very heat
And pride of their contention did take horse,
Uncertain of the issue any way.

King. Here is a dear, a true industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
Stain'd with the variation of each soil
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours;
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
The Earl of Douglas is discomfited:
Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty knights,
Balk'd in their own blood did Sir Walter see
On Holmedon's plains. Of prisoners, Hotspur took
Mordake the Earl of Fife, and eldest son

57. *their artillery.* Holinshed says that 'with violence of the English shot [the Scotch] were quite vanquished and put to flight.' Holinshed means arrows, and Mr. Wright suggests that Shakespeare 'may have misunderstood' the ambiguous word 'shot.' In another account of the battle, however (*Hist. of Scotland*, ii. 254, quot. Stone, p. 132), Holinshed speaks expressly of the 'incessant shot of *arrows*.' It is probable that Shakespeare understood perfectly that Holinshed meant arrows, and chose himself to mean the more impressive discharge of cannon.

62. *industrious*, active.

69. *Balk'd*, lying in 'balks' or level ridges dividing the furrows.

71. *Mordake the Earl of Fife, and eldest son*, etc. This was Murdoch Stewart, eldest son not of Douglas but of the Duke of Albany. Shakespeare was probably misled by the omission of a comma in Holinshed (ed. 2): 'Mordacke earl of Fife, son to the gouernour [,] Archembald earle Dowglas'; but as Mr. Stone shows, Shakespeare must have learnt elsewhere that Mordake was the *eldest* son; either from Holinshed's *Hist. of Scotland*, where however he is correctly stated to have been eldest son of *Albany*, or by inference from his title '*Earl* of Fife.' This is therefore to be regarded as a slip of Shakespeare's. On the other hand he was misled by Holinshed into supposing Menteith to be a separate person. This was in fact another title of Murdoch's. (*Hol.* ed. Stone, p. 132.)

To beaten Douglas; and the Earl of Athol,
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith:
And is not this an honourable spoil?
A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?
West. In faith,
It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.
King. Yea, there thou makest me sad and makest me sin
In envy that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the father to so blest a son,
A son who is the theme of honour's tongue;
Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant;
Who is sweet Fortune's minion and her pride:
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young Harry. O that it could be proved
That some night-tripping fairy had exchanged
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet!
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts. What think you, coz,
Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners,
Which he in this adventure hath surprised,
To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,
I shall have none but Mordake Earl of Fife.
West. This is his uncle's teaching: this is Worcester,
Malevolent to you in all aspects;
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.
King. But I have sent for him to answer this;

96. *Worcester*, Thomas Percy, Earl of Worcester, younger brother of the Earl of Northumberland.

97. *in all aspects*, (like a malignant planet) in every 'position' and through every 'influence.'

And for this cause awhile we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.
Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
Will hold at Windsor; so inform the lords:
But come yourself with speed to us again;
For more is to be said and to be done
Than out of anger can be uttered.

West. I will, my liege. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *London. An apartment of the Prince's.*

Enter the PRINCE OF WALES *and* FALSTAFF.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

Prince. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack and unbuttoning thee after supper and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldst truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? Unless hours were cups of sack and minutes capons and clocks the tongues of bawds and dials the signs of leaping-houses and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-coloured taffeta, I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me now, Hal; for we that take purses go by the moon and the seven stars, and not by Phœbus, he, 'that wan-

Sc. 2. The place of this scene, which cannot be made more specific, was first given thus by Theobald.

15. *the seven stars*, the Pleiades.

16. *Phœbus . . . 'that wandering knight'*; the 'Knight of the Sun' (El donzel del Febo) was a character in the Spanish romance *Espejo de Caballerias*, a translation of which, under the title 'Mirror of Princely Deeds and Knighthood,' was issued in 1579 and following years.

dering knight so fair.' And, I prithee, sweet wag, when thou art king, as, God save thy grace,—majesty I should say, for grace thou wilt have none,—

Prince. What, none?

Fal. No, by my troth, not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

Prince. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the night's body be called thieves of the day's beauty: let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon; and let men say we be men of good government, being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal.

Prince. Thou sayest well, and it holds well too; for the fortune of us that are the moon's men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being governed, as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing 'Lay by' and spent with crying 'Bring in;' now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the Lord, thou sayest true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

24. *roundly*, without more ado.

28. *thieves of the day's beauty*; let not us who play the squire to Sir Night (knight) be slandered as mere thieves to Lady Day, *i.e.* as blots upon daylight.

31. *government*, self-control.

40. '*Lay by*,' the highwayman's summons to 'stand'; properly said of ships.

41. '*Bring in*' (i.e. more liquor).

Prince. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag! what, in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

Prince. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

Prince. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

Prince. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and where it would not, I have used my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so used it that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent—But, I prithee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobbed as it is with the rusty curb of old father antic the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

Prince. No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

Prince. Thou judgest false already: I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves and so become a rare hangman.

47. *Hybla*, a Sicilian town famous for its honey.

47. *lad of the castle*, roysterer. In the original version of the play, where Falstaff was called Oldcastle, the epithet had a point now lost.

48. *buff jerkin*, the dress of the sheriff's officer.

49. *durance*, (1) enduring quality, (2) imprisonment.

51. *quiddities*, subtleties.

65. *heir*; the *h* was still pronounced.

68. *fobbed*, cheated.

69. *antic*, buffoon.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

Prince. For obtaining of suits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat or a lugged bear.

Prince. Or an old lion, or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

Prince. What sayest thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury similes and art indeed the most comparative, rascalliest, sweet young prince. But, Hal, I prithee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought. An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir, but I marked him not; and yet he talked very wisely, but I regarded him not; and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

78. *jumps with*, suits.

81. *suits, whereof*, etc. The clothes of persons executed became the property of the hangman.

83. *gib cat*, tom-cat.

ib. *lugged*, dragged (by the head, or ears), like a dancing bear.

85. *drone*, 'the largest tube of a bagpipe, which emits a hoarse sound like that of the drone bee.'

85. *a Lincolnshire bagpipe*. The bagpipe was then associated with Lincolnshire as now with the Highlands; it was still in rustic use, and in castle feasts served to entertain the 'hall' as the minstrels did the choicer society of the 'chamber.'

87. *a hare;* the hare was proverbially melancholy.

88. *Moor-ditch*, a stagnant ditch to the north of the city walls, draining Moorfields; it was a byword for foulness, as well as for the 'Moor-ditch melancholy' suggested by the aspect of its sluggish and sullen water.

93. *commodity*, store.

Prince. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration and art indeed able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal; God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over: by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain: I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

Prince. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. 'Zounds, where thou wilt, lad; I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain and baffle me.

Prince. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying to purse-taking.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.

Enter POINS.

Poins! Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match. O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried 'Stand' to a true man.

Prince. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal. What says

99. *wisdom cries out in the streets, (and).* These words, on account of the biblical quotation (Prov. i. 20), were struck out in F_1, making nonsense.

101. *damnable iteration,* (profane) quotation of Scripture. 'You are able, like the devil, to cite Scripture to your purpose.'

113. *baffle me,* treat me as a recreant knight.

119. *set a match,* made an appointment; the technical term for the plots commonly laid by the tapsters or chamberlains of roadside inns with highwaymen, for waylaying the guests; the former providing the information and being known as the 'setters' (1 ii. 2. 53).

Monsieur Remorse? what says Sir John Sack and Sugar? Jack! how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good-Friday last for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg?

Prince. Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs: he will give the devil his due.

Poins. Then art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil.

Prince. Else he had been damned for cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill! there are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have vizards for you all; you have horses for yourselves: Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester: I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap: we may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hanged.

Fal. Hear ye, Yedward; if I tarry at home and go not, I 'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

Prince. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There 's neither honesty, manhood, nor

139. *Gadshill;* a hill between Gravesend and Rochester, on the London and Canterbury high-road.

145. *Eastcheap,* a thoroughfare and market, then abounding with taverns, in the east part of the city.

149. *Yedward,* a colloquial form of 'Edward.'

151. *chops;* 'you piece of meat.'

good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood-royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.

Prince. Well then, once in my days I 'll be a madcap.

Fal. Why, that 's well said.

Prince. Well, come what will, I 'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the Lord, I 'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

Prince. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I prithee, leave the prince and me alone: I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure that he shall go.

Fal. Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion and him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may, for recreation sake, prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell: you shall find me in Eastcheap.

Prince. Farewell, thou latter spring! farewell, All-hallown summer! [*Exit Falstaff.*

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow: I have a jest to execute that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto and Gadshill shall rob those men that we have already waylaid; yourself and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head off from my shoulders.

157. *stand for*, be good for.

177. *thou;* Pope's probable correction for *the* Ff.

178. *All-hallown summer*, the 'halcyon days' frequent in late autumn.

181. *Bardolph, Peto.* Theobald's correction for Ff Qq 'Harvey, Rossil,' evidently the names of the actors who played these parts.

: How shall we part with them in set-
ı?

Why, we will set forth before or after
nd appoint them a place of meeting,
it is at our pleasure to fail, and then will
venture upon the exploit themselves;
ney shall have no sooner achieved, but
upon them.

Prince. Yea, but 'tis like that they will know us by our horses, by our habits and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see; I 'll tie them in the wood; our vizards we will change after we leave them: and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to immask our noted outward garments.

Prince. Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I 'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this lies the jest.

Prince. Well, I 'll go with thee: provide us all things necessary and meet me to-morrow night in Eastcheap; there I 'll sup. Farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my lord. [*Exit.*

Prince. I know you all, and will awhile uphold The unyoked humour of your idleness:

209. *incomprehensible*, infinite.
211. *wards*, postures of defence.
213. *reproof*, refutation.
220. *unyoked*, undisciplined, wanton.

Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That, when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they wish'd for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;
And like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I 'll so offend, to make offence a skill;
Redeeming time when men think least I will.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III. *London. The palace.*

Enter the KING, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER, HOTSPUR, SIR WALTER BLUNT, *with others.*

King. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me so; accordingly

240. *to make*, as to make.

3. *found me so;* old edd. 'found me; for.' The emendation is Professor Littledale's. It involves a minimum of change, 'for' being an extremely easy misprint for 'foe.'

You tread upon my patience: but be sure
I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty and to be fear'd, than my condition;
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
And therefore lost that title of respect
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.
Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
The scourge of greatness to be used on it;
And that same greatness too which our own hands
Have holp to make so portly.
North. My lord,—
King. Worcester, get thee gone; for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye:
O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a servant brow.
You have good leave to leave us: when we need
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.
[*Exit Wor.*
You were about to speak. [*To North.*
North. Yea, my good lord.
Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied
As is deliver'd to your majesty:
Either envy, therefore, or misprision
Is guilty of this fault and not my son.
Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,

5, 6. *myself, . . . condition;* I will be myself, as king, instead of indulging my natural bent.
15. *Worcester* (trisyllabic).
19. *moody frontier*, frowning outwork (of a fortress).
27. *envy*, ill-will.
ib. *misprision*, misunderstanding.

Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin new reap'd
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home;
He was perfumed like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose and took 't away again;
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff; and still he smiled and talk'd,
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me; amongst the rest, demanded
My prisoners in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience,
Answer'd neglectingly I know not what,
He should, or he should not; for he made me mad
To see him shine so brisk and smell so sweet
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman
Of guns and drums and wounds,—God save the mark!—
And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;

34. *new reap'd*, freshly trimmed. To wear the beard closely 'mowed like stubble' was one of several modes of beard-culture fashionable in Shakespeare's time.

36. *milliner*, dealer in fancy articles of dress; an occupation then regularly carried on by men.

38. *pouncet-box*, box of perfumes with a pierced cover.

41. *Took it in snuff*, took offence (and sneezed).

44. *unhandsome*, indecent.

58. *parmaceti*, a popular corruption of 'spermaceti.'

And that it was great pity, so it was,
This villanous salt-petre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answer'd indirectly, as I said;
And I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,
Whate'er Lord Harry Percy then had said
To such a person and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest retold,
May reasonably die and never rise
To do him wrong or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

King. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,
But with proviso and exception,
That we at our own charge shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against that great magician, damn'd Glendower,
Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of March
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers, then,
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;

62. *tall*, stout, strapping.

84. *the Earl of March*, the Mortimer of v. 80; on the confusion by which he here received his elder brother's title cf. note to 1 i. 1. 38.

87. *indent*, make a compact.

ib. *fears*, objects of fear, viz. Glendower and Mortimer. L.

For I shall never hold that man my friend
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.
Hot. Revolted Mortimer!
He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war: to prove that true
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower:
Three times they breathed and three times did they drink,
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank
Bloodstained with these valiant combatants.
Never did base and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly:
Then let not him be slander'd with revolt.
King. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him;
He never did encounter with Glendower:
I tell thee,
He durst as well have met the devil alone
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art thou not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer:

101. *hardiment*, valiant blows.
106. *crisp*, rippled, curled.
109. *Colour her working*, put a show of honour on its action.
113. *belie him*, i.e. give him undeserved praise.

Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you. My Lord Northumberland,
We license your departure with your son.
Send us your prisoners, or you will hear of it.
[*Exeunt King Henry, Blunt, and train.*
Hot. An if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them: I will after straight
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.
North. What, drunk with choler? stay and pause awhile:
Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter WORCESTER.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer!
'Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:
Yea, on his part I 'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop in the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high in the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.
North. Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.
Wor. Who struck this heat up after I was gone?
Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;
And when I urged the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

128. *Albeit I make a hazard*, so Qq. 'Although it be with hazard' Ff.
133. *on his part*, on his behalf.
137. *canker'd*, malignant.

Wor. I cannot blame him: was not he proclaim'd
By Richard, that dead is, the next of blood?
North. He was; I heard the proclamation:
And then it was when the unhappy king,—
Whose wrongs in us God pardon!—did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition;
From whence he intercepted did return
To be deposed and shortly murdered.
Wor. And for whose death we in the world's wide mouth
Live scandalized and foully spoken of.
Hot. But, soft, I pray you; did King Richard then
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown?
North. He did; myself did hear it.
Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starve.
But shall it be, that you, that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man
And for his sake wear the detested blot
Of murderous subornation, shall it be,
That you a world of curses undergo,
Being the agents, or base second means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?
O, pardon me that I descend so low,
To show the line and the predicament
Wherein you range under this subtle king;
Shall it for shame be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,

145. *was not he proclaim'd.* This was true, historically, of Roger Mortimer, brother of Sir Edmund, and father of Edmund, the fifth Earl of March (cf. note to 1 i. 1. 38).

149. *in us*, so far as we helped to cause them.

154. *scandalized*, defamed.

162. *blot*, disgrace.

163. *murderous subornation*, instigation to murder.

168. *predicament*, class or description of men.

That men of your nobility and power
Did gage them both in an unjust behalf,
As both of you—God pardon it!—have done,
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?
And shall it in more shame be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded and shook off
By him for whom these shames ye underwent?
No; yet time serves wherein you may redeem
Your banish'd honours and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again,
Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud king, who studies day and night
To answer all the debt he owes to you
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths:
Therefore, I say,—

Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more:
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I 'll read you matter deep and dangerous,
As full of peril and adventurous spirit
As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night! or sink or swim:
Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honour cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple: O, the blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare!

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,

173. *gage*, stake.
176. *canker*, dog-rose.
183. *disdain'd*, disdainful.
201 f. These lines were substantially borrowed, as a specimen of rhodomontade, by Fletcher (or Beaumont) for his apprentice Ralph, in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* (1611), a satire on the pseudo-romantic drama.

Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear
Without corrival all her dignities:
But out upon this half-faced fellowship!
Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend.
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.
Hot. I cry you mercy.
Wor. Those same noble Scots
That are your prisoners,—
Hot. I'll keep them all;
By God, he shall not have a Scot of them;
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not:
I'll keep them, by this hand.
Wor. You start away
And lend no ear unto my purposes.
Those prisoners you shall keep.
Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:
He said he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla 'Mortimer!'
Nay,
I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but 'Mortimer,' and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.
Wor. Hear you, cousin; a word.
Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:
And that same sword-and-buckler Prince of Wales,

208. *half-faced fellowship*, niggardly sharing of honours.
209. *figures*, phantoms.
210. *attend*, attend to.
228. 'I here renounce all endeavours.'
230. *sword-and-buckler*, the accoutrement of a serving-man.

But that I think his father loves him not
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I would have him poison'd with a pot of ale.
Wor. Farewell, kinsman: I 'll talk to you
When you are better temper'd to attend.
North. Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool
Art thou to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!
Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourged with rods,
Nettled and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.
In Richard's time,—what do you call the place?—
A plague upon it, it is in Gloucestershire;
'Twas where the madcap duke his uncle kept,
His uncle York; where I first bow'd my knee
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,—
'Sblood!—
When you and he came back from Ravenspurgh.
North. At Berkley castle.
Hot. You say true:
Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look, 'when his infant fortune came to age,'
And 'gentle Harry Percy,' and 'kind cousin;'
O, the devil take such cozeners! God forgive me!
Good uncle, tell your tale; I have done.
Wor. Nay, if you have not, to it again;
We will stay your leisure.
Hot. I have done, i' faith.
Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.

233. *with a pot of ale*, the natural beverage for a frequenter of low taverns.
240. *pismires*, ants.
241. *politician*, schemer.
244. *his uncle*, the Duke of York.
244. *kept*, lived.

Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglas' son your only mean
For powers in Scotland; which, for divers reasons
Which I shall send you written, be assured,
Will easily be granted. You, my lord,
[*To Northumberland.*
Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,
Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate, well beloved,
The archbishop.
Hot. Of York, is it not?
Wor. True; who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop.
I speak not this in estimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted and set down,
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.
Hot. I smell it: upon my life, it will do well.
North. Before the game 's afoot, thou still let'st slip.
Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot:
And then the power of Scotland and of York,
To join with Mortimer, ha?
Wor. And so they shall.
Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.
Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads by raising of a head;
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
The king will always think him in our debt,

261. *mean*, means.
262. *For powers*, for raising forces.
270. *bears hard*, resents.
271. *His brother's death;* cf. *Richard II.* iii. 2. 141.
272. *in estimation*, merely by probable conjecture.
284. *a head*, a force.
285. *even*, temperately, without self-assertion.

And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home:
And see already how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.
Hot. He does, he does: we 'll be revenged on him.
Wor. Cousin, farewell: no further go in this
Than I by letters shall direct your course.
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly,
I 'll steal to Glendower and Lord Mortimer;
Where you and Douglas and our powers at once,
As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.
North. Farewell, good brother: we shall thrive, I trust.
Hot. Uncle, adieu: O, let the hours be short
Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport! [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Rochester. An inn yard.*

Enter a Carrier *with a lantern in his hand.*

First Car. Heigh-ho! an it be not four by the day, I 'll be hanged: Charles' wain is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packed. What, ostler!
Ost. [*Within*] Anon, anon.
First Car. I prithee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle,

294. *suddenly*, quickly.
1. *by the day*, in the morning.
6. *Cut*, properly a docked or curtal horse; hence a common name for horses.

put a few flocks in the point; poor jade, is wrung in the withers out of all cess.

Enter another Carrier.

Sec. Car. Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots: this house is turned upside down since Robin Ostler died.

First Car. Poor fellow, never joyed since the price of oats rose; it was the death of him.

Sec. Car. I think this be the most villanous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench.

First Car. Like a tench! by the mass, there is ne'er a king christen could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

Sec. Car. Why, they will allow us ne'er a jordan, and then we leak in your chimney; and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach.

First Car. What, ostler! come away and be hanged! come away.

Sec. Car. I have a gammon of bacon and two razes of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-cross.

First Car. God's body! the turkeys in my

7. *the point*, the pommel.

ib. *poor jade, is wrung;* a rustic or uneducated omission of the pronoun. So at l. 13 below.

8. *out of all cess*, beyond measure.

11. *bots*, worms.

16. *stung like a tench*. No clear explanation has been given of this phrase; but probably the allusion is to some *spotted* fish. Farmer suggested that the carrier meant the trout; Miss Phipson (*Animal Lore*, p. 364) makes it probable that the tench in Shakespeare's time had, or was supposed to have, a spotted skin. But the phrase may mean no more than do 'dank as a dog' and 'breeds fleas like a loach.'

19. *king christen*, Christian king.

23. *chamber-lie*, urine.

ib. *a loach*, a fish.

27. *razes*, roots (perhaps a name for a bale or bundle).

pannier are quite starved. What, ostler! A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An 'twere not as good deed as drink, to break the pate on thee, I am a very villain. Come, and be hanged! hast no faith in thee?

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What 's o'clock?

First Car. I think it be two o'clock.

Gads. I prithee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

First Car. Nay, by God, soft; I know a trick worth two of that, i' faith.

Gads. I pray thee, lend me thine.

Sec. Car. Ay, when? canst tell? Lend me thy lantern, quoth he? marry, I 'll see thee hanged first.

Gads. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

Sec. Car. Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. Come, neighbour Mugs, we 'll call up the gentlemen: they will along with company, for they have great charge.

[*Exeunt Carriers.*

Gads. What, ho! chamberlain!

Cham. [*Within*] At hand, quoth pick-purse.

Gads. That 's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain; for thou variest no more from picking of purses than giving direction doth from labouring; thou layest the plot how.

43. *Ay, when? canst tell?* a scoffing retort to an inconvenient or impertinent question.

51. *great charge*, valuable luggage.

53. *At hand, quoth pick-purse*, a proverbial phrase for acknowledging a summons: 'immediately.'

57. *layest the plot how*, i.e. how the purses are to be picked.

Enter Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, Master Gadshill. It holds current that I told you yesternight: there's a franklin in the wild of Kent hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter: they will away presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas' clerks, I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'll none of it: I pray thee, keep that for the hangman; for I know thou worshippest Saint N[illegible]olas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

Gads. What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows; for if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me, and thou knowest he is no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans that thou dreamest not of, the which for sport sake are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am joined with no foot land-rakers, no long-staff sixpenny strikers, none of these mad

60. *franklin*, freeholder.
ib. *the wild of Kent*, the weald, originally covered with forest (O.E. 'weald,' wood).
63. *auditor*, officer of the exchequer.
65. *eggs and butter*, a frequent breakfast dish (cf. 1 i. 2. 23).
67. *Saint Nicholas' clerks*, a cant term for 'highwaymen'; probably from 'Nick's' or 'Old Nick's' clerks; St. Nicholas being the patron saint of scholars.
77. *Trojans*, rogues.
81. *foot land-rakers*, vagabonds, tramps (going on foot).
82. *long-staff sixpenny strikers*, cut-purses with long sticks, who 'knocked men down for sixpence.' 'Striker' was a cant term for a petty thief.

mustachio purple-hued malt-worms; but with nobility and tranquillity, burgomasters and great oneyers, such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray: and yet, 'zounds, I lie; for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth; or rather, not pray to her, but prey on her, for they ride up and down on her and make her their boots.

Cham. What, the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

Gads. She will, she will; justice hath liquored her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure; we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholding to the night than to fern-seed for your walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gads. Go to; 'homo' is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy knave.

[*Exeunt.*

83. *mustachio purple-hued malt-worms*, topers (with liquor-dyed mustachios).

84. *tranquillity*, the well-to-do.

84. *great oneyers;* probably a wilful mystification for 'great ones,' analogous to 'nobility and tranquillity' above.

85. *hold in*, keep their own counsel.

94. *liquored*, (1) oiled or greased (said of boots) to keep out water; (2) made drunk.

95. *we have the receipt of fern-seed.* Fern seed was believed (1) to be invisible except on St. John's Eve; (2) to render invisible any one who carried it.

101. *purchase*, gain.

104. *'homo' is a common name to all men.* In other words, 'thief' is not an antithesis to 'man,' as 'false' is to 'true.'

SCENE II. *The highway, near Gadshill.*

Enter PRINCE HENRY *and* POINS.

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter: I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

Prince. Stand close.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins!

Prince. Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal! what a brawling dost thou keep!

Fal. Where's Poins, Hal?

Prince. He is walked up to the top of the hill: I'll go seek him.

Fal. I am accursed to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squier further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two and twenty years, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines. Poins! Hal! a plague upon you both! Bardolph! Peto! I'll starve ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven

2. *frets like a gummed velvet;* velvet stiffened with gum, and thence rapidly frayed and worn.
13. *squier*, measure.

ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: a plague upon it when thieves cannot be true one to another! [*They whistle.*] Whew! A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hanged!

Prince. Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I 'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

Prince. Thou liest; thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I prithee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse, good king's son.

Prince. Out, ye rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go, hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I 'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: when a jest is so forward, and afoot too! I hate it.

Enter GADSHILL, BARDOLPH *and* PETO *with him.*

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. O, 'tis our setter: I know his voice. Bardolph, what news?

Bard. Case ye, case ye; on with your vizards: there 's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

41. *colted*, cheated.

47. *garters*; with a reference to the Order of the Garter. But 'Hang thyself in thy own garters' was a current objurgatory formula.

Fal. You lie, ye rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There 's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hanged.

Prince. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins and I will walk lower: if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. How many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight or ten.

Fal. 'Zounds, will they not rob us?

Prince. What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

Prince. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge: when thou needest him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.

Prince. Ned, where are our disguises?

Poins. Here, hard by: stand close.

[*Exeunt Prince and Poins.*

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I: every man to his business.

Enter the Travellers.

First Trav. Come, neighbour: the boy shall lead our horses down the hill; we 'll walk afoot awhile, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand!

Travellers. Jesus bless us!

Fal. Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats: ah! whoreson caterpillars! bacon-fed

80. *happy man be his dole*, be it his lot to be a happy man.
88. *caterpillars*, idle devourers of the state.

knaves! they hate us youth: down with them: fleece them.

Travellers. O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever!

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves, are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs; I would your store were here! On, bacons, on! What, ye knaves! young men must live. You are grandjurors, are ye? we 'll jure ye, 'faith.

[*Here they rob them and bind them. Exeunt.*

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY *and* POINS.

Prince. The thieves have bound the true men. Now could thou and I rob the thieves and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close; I hear them coming.

Enter the Thieves again.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the Prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there 's no equity stirring: there 's no more valour in that Poins than in a wild-duck.

Prince. Your money!

Poins. Villains!

[*As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them; they all run away; and Falstaff, after a blow or two, runs away too, leaving the booty behind them.*]

93. *gorbellied*, big-bellied, 'paunchy.'

94. *chuffs*, rich churls. The word was strictly applied to the well-to-do miserly clowns.

96. *grandjurors*, i.e. men of social pretensions.

Prince. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:
The thieves are all scatter'd and possess'd with fear
So strongly that they dare not meet each other;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.
Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along:
Were 't not for laughing, I should pity him.
Poins. How the rogue roar'd! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Warkworth castle.*

Enter HOTSPUR, *solus, reading a letter.*

Hot. 'But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.' He could be contented: why is he not, then? In respect of the love he bears our house: he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. 'The purpose you undertake is dangerous;'—why, that's certain: 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. 'The purpose you undertake is dangerous; the friends you have named uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an

Sc. 3. reading a letter. The writer of the letter is not indicated; but Yorkshire tradition (reported in 1811 to Scott by his friend Morritt of Rokeby) identified him with Rokeby, High Sheriff of the county, who pursued Percy after the battle (Lockhart's *Scott*, ii. 386, quot. Wright, Cl. Press ed. of this play).

13. *unsorted*, ill-chosen.

opposition.' Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my lord of York commends the plot and the general course of the action. 'Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle and myself? lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York and Owen Glendower? is there not besides the Douglas? have I not all their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not some of them set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skim milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell the king: we are prepared. I will set forward to-night.

Enter LADY PERCY.

How now, Kate! I must leave you within these two hours.

20. *expectation*, promise.

22. *my lord of York*, the archbishop, Richard Scroop.

24. *brain him with his lady's fan.* The heavy (often silver) handle of the fan was an occasional female weapon, but only capable of 'braining' a 'lackbrain.'

34. *divide myself and go to buffets*, quarrel with and belabour myself.

35. *moving*, addressing myself to.

39. *Kate.* Lady Percy's real name (cf. note to 1 i. 1. 38) was Elizabeth.

Lady. O, my good lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence have I this fortnight been
A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?
Tell me, sweet lord, what is 't that takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,
And start so often when thou sit'st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks;
And given my treasures and my rights of thee
To thick-eyed musing and cursed melancholy?
In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
Cry 'Courage! to the field!' And thou hast talk'd
Of sallies and retires, of trenches, tents,
Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets,
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,
Of prisoners' ransom and of soldiers slain,
And all the currents of a heady fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war
And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream;
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden hest. O, what portents are these?
Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho!

52. *terms of manage*, phrases of horsemanship.

55. *frontiers*, outworks.

56. *basilisks*, the largest kind of ordnance, 'weighing 9000 lbs., and with a calibre of 8¾ inches.'

56. *culverin*, a smaller gun, 'weighing 4000 lbs., and with a calibre of 5½ inches' (Wright, *ad loc.* from Harrison's *Description of England*).

58. *currents*, courses.

65. *hest*, summons, emergency.

Enter Servant.

Is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?

Serv. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

Serv. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne.
Well, I will back him straight: O esperance!
Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.
[*Exit Servant.*

Lady. But hear you, my lord.

Hot. What say'st thou, my lady?

Lady. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape!
A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen
As you are toss'd with. In faith,
I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.
I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir
About his title, and hath sent for you
To line his enterprize: but if you go,—

Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

Lady. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me
Directly unto this question that I ask:
In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,

74. *esperance*, the motto of the Percies.

81. The weasel was proverbial for ill-temper, which had its seat in the 'spleen'; but the spleen was also the seat of capricious moodiness in general, and it is in this sense that Lady Percy attributes it to her husband.

86. *if you go*; the strict sense of 'go' was 'walk': hence Hotspur's quibbling rejoinder.

88. *paraquito*, paroquet, little parrot.

90. *I'll break thy little finger.* To 'break' or 'pinch' the little finger was 'a token of amorous dalliance.'

An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.
Hot. Away,
Away, you trifler! Love! I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world
To play with mammets and to tilt with lips:
We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too. God's me, my horse!
What say'st thou, Kate? what would'st thou have with me?
Lady. Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?
Well, do not then; for since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me if you speak in jest or no.
Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am o' horseback, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;
I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I go, nor reason whereabout:
Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
I know you wise, but yet no farther wise
Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are,
But yet a woman: and for secrecy,
No lady closer; for I well believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.
Lady. How! so far?
Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate:
Whither I go, thither shall you go too;
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.
Will this content you, Kate?
Lady. It must of force. [*Exeunt.*

95. *mammets*, puppets.
96. *crack'd crowns;* with a play on the monetary sense, made explicit in the next line.
120. *of force*, perforce.

SCENE IV. *The Boar's-Head Tavern, Eastcheap.*

Enter the PRINCE, *and* POINS.

Prince. Ned, prithee, come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast been, Hal?

Prince. With three or four loggerheads amongst three or four score hogsheads. I have sounded the very base-string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers; and can call them all by their christen names, as Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy; and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy, by the Lord, so they call me, and when I am king of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call drinking deep, dyeing scarlet; and when you breathe in your watering, they cry 'hem!' and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert

1. *fat room*, prob. 'vat-room'—the air of the room reeking with the fumes of beer. 'Fat' was an Eliz. spelling of 'vat.'

7. *a leash of drawers*, a 'trio' of waiters. Three greyhounds made a 'leash.'

9. *take it upon their salvation*, swear, as they wish to be saved, (that).

13. *a Corinthian*, a cant term for a profligate; a 'fast man,' loose liver.

17. *breathe in your watering*, pause to take breath in drinking (metaphor from the 'watering' of horses).

18. '*hem!*' a cry of encouragement.

18. *play it off*, toss it off.

20. *tinker*; tinkers were proverbial tipplers, with a trade slang of their own.

not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapped even now into my hand by an under-skinker, one that never spake other English in his life than 'Eight shillings and sixpence,' and 'You are welcome,' with this shrill addition, 'Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon,' or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I prithee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling 'Francis,' that his tale to me may be nothing but 'Anon.' Step aside, and I'll show thee a precedent.

Poins. Francis!

Prince. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis! [*Exit Poins.*

Enter FRANCIS.

Fran. Anon, anon, sir. Look down into the Pomgarnet, Ralph.

Prince. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord?

Prince. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fran. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—

Poins. [*Within*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

24. *this pennyworth of sugar*; sugar was carried about by the waiters, as a condiment, for the use of the sack-drinkers.

26. *under-skinker*, under-waiter; 'skinker,' one who poured out drink.

29. *Anon*, immediately; the usual answer of the waiter to a guest's call.

30. *bastard*, an artificially-sweetened Spanish wine.

30. *the Half-moon*, the name of one of the chambers of the inn. Cf. below, line 42, 'Pomgarnet.'

33. *puny*, the technical epithet of the younger son (puisné) playfully applied to the '*under*-skinker.'

Prince. Five year! by 'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture and show it a fair pair of heels and run from it?

Fran. O Lord, sir, I 'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart.

Poins. [*Within*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir.

Prince. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see—about Michaelmas next I shall be—

Poins. [*Within*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir. Pray stay a little, my lord.

Prince. Nay, but hark you, Francis: for the sugar thou gavest me, 'twas a pennyworth, was 't not?

Fran. O Lord, I would it had been two!

Prince. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poins. [*Within*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon.

Prince. Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but to-morrow, Francis; or Francis, o' Thursday; or indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis!

Fran. My lord?

Prince. Wilt thou rob this leathern jerkin, crystal-button, not-pated, agate-ring, puke-stocking, caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—

78. *crystal-button;* a crystal-buttoned jerkin was commonly worn by vintners.

78. *not-pated*, crop-headed, closely shaven.

78. *puke-stocking*, with stockings of fine dark cloth.

79. *caddis-garter*, with worsted garters.

79. *Spanish-pouch*, perhaps 'round belly,' with the suggestion that it is filled with Spanish sack.

Fran. O Lord, sir, who do you mean?

Prince. Why, then, your brown bastard is your only drink; for look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully: in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, sir?

Poins. [*Within*] Francis!

Prince. Away, you rogue! dost thou not hear them call? [*Here they both call him; the drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What, standest thou still, and hearest such a calling? Look to the guests within. [*Exit Francis.*] My lord, old Sir John with half-a-dozen more are at the door: shall I let them in?

Prince. Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. [*Exit Vintner.*] Poins!

Re-enter POINS.

Poins. Anon, anon, sir.

Prince. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door: shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

Prince. I am now of all humours that have showed themselves humours since the old days of goodman Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight.

Re-enter FRANCIS.

What's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon, sir. [*Exit.*

89. *amazed*, bewildered.

Prince. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is up-stairs and down-stairs; his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife 'Fie upon this quiet life! I want work.' 'O my sweet Harry,' says she, 'how many hast thou killed to-day?' 'Give my roan horse a drench,' says he; and answers 'Some fourteen,' an hour after; 'a trifle, a trifle.' I prithee, call in Falstaff: I'll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. 'Rivo!' says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, *and* PETO; FRANCIS *following with wine.*

Poins. Welcome, Jack: where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen! Give me a cup of sack, boy. Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether stocks and mend them and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! Give me a cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant?

[*He drinks.*

Prince. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun's! if thou didst, then behold that compound.

123. *brawn*, mass of flesh.

124. '*Rivo!*' a common exclamation of drinkers.

133. *Titan*, the sun. If the second 'Titan' is right, 'pitiful-hearted Titan' is parenthetic, and 'that' refers to the 'butter.'

136. *that compound*, the 'composition' of Falstaff's flushed face immersed in the liquor, and the frothy draught melting away at the 'sweet tale' of his lips.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too: there is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man: yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it. A villanous coward! Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhanged in England; and one of them is fat and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

Prince. How now, wool-sack! what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild-geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales!

Prince. Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter?

Fal. Are not you a coward? answer me to that: and Poins there?

Poins. 'Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, by the Lord, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: call you that

137. *lime* was used to adulterate sack.

143. *shotten herring*, a herring that has cast its roe.

146. *I would I were a weaver.* Weavers were proverbial for their fine voices and their habit of singing at their work; many of them were Protestant refugees from Flanders.

151. *a dagger of lath*, the weapon of the Vice in the *Moralities*.

backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me. Give me a cup of sack: I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

Prince. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunkest last.

Fal. All's one for that. [*He drinks.*] A plague of all cowards, still say I.

Prince. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter! there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

Prince. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it! taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

Prince. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw—ecce signum! I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards! Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness.

Prince. Speak, sirs; how was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen—

Fal. Sixteen at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us—

182. *at half-sword*, at close quarters.

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

Prince. What, fought you with them all?

Fal. All! I know not what you call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

Prince. Pray God you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for: I have peppered two of them; two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me—

Prince. What, four? thou saidst but two even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

Prince. Seven? why, there were but four even now.

Fal. In buckram?

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

Prince. Prithee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

Prince. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

215. *ward*, posture of defence.
ib. *here I lay*, this was my posture.
222. *mainly*, violently.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of—

Prince. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,—

Poins. Down fell their hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground: but I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

Prince. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

Prince. These lies are like their father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-catch,—

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

Prince. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason: what sayest thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? 'Zounds, an

238, 239. *points*, (1) sword-points, (2) the tagged laces which fastened the hose to the doublet.

240. *followed me;* 'me' is 'ethical,' expressing his keen concern in the pursuit.

251. *knotty-pated.* So Qq Ff. But it is probably only a misspelling for 'not-pated,' which the prince has previously used (l. 78 above).

252. *tallow-catch*, either 'tallow-ketch,' a tub filled with tallow, or 'tallow-keech,' the lump of fat supplied by the butcher to the tallow-maker; 'keech' thus supplying a common Elizabethan nickname for butchers (cf. 2 *Henry IV*, ii. 1. 103).

I were at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plentiful as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

Prince. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh,—

Fal. 'Sblood, you starveling, you eel's-skin, you dried neat's tongue, you bull's pizzle, you stock-fish! O for breath to utter what is like thee! you tailor's-yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck,—

Prince. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again: and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

Prince. We two saw you four set on four and bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four; and, with a

262. *strappado*, a military punishment, in which the culprit was dropped from a height with ropes attached to his arms, which were broken or dislocated by the shock.

264. *if reasons were as plenty as blackberries*, a play upon 'raisins,' then almost identical in pronunciation with 'reasons.'

270. *eel's-skin.* Ff read *elf-skin.* If this reading is right, the delicately built prince is compared, not merely to the diminutive fairy, but to its cast skin. But Q_1 appears to read 'elf-skin,' *i.e.* eel's-skin, and this reading, which Hanmer inserted in the text, accords better with the drastic imagery of the context; it also occurs to Falstaff elsewhere (2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2) as a jest upon leanness. I owe this suggestion to Mr. Littledale.

274. *standing tuck*, small rapier, standing on end. This, like the three preceding comparisons, turns upon the prince's tall, slim form, as the first five upon his delicate build.

280. *bound them*, i.e. 'you bound them'; a mixture of two constructions—the infinitive 'bind' depending on 'saw' and the direct indicative 'you bound,' the one being uncolloquial and the other not expressing that what happened was *seen*.

word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house: and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy and still run and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack; what trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear you, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was now a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. Hostess, clap to the doors: watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

Prince. Content; and the argument shall be thy running away.

Fal. Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me!

290. *starting-hole*, shelter, subterfuge.

299. *the lion will not touch the true prince.* This belief, current in the Middle Ages, was the basis of a recurring *motif* in the early English Romances.

Enter Hostess.

Host. O Jesu, my lord the prince!

Prince. How now, my lady the hostess! what sayest thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door would speak with you: he says he comes from your father.

Prince. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight? Shall I give him his answer?

Prince. Prithee, do, Jack.

Fal. 'Faith, and I 'll send him packing. [*Exit.*

Prince. Now, sirs: by 'r lady, you fought fair; so did you, Peto; so did you, Bardolph: you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince; no, fie!

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

Prince. 'Faith, tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

Peto. Why, he hacked it with his dagger, and said he would swear truth out of England but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass to make them bleed, and then to beslubber our garments with it and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven year before, I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

321. *a royal man.* The hostess is to give the 'nobleman' as much as will turn a 'noble' (6s. 8d.) into a 'royal' (10s.), *i.e.* 3s. 4d.

Prince. O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore. Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou rannest away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

Prince. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

Prince. Hot livers and cold purses.

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

Prince. No, if rightly taken, halter.

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast! How long is 't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee! when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: a plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There 's villanous news abroad: here was Sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy, and he of Wales, that gave Amamon the bastinado and made Lucifer cuckold and swore the devil

346. *with the manner*, in the act.

352. *exhalations*, meteors.

359. *bombast*, cotton-padding, used in giving an artificial rotundity to the Elizabethan doublet.

367. *Sir John Bracy.* Ff Braby. This person is apparently invented by Shakespeare; there is no trace of him in history.

370. *Amamon*, the name of a principal devil, recorded in Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft.*

his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook—what a plague call you him?

Poins. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen, the same; and his son-in-law Mortimer, and old Northumberland, and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular,—

Prince. He that rides at high speed and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

Prince. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

Prince. Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running!

Fal. O' horseback, ye cuckoo; but afoot he will not budge a foot.

Prince. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps more: Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news: you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

Prince. Why, then, it is like, if there come a hot June and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou sayest true; it is like we shall have good trading that way. But tell me, Hal, art not thou horrible afeard? thou being heir-apparent, could the world pick thee out

372. *the cross of a Welsh hook*, the point where the shaft of a halberd was crossed by the steel head which formed an axe on one side and a spike on the other.

392. *blue-caps*, the blue-bonneted Scots.

397. *civil buffeting*, civil war.

three such enemies again as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

Prince. Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practise an answer.

Prince. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content: this chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

Prince. Thy state is taken for a joined-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved. Give me a cup of sack to make my eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyses' vein.

Prince. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my speech. Stand aside, nobility.

Host. O Jesu, this is excellent sport, i' faith!

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen; for trickling tears are vain.

418. *joined-stool*, a kind of folding-chair.

425. *in King Cambyses' vein*, in the ranting vein of the 'lamentable tragedy' of that name by Thomas Preston, c. 1569.

427. *my leg*, my bow, the leg in bowing being drawn back; hence the phrase 'to make a leg,' to salute.

431. *Weep not, sweet queen*, etc. In *King Cambyses* a similar situation actually occurred—a stage direction expressly enjoining that the queen should weep.

Host. O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen;
For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Host. O Jesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see!

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain. Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion, but chiefly a villanous trick of thine eye and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point; why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief and take purses? a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou

434. *tristful*, grieving.

437. *harlotry*, rogue, vagabond; the term, on the hostess' lips, can have had little, but in any case not its strict, meaning. Juliet is called a 'harlotry' by her father; so, Lady Mortimer below, 1 iii. 1. 199.

438. *tickle-brain*, the nickname of a strong liquor.

441. *though the camomile*, etc.; a parody (but by no means a caricature) of the Euphuistic style made current by Lyly. It is adapted from a sentence of Lyly's own (*Euphues*): 'Though the Camomill the more it is troden and pressed downe, the more it spreadeth, yet the Violet the oftner it is handeled and touched, the sooner it withereth and decayeth.'

450. *micher*, truant, vagabond.

keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink but in tears, not in pleasure but in passion, not in words only, but in woes also: and yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prince. What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

Fal. A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by 'r lady, inclining to three score; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

Prince. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I 'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker or a poulter's hare.

Prince. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand: judge, my masters.

Prince. Now, Harry, whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

Prince. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false: nay, I 'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.

472. *peremptorily*, decidedly.
480. *rabbit-sucker*, sucking-rabbit.
480. *poulter*, poulterer.
482. *set*, seated.
489. *tickle ye for a young prince*, play the part with a vengeance.

Prince. Swearest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee in the likeness of an old fat man; a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swollen parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villany? wherein villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your grace would take me with you: whom means your grace?

Prince. That villanous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

Prince. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, the more the pity, his white hairs do witness it; but that he is, saving your reverence, a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! if to

495. *bolting-hutch*, receptacle into which meal is sifted.

497. *bombard*, a large vessel for liquor, from which the smaller were replenished.

498. *roasted Manningtree ox.* This was probably one of the accompaniments of the fairs which the town of Manningtree (Essex) was privileged to hold.

499. *vice, iniquity;* both names for the clown or harlequin of the *Moralities.*

500. *vanity*, a character in the *Moralities.*

506. *take me with you*, explain your meaning.

be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins: but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company: banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

Prince. I do, I will. [*A knocking heard.*

[*Exeunt Hostess, Francis, and Bardolph.*

Re-enter BARDOLPH, *running.*

Bard. O, my lord, my lord! the sheriff with a most monstrous watch is at the door.

Fal. Out, ye rogue! Play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter the Hostess.

Host. O Jesu, my lord, my lord!

Prince. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddlestick: what's the matter?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

534. *Heigh, heigh!* etc. This speech is given to Falstaff by Ff. '*The devil rides upon a fiddle-stick*'; like 'heighty tighty,' a phrase of ridicule for a needless ado.

539. *never call a true piece of gold*, etc.; *i.e.* don't slander the pure gold of my character as spurious; it proves you mad (though you don't seem so) that you do. Falstaff makes believe to carry on his self-defence, though he no longer personates the prince.

Prince. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your major: if you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

Prince. Go, hide thee behind the arras: the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had: but their date is out, and therefore I 'll hide me.

Prince. Call in the sheriff.

[*Exeunt all except the Prince and Peto.*

Enter Sheriff *and the* Carrier.

Now, master sheriff, what is your will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry
Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

Prince. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord,
A gross fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

Prince. The man, I do assure you, is not here;
For I myself at this time have employ'd him.
And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee

544. *your major*, i.e. the proposition that he is a coward (with a quibble).

546. *a cart*, i.e. the cart which carried criminals to execution.

556. *hue and cry*, the pursuit of a felon by horn and voice, a process then recognised in common law. Hue and cry might be raised 'either by a precept of a Justice of the Peace, or by a private person who knows of the felony. Such private person was bound to give notice to the Constable; but in the Constable's absence all persons were bound to join in the pursuit' (Stephen's *Crim. Law*, quoted *Jahrbuch*, xxxii. 145).

That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,
Send him to answer thee, or any man,
For any thing he shall be charged withal:
And so let me entreat you leave the house.

Sher. I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

Prince. It may be so: if he have robb'd these men,
He shall be answerable; and so farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

Prince. I think it is good morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.
[*Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.*

Prince. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's. Go, call him forth.

Peto. Falstaff!—Fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

Prince. Hark, how hard he fetches breath. Search his pockets. [*He searcheth his pockets, and findeth certain papers.*] What hast thou found?

Peto. Nothing but papers, my lord.

Prince. Let's see what they be: read them.

Peto. [*Reads*]
Item, A capon, . . 2s. 2d.
Item, Sauce, . . 4d.
Item, Sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.
Item, Anchovies and sack after supper, . 2s. 6d.
Item, Bread, . . ob.

569. *three hundred marks*, £200.

577. *Peto.* Johnson proposed to transfer this and the subsequent speeches to Poins, on the ground that he and not Peto is elsewhere the confidant of the prince, and that it is more natural that Peto should run from the sheriff than Poins, who has not robbed. This is plausible, but hardly warrants the wholesale alteration of the old texts. Even if we suppose that 'P' was written before the speeches, there remains the occurrence of 'Peto' in the text at l. 601.

590. *ob*, 'obolus,' a half-penny.

Prince. O monstrous! but one half-penny-worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack! What there is else, keep close; we'll read it at more advantage: there let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning. We must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and I know his death will be a march of twelve-score. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so, good morrow, Peto. [*Exeunt.*

Peto. Good morrow, good my lord.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Bangor. The Archdeacon's house.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, *and* GLENDOWER.

Mort. These promises are fair, the parties sure,
And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower,
Will you sit down?
And uncle Worcester: a plague upon it!
I have forgot the map.

Glend. No, here it is.
Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur,
For by that name as oft as Lancaster,
Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale and with
A rising sigh he wisheth you in heaven.

594. *advantage*, leisure.
598. *twelve-score*, i.e. yards.
599. *advantage*, interest.
2. *our induction*, the first steps of our enterprise.

Hot. And you in hell, as oft as he hears Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him: at my nativity
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets; and at my birth
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shaked like a coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done at the same season, if your mother's cat had but kittened, though yourself had never been born.

Glend. I say the earth did shake when I was born.

Hot. And I say the earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose as fearing you it shook.

Glend. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

Hot. O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.
Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions; oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldam earth and topples down
Steeples and moss-grown towers. At your birth
Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shook.

Glend. Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
To tell you once again that at my birth
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds

15. *cressets;* literally, brilliant lamps, made of pitched rope coiled in open iron cages, and used for illuminations as well as in the playhouses.

34. *distemperature,* disorder.

Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields.
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary;
And all the courses of my life do show
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living, clipp'd in with the sea
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,
Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but woman's son,
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art
And hold me pace in deep experiments.
Hot. I think there's no man speaks better Welsh. I'll to dinner.
Mort. Peace, cousin Percy; you will make him mad.
Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.
Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man;
But will they come when you do call for them?
Glend. Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command
The devil.
Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil
By telling truth: tell truth and shame the devil.
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
And I'll be sworn I have power to shame him hence.
O, while you live, tell truth and shame the devil!
Mort. Come, come, no more of this unprofitable chat.
Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
Against my power; thrice from the banks of Wye

48. *trace*, track, follow.
53. *vasty*, vast.
64. *made head against*, attacked in force.

And sandy-bottom'd Severn have I sent him
Bootless home and weather-beaten back.
Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather too!
How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name?
Glend. Come, here's the map: shall we divide our right
According to our threefold order ta'en?
Mort. The archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits very equally:
England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,
By south and east is to my part assign'd:
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower: and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.
And our indentures tripartite are drawn;
Which being sealed interchangeably,
A business that this night may execute,
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you and I
And my good Lord of Worcester will set forth
To meet your father and the Scottish power,
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days.
Within that space you may have drawn together
Your tenants, friends and neighbouring gentlemen.
Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords:

67. *Bootless*, frustrated of his purpose.

71. *threefold order ta'en*, threefold arrangement proposed.

74. *hitherto;* Mortimer points to the opposite extremity of his share on the map, *i.e.* presumably to the S.E. corner of England.

80. *our indentures tripartite are drawn*, the agreement, there being three parties to it, is drawn up in three corresponding copies.

81. *sealed interchangeably*, each copy was to be signed and sealed by all three.

And in my conduct shall your ladies come;
From whom you now must steal and take no leave,
For there will be a world of water shed
Upon the parting of your wives and you.
Hot. Methinks my moiety, north from Burton here,
In quantity equals not one of yours:
See how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out.
I 'll have the current in this place damm'd up;
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run
In a new channel, fair and evenly;
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.
Glend. Not wind? it shall, it must; you see it doth.
Mort. Yea, but
Mark how he bears his course, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other side;
Gelding the opposed continent as much
As on the other side it takes from you.
Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here
And on this north side win this cape of land;
And then he runs straight and even.
Hot. I 'll have it so: a little charge will do it.
Glend. I 'll not have it alter'd.
Hot. Will not you?
Glend. No, nor you shall not.
Hot. Who shall say me nay?

96. *moiety*, share.
98. *comes me cranking in*, makes a bold indentation into my land.
100. *cantle*, corner.
102. *smug*, smooth, glassy.
105. *bottom*, the rich land of the valley level.
110. *Gelding*, lopping, cutting away from.
112. *trench him*, make a new channel for it.

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not understand you, then; speak it in Welsh.

Glend. I can speak English, lord, as well as you;
For I was train'd up in the English court;
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp
Many an English ditty lovely well
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament,
A virtue that was never seen in you.

Hot. Marry,
And I am glad of it with all my heart:
I had rather be a kitten and cry mew
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers;
I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry:
'Tis like the forced gait of a shuffling nag.

Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

Hot. I do not care: I'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserving friend;
But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?

Glend. The moon shines fair; you may away by night:
I'll haste the writer and withal

123. *framed*, composed (original songs in English).

125. *the tongue*, i.e. the English language.

131. *canstick*, candlestick.

ib. *turn'd*, i.e. on the brass-worker's lathe.

135. *like the forced gait of a shuffling nag*, i.e. with a regularity obtained by a painful effort. Touchstone's 'false gallop' of verses applies the imagery of horsemanship to a different metrical vice — fluent insipidity.

Break with your wives of your departure hence:
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her Mortimer. [*Exit.*
Mort. Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my father!
Hot. I cannot choose: sometime he angers me
With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies,
And of a dragon and a finless fish,
A clip-wing'd griffin and a moulten raven,
A couching lion and a ramping cat,
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what;
He held me last night at least nine hours
In reckoning up the several devils' names
That were his lackeys: I cried 'hum,' and 'well, go to,'
But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious
As a tired horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house: I had rather live
With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates and have him talk to me
In any summer-house in Christendom.

149. *moldwarp*, mole.

150. *Merlin and his prophecies.* Holinshed reports 'a vain prophecy' to the effect that Henry was 'the moldwarp cursed of God's own mouth,' and that his kingdom should be divided in three by the dragon, the lion, and the wolf. Glendower and his allies were said (adds Hol.) to have undertaken the division 'through a foolish credit given' to this prophecy. Merlin is not mentioned by Holinshed, but was credited with the prophecy in the Legend of Glendower in the *Mirror for Magistrates*, 1559.

152. *clip-wing'd*, with clipped or obtuse wings.

153. *couching, ramping* (from the heraldic terms couchant, rampant), lying down, rearing.

154. *skimble-skamble stuff*, confused rubbish.

159. *as tedious as a railing wife, . . . a smoky house*, etc.; these, together with 'a leaking roof,' formed a proverbial triad of annoyances, current both in Welsh and English (*Cant. Tales*, 5860-2).

163. *cates*, delicacies.

164. *summer-house*, villa, country house.

Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman,
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In strange concealments, valiant as a lion
And wondrous affable and as bountiful
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?
He holds your temper in a high respect
And curbs himself even of his natural scope
When you come 'cross his humour; faith, he does:
I warrant you, that man is not alive
Might so have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproof:
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.
Wor. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame;
And since your coming hither have done enough
To put him quite beside his patience.
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault:
Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood,—
And that 's the dearest grace it renders you,—
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion and disdain:
The least of which haunting a nobleman
Loseth men's hearts and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.
Hot. Well, I am school'd: good manners be your speed!
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

166. *profited*, adept.
167. *concealments*, mysteries, secret arts.
177. *wilful-blame*, deliberately faulty; a variation on the simple 'too blame,' which during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries replaced the older phrase 'to blame,' causing 'blame' to be taken for an adjective (Murray, *s.v.*)
181. *blood*, spirit.
184. *government*, self-control.
185. *opinion*, self-conceit.

Re-enter GLENDOWER *with the ladies.*

Mort. This is the deadly spite that angers me;
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.
Glend. My daughter weeps: she will not part with you;
She 'll be a soldier too, she 'll to the wars.
Mort. Good father, tell her that she and my aunt Percy
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.
[*Glendower speaks to her in Welsh, and she answers him in the same.*
Glend. She is desperate here; a peevish self-will'd harlotry,
That no persuasion can do good upon.
[*The lady speaks in Welsh.*
Mort. I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh
Which thou pour'st down from these swelling heavens
I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,
In such a parley should I answer thee.
[*The lady speaks again in Welsh.*
I understand thy kisses and thou mine,
And that 's a feeling disputation:
But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing division, to her lute.

197. *aunt;* she was Mortimer's sister (cf. note to 1 i. 1. 38).
198. *conduct*, escort.
199. *harlotry*, 'baggage,' here used as a mild term of abuse.
198-200. This is printed as prose in Qq, which read 'one that'; but should probably be in verse like Glendower's other speeches. The present arrangement is Steevens'.
206. *a feeling disputation*, a conversation carried on 'with feeling.'
211. *division*, brilliant variations on a simple melody.

Glend. Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad. [*The lady speaks again in Welsh.*

Mort. O, I am ignorance itself in this!

Glend. She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you down
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;
Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep
As is the difference betwixt day and night
The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east.

Mort. With all my heart I 'll sit and hear her sing:
By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do so;
And those musicians that shall play to you
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence,
And straight they shall be here: sit, and attend.

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down: come, quick, quick, that I may lay my head in thy lap.

Lady P. Go, ye giddy goose. [*The music plays.*

Hot. Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh;
And 'tis no marvel he is so humorous.
By 'r lady, he is a good musician.

Lady P. Then should you be nothing but musical, for you are altogether governed by humours. Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

Hot. I had rather hear Lady, my brach, howl in Irish.

214. *wanton*, luxuriant.

217. *crown the god of sleep*, in state sleep as sovereign, give it full sway.

240. *brach*, female hound.

Lady P. Wouldst thou have thy head broken?
Hot. No.
Lady P. Then be still.
Hot. Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.
Lady P. Now God help thee!
Hot. To the Welsh lady's bed.
Lady P. What 's that?
Hot. Peace! she sings.

[*Here the lady sings a Welsh song.*

Hot. Come, Kate, I 'll have your song too.
Lady P. Not mine, in good sooth.
Hot. Not yours, in good sooth! Heart! you swear like a comfit-maker's wife. 'Not you, in good sooth,' and 'as true as I live,' and 'as God shall mend me,' and 'as sure as day,'
And givest such sarcenet surety for thy oaths,
As if thou never walk'st further than Finsbury.
Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath, and leave 'in sooth,'
And such protést of pepper-gingerbread,
To velvet-guards and Sunday-citizens.
Come, sing.
Lady P. I will not sing.
Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be red-breast teacher. An the indentures be drawn,

256. *sarcenet surety*, such as becomes the wife of a City mercer. 'Sarcenet' was a soft, gauzy silk.

257. *further than Finsbury*, i.e. just outside the City walls. 'Never' and 'further' were probably both monosyllables here.

261. *velvet-guards*, i.e. citizens' wives in their festive costume, of which black velvet facings and trimmings were an important part.

264. *'Tis the next way*, etc.; (one who sings) is on the direct road to be a tailor, or to teach song to redbreasts. [By this name Shakespeare may have meant the bullfinch. The robin he calls *ruddock*. L.] Tailors were proverbial, like weavers, for singing at their work, but not, like weavers, for singing *psalms*.

I'll away within these two hours; and so, come in when ye will. [*Exit.*

Glend. Come, come, Lord Mortimer; you are as slow
As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go.
By this our book is drawn; we'll but seal,
And then to horse immediately.

Mort. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *London. The palace.*

Enter the KING, PRINCE OF WALES, *and others.*

King. Lords, give us leave; the Prince of Wales and I
Must have some private conference: but be near at hand,
For we shall presently have need of you.
[*Exeunt Lords.*
I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;
But thou dost in thy passages of life
Make me believe that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,

270. *book*, document.

10. *For*, as.

15. *As thou art match'd withal*, as thou takest part in as an equal.

Accompany the greatness of thy blood
And hold their level with thy princely heart?
Prince. So please your majesty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse
As well as I am doubtless I can purge
Myself of many I am charged withal:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof of many tales devised,
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,
By smiling pick-thanks and base newsmongers,
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.
King. God pardon thee! yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger brother is supplied,
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood:
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the soul of every man
Prophetically do forethink thy fall.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,

20. *doubtless*, confident.
23. *reproof*, disproof. The construction is: let me beg this amount of extenuation, viz. that I may find in the disproof of many false imputations the means of obtaining pardon for some true ones.
25. *pick-thanks*, officious tale-bearers.
30. *affections*, inclinations.
31. *from*, aloof from.
32. *rudely*, by riotous conduct.
38. *do;* so Qq Ff. 'The soul of every man' is equivalent to 'the souls of all men.'
42. *Opinion*, reputation.

Had still kept loyal to possession
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir
But like a comet I was wonder'd at;
That men would tell their children 'This is he;'
Others would say 'Where, which is Bolingbroke?'
And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
And dress'd myself in such humility
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keep my person fresh and new;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen but wonder'd at: and so my state,
Seldom but sumptuous, show'd like a feast
And won by rareness such solemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters and rash bavin wits,
Soon kindled and soon burnt; carded his state,
Mingled his royalty with capering fools,
Had his great name profaned with their scorns
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh at gibing boys and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative,
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity;
That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little

61. *bavin wits*, wits of brushwood, 'soon kindled and soon burnt.'
62. *carded*, mixed, blended (technically used of liquors).
65. *against*, contrary to the dignity of.
67. *comparative*, comparison-monger, one given to vent satirical witticisms.
69. *Enfeoff'd himself*, made himself entirely over.
69. *popularity*, plebeian intercourse.

More than a little is by much too much.
So when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes
As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes;
But rather drowsed and hung their eyelids down,
Slept in his face and render'd such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries,
Being with his presence glutted, gorged and full.
And in that very line, Harry, standest thou;
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege
With vile participation: not an eye
But is a-weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desired to see thee more;
Which now doth that I would not have it do,
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

Prince. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious lord,
Be more myself.

King. For all the world
As thou art to this hour was Richard then
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurgh,
And even as I was then is Percy now.
Now, by my sceptre and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the state
Than thou the shadow of succession;
For of no right, nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm,
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws,
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on

83. *cloudy*, sullen. 98. *interest*, title.
101. *harness*, armour.

To bloody battles and to bruising arms.
What never-dying honour hath he got
Against renowned Douglas! whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursions and great name in arms
Holds from all soldiers chief majority
And military title capital
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ:
Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathling clothes,
This infant warrior, in his enterprizes
Discomfited great Douglas, ta'en him once,
Enlarged him and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The Archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate against us and are up.
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?
Thou that art like enough, through vassal fear,
Base inclination and the start of spleen,
To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels and curtsy at his frowns,
To show how much thou art degenerate.

Prince. Do not think so; you shall not find it so:
And God forgive them that so much have sway'd
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!

109. *chief majority*, supremacy.
110. *capital*, chief.
120. *Capitulate against us*, form a league against us based on mutually arranged terms (viz. the tripartite division of the country).
125. *start*, impulse.

I will redeem all this on Percy's head
And in the closing of some glorious day
Be bold to tell you that I am your son;
When I will wear a garment all of blood
And stain my favours in a bloody mask,
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it:
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-of Harry chance to meet.
For every honour sitting on his helm,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shames redoubled! for the time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the name of God, I promise here:
The which if He be pleased I shall perform,
I do beseech your majesty may salve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bands;
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

King. A hundred thousand rebels die in this:
Thou shalt have charge and sovereign trust herein.

136. *favours*, features. The plural is rare in this sense, but the association with a 'mask' shows that the face is intended, not the scarf, gloves, or other 'favours' worn by knights.

148. *engross up*, buy up, amass.

151. *the slightest worship of his time*, the most trifling honour done him by his contemporaries.

157. *bands*, bonds.

Enter BLUNT.

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt. So hath the business that I come to speak of.

Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word
That Douglas and the English rebels met
The eleventh of this month at Shrewsbury:
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
If promises be kept on every hand,
As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

King. The Earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day;
With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster;
For this advertisement is five days old:
On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set forward;
On Thursday we ourselves will march: our meeting
Is Bridgenorth: and, Harry, you shall march
Through Gloucestershire; by which account,
Our business valued, some twelve days hence
Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet.
Our hands are full of business: let 's away;
Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay.

[*Exeunt.*

164. *Lord Mortimer of Scotland.* Holinshed calls him simply 'the Scot, the Earl of March'; Shakespeare hence gave him the family name of the English earls of March. His real name was George Dunbar.

167. *head*, force.

172. *advertisement*, information.

177. *Our business valued*, reckoning the time requisite for our affairs.

SCENE III. *Eastcheap. The Boar's-Head Tavern.*

Enter FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown; I am withered like an old apple-john. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a brewer's horse: the inside of a church! Company, villanous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it: come sing me a bawdy song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough; swore little; diced not above seven times a week; went to a bawdy-house not above once in a quarter—of an hour; paid money that I borrowed, three or four times; lived well and in good compass: and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that

5. *apple-john*, an apple which ripened at Midsummer, kept well, but shrivelled when 'old.'

5. *suddenly*, promptly.

6. *in some liking*, in tolerable condition.

9. *I am a peppercorn*, etc. 'Falstaff compares himself to what he is most unlike, a peppercorn for size, and a brewer's horse for wit' (Wright).

you must needs be out of all compass, out of all reasonable compass, Sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I 'll amend my life: thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop, but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art the Knight of the Burning Lamp.

Bard. Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I 'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a Death's-head or a memento mori: I never see thy face but I think upon hell-fire and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be 'By this fire, that 's God's angel:' but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou rannest up Gadshill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an ignis fatuus or a ball of wildfire, there 's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern: but the sack that thou hast drunk me would have bought me lights as good cheap at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire any time this two and thirty years; God reward me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly!

28. *admiral*, admiral's ship (which as such bore a light in the poop to guide the other ships of the fleet).

51. *as good cheap*, as cheap.

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burned.

Enter HOSTESS.

How now, Dame Partlet the hen! have you inquired yet who picked my pocket?

Host. Why, Sir John, what do you think, Sir John? do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have searched, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. Ye lie, hostess: Bardolph was shaved and lost many a hair; and I'll be sworn my pocket was picked. Go to, you are a woman, go.

Host. Who, I? no; I defy thee: God's light, I was never called so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, Sir John; you do not know me, Sir John. I know you, Sir John: you owe me money, Sir John; and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four and twenty pound.

Fal. He had his part of it; let him pay.

60. *Dame Partlet*, the name of the Hen in 'Reynard the Fox'; equivalent to the Pertelote of Chaucer's 'Nuns' Priest's Tale.'

79. *Dowlas*, coarse linen.

81. *bolters*, cloths for sifting meal.

84. *by-drinkings*, drinkings off and on, as distinct from regular meals.

Host. He? alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face; what call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks: I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's worth forty mark.

Host. O Jesu, I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper!

Fal. How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup: 'sblood, an he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

Enter the PRINCE *and* PETO, *marching, and* FALSTAFF *meets them playing on his truncheon like a fife.*

How now, lad! is the wind in that door, i' faith? must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion.

Host. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

Prince. What sayest thou, Mistress Quickly? How doth thy husband? I love him well; he is an honest man.

Host. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Prithee, let her alone, and list to me.

Prince. What sayest thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras and had my pocket picked: this house is turned bawdy-house; they pick pockets.

Prince. What didst thou lose, Jack?

92. *younker*, a raw, inexperienced youth, with plenty of means. Ff Qq 'younger.'

92. *shall I not take mine ease in mine inn;* a proverbial saying, found already in Heywood's *Epigrammes upon Proverbes*, 1562.

99. *sneak-cup*, one who avoids drinking his share.

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

Prince. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my lord; and I said I heard your grace say so: and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is; and said he would cudgel you.

Prince. What! he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune; nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox; and for womanhood, Maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing! why, a thing to thank God on.

Host. I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou shouldst know it; I am an honest man's wife: and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave, thou?

Fal. What beast! why, an otter.

Prince. An otter, Sir John! why an otter?

Fal. Why, she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

129. *a drawn fox*, a fox drawn from his cover, and so forced to exert all his cunning to escape.

129. *Maid Marian*, the 'companion of Robin Hood' in the popular Morris-dance, a character often personated by a man.

130. *deputy's wife of the ward to thee*, i.e. compared to thee. The 'deputy of the ward' exercised police authority within it; and was hence a citizen of standing and respectability.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so: thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave, thou!

Prince. Thou sayest true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day you ought him a thousand pound.

Prince. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal! a million: thy love is worth a million: thou owest me thy love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bard. Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea, if he said my ring was copper.

Prince. I say 'tis copper: darest thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but man, I dare: but as thou art prince, I fear thee as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

Prince. And why not as the lion?

Fal. The king himself is to be feared as the lion: dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an I do, I pray God my girdle break.

Prince. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty in this bosom of thine; it is all filled up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket!

152. *ought*, owed; the form was archaic in literature, though still current in uneducated English.

171. *my girdle break;* an allusion to the phrase 'ungirt, unblest'; which had a serious reference to the purse then commonly attached to the girdle, but became comic when applied to a girdle of the vast compass of Falstaff's.

why, thou whoreson, impudent, embossed rascal, if there were anything in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded, if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain: and yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket up wrong: art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest in the state of innocency Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villany? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty. You confess then, you picked my pocket?

Prince. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee: go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest I am pacified still. Nay, prithee, be gone. [*Exit Hostess.*] Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad, how is that answered?

Prince. O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee: the money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back; 'tis a double labour.

Prince. I am good friends with my father and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with unwashed hands too.

177. *embossed*, swollen.

181, 182. *if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries*, if there were any other 'injuries' which you have 'pocketed up.'

196. *still*, always.

206. *with unwashed hands*, at once, without a moment's delay even to wash. But there is probably a sly suggestion also of the sense: 'don't "wash your hands of it" afterwards and leave us to pay the penalty!'

Bard. Do, my lord.

Prince. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O for a fine thief, of the age of two and twenty or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous: I laud them, I praise them.

Prince. Bardolph!

Bard. My lord?

Prince. Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster, to my brother John; this to my Lord of Westmoreland. [*Exit Bardolph.*] Go, Peto, to horse, to horse; for thou and I have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time. [*Exit Peto.*] Jack, meet me to-morrow in the Temple Hall at two o'clock in the afternoon.
There shalt thou know thy charge; and there receive
Money and order for their furniture.
The land is burning; Percy stands on high;
And either we or they must lower lie. [*Exit.*

Fal. Rare words! brave world! Hostess, my breakfast, come!
O, I could wish this tavern were my drum! [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The rebel camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, *and* DOUGLAS.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot: if speaking truth

226. *furniture*, equipment.
230. *my drum*, probably 'headquarters, rallying-place.'

In this fine age were not thought flattery,
Such attribution should the Douglas have,
As not a soldier of this season's stamp
Should go so general current through the world.
By God, I cannot flatter; I do defy
The tongues of soothers; but a braver place
In my heart's love hath no man than yourself:
Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord.
Doug. Thou art the king of honour:
No man so potent breathes upon the ground
But I will beard him.
Hot. Do so, and 'tis well.

Enter a Messenger *with letters.*

What letters hast thou there?—I can but thank you.
Mess. These letters come from your father.
Hot. Letters from him! why comes he not himself?
Mess. He cannot come, my lord; he is grievous sick.
Hot. 'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick
In such a justling time? Who leads his power?
Under whose government come they along?
Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.
Wor. I prithee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?
Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;
And at the time of my departure thence
He was much fear'd by his physicians.
Wor. I would the state of time had first been whole
Ere he by sickness had been visited:
His health was never better worth than now.

3. *attribution*, praise.
7. *soothers*, smooth assenters, flatterers.
9. *task me*, etc.; challenge me to be as good as my word; put me to the proof.
24. *fear'd*, feared for.

Hot. Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprise;
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.
He writes me here, that inward sickness—
And that his friends by deputation could not
So soon be drawn, nor did he think it meet
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
On any soul removed but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,
That with our small conjunction we should on,
To see how fortune is disposed to us;
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Because the king is certainly possess'd
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?
Wor. Your father's sickness is a maim to us.
Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off:
And yet, in faith, it is not; his present want
Seems more than we shall find it: were it good
To set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one cast? to set so rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
It were not good; for therein should we read
The very bottom and the soul of hope,

31. The sense, and probably also the metre, is designedly incomplete, Hotspur reading merely a rapid epitome of the letter.

32. *by deputation*, by appeals made through others.

33. *drawn*, drawn together, assembled.

36. *advertisement*, advice.

40. *possess'd*, informed.

44. *his present want*, our present want of him.

47. *set so rich a main*, lay so heavy a stake.

49. *read*, etc., discern, written in unmistakable characters (the end of our fortunes).

50. *the soul of hope*, the very substance of our hope, all that we have to hope for. The line combines the notions of reaching the limit of hope, and exhausting its substance;—an ambiguity favoured by the double meaning of 'bottom,' base and substance, staple, and probably carried on by a deliberate pun in 'soul (sole).'

The very list, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.
Doug. 'Faith, and so we should;
Where now remains a sweet reversion:
We may boldly spend upon the hope of what
Is to come in:
A comfort of retirement lives in this.
Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and mischance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.
Wor. But yet I would your father had been here.
The quality and hair of our attempt
Brooks no division: it will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty and mere dislike
Of our proceedings kept the earl from hence:
And think how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction
And breed a kind of question in our cause;
For well you know we of the offering side
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement,
And stop all sight-holes, every loop from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us:
This absence of your father's draws a curtain,
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.
Hot. You strain too far.
I rather of his absence make this use:
It lends a lustre and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprise,
Than if the earl were here; for men must think,
If we without his help can make a head
To push against a kingdom, with his help

51. *list*, verge, boundary.
56. *A comfort of retirement*, a support to fall back upon.
61. *hair*, complexion, character.
78. *dare*, daring.

We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.
Doug. As heart can think: there is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear.

Enter SIR RICHARD VERNON.

Hot. My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul.
Ver. Pray God my news be worth a welcome, lord.
The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards; with him Prince John.
Hot. No harm: what more?
Ver. And further, I have learn'd,
The king himself in person is set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.
Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,
And bid it pass?
Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms;
All plumed like estridges, that with the wind
Bated, like eagles having lately bathed;
Glittering in golden coats, like images;
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;

85. *this term of fear*, this word 'fear.'

96. *daff'd . . . aside*, tossed aside, put by.

98. *like estridges, that with the wind bated*, like ostriches with their plumes fluttering in the wind, like eagles after bathing. (L.) Their plumes are first illustrated by the comparison with the ostrich, then the specific trait of 'fluttering in the wind' is illustrated by the further comparison to eagles after bathing.

99. *Bated*, flapped the wings as birds do after dipping.

100. *images*, saints' images.

Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.
Hot. No more, no more: worse than the sun in March,
This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come;
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war
All hot and bleeding will we offer them:
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh
And yet not ours. Come, let me taste my horse,
Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt
Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales:
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
Meet and ne'er part till one drop down a corse.
O that Glendower were come!
Ver. There is more news:
I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.
Doug. That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.
Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.
Hot. What may the king's whole battle reach unto?
Ver. To thirty thousand.

105. *cuisses*, thigh-pieces (of armour).
107. *And vaulted;* for the construction cf. note on ii. 4. 279.
113. *in their trim*, adorned, like beasts led to the altar.
114. *maid of smoky war*, the goddess Bellona.
119. *taste*, test, try.

Hot. Forty let it be: 130
My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of us may serve so great a day.
Come, let us take a muster speedily:
Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.
Doug. Talk not of dying: I am out of fear
Of death or death's hand for this one-half year.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A public road near Coventry.*

Enter FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of sack: our soldiers shall march through; we 'll to Sutton Co'fil' to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. An if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all; I 'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at town's end. 10

Bard. I will, captain: farewell. [*Exit.*

Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused gurnet. I have misused the king's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders, yeomen's sons; inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the banns; such a

3. *Sutton Co'fil';* the colloquial pronunciation of Sutton Coldfield, restored by the Camb. edd. from Qq Ff 'Sutton cop-hill' or 'Cop-hill.'

6. *makes,* makes up. Falstaff quibbles on the word. The value of the 'angel' varied from 6s. 8d. to 10s.

13. *soused,* pickled.

commodity of warm slaves, as had as lieve hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a calíver worse than a struck fowl or a hurt wild-duck. I pressed me none but such toasts-and-butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores; and such as indeed were never soldiers, but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters and ostlers trade-fallen, the cankers of a calm world and a long peace, ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old faced ancient: and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat: nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for indeed I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company;

19. *warm*, well-to-do.

21. *caliver*, musket.

22. *toasts-and-butter*, effeminately pampered fellows, 'cockneys'; like this last, a common term of contempt for Londoners.

26. *ancients*, ensigns.

27. *in the painted cloth*, i.e. the painted hangings of rooms, of which biblical stories were a common subject.

30. *younger sons to younger brothers*, i.e. men of desperate fortune, and ready for adventure.

32. *trade-fallen*, out of service.

33. *more dishonourable ragged than an old faced ancient*, more ragged, though less honourably ragged, than an old patched standard (Johnson).

and the half shirt is two napkins tacked together and thrown over the shoulders like an herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at Saint Alban's, or the red-nose innkeeper of Daventry. But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter the PRINCE *and* WESTMORELAND.

Prince. How now, blown Jack! how now, quilt!

Fal. What, Hal! how now, mad wag! what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire? My good Lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy: I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

West. Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already. The king, I can tell you, looks for us all: we must away all night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me: I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

Prince. I think, to steal cream indeed, for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack, whose fellows are these that come after?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

Prince. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut; good enough to toss; food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare, too beggarly.

48. *herald's coat without sleeves*, the tabard, or official sleeveless coat of the herald.

50, 51. St. Alban's and Daventry both lie on the highroad from London through Coventry to Shrewsbury.

63. *away all night*, march all night; so Q. Ff have 'away all tonight.'

71. *to toss*, i.e. on pikes.

Fal. 'Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their bareness, I am sure they never learned that of me.

Prince. No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs bare. But, sirrah, make haste: Percy is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the king encamped?

West. He is, Sir John: I fear we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well,
To the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a feast
Fits a dull fighter and a keen guest. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The rebel camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, *and* VERNON.

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

Doug. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good cousin, be advised; stir not to-night.

Ver. Do not, my lord.

Doug. You do not counsel well:
You speak it out of fear and cold heart.

Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,
And I dare well maintain it with my life,
If well-respected honour bid me on,
I hold as little counsel with weak fear
As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives:

Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle
Which of us fears.
Doug. Yea, or to-night.
Ver. Content.
Hot. To-night, say I.
Ver. Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much,
Being men of such great leading as you are,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition: certain horse
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up:
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horse is half the half of himself.
Hot. So are the horses of the enemy
In general, journey-bated and brought low:
The better part of ours are full of rest.
Wor. The number of the king exceedeth ours:
For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.
[*The trumpet sounds a parley.*

Enter SIR WALTER BLUNT.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king,
If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.
Hot. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; and would to God
You were of our determination!
Some of us love you well; and even those some
Envy your great deservings and good name,
Because you are not of our quality,
But stand against us like an enemy.
Blunt. And God defend but still I should stand so,

26. *journey-bated*, exhausted with the journey.
36. *of our quality*, of our sort, on our side.

So long as out of limit and true rule
You stand against anointed majesty.
But to my charge. The king hath sent to know
The nature of your griefs, and whereupon
You conjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land
Audacious cruelty. If that the king
Have any way your good deserts forgot,
Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefs; and with all speed
You shall have your desires with interest
And pardon absolute for yourself and these
Herein misled by your suggestion.
Hot. The king is kind; and well we know the king
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
My father and my uncle and myself
Did give him that same royalty he wears;
And when he was not six and twenty strong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,
My father gave him welcome to the shore;
And when he heard him swear and vow to God
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,
To sue his livery and beg his peace,
With tears of innocency and terms of zeal,
My father, in kind heart and pity moved,
Swore him assistance and perform'd it too.
Now when the lords and barons of the realm
Perceived Northumberland did lean to him,
The more and less came in with cap and knee;
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,

42. *griefs*, grievances.
ib. *whereupon*, on what pretext.
51. *suggestion*, instigation.
62. *sue his livery*; lay legal claim to his estates; cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 203, 204.
68. *more and less*, high and low.

Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs as pages, follow'd him
Even at the heels in golden multitudes.
He presently, as greatness knows itself,
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurgh;
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts and some strait decrees
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth,
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country's wrongs; and by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for;
Proceeded further; cut me off the heads
Of all the favourites that the absent king
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was personal in the Irish war.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then to the point.

In short time after, he deposed the king;
Soon after that, deprived him of his life;
And in the neck of that, task'd the whole state;
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March,
Who is, if every owner were well placed,
Indeed his king, to be engaged in Wales,
There without ransom to lie forfeited;
Disgraced me in my happy victories,
Sought to entrap me by intelligence;
Rated mine uncle from the council-board;
In rage dismiss'd my father from the court;

87. *In deputation*, as deputies.
88. *personal*, present in person.
92. *in the neck of that*, following hard upon that.
92. *task'd*, taxed.
95. *engaged*, kept as a hostage.
98. *by intelligence*, by means of spies (cf. 1 i. 3. 23 f.)

Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,
And in conclusion drove us to seek out
This head of safety; and withal to pry
Into his title, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance.
Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the king?
Hot. Not so, Sir Walter: we 'll withdraw awhile.
Go to the king; and let there be impawn'd
Some surety for a safe return again,
And in the morning early shall my uncle
Bring him our purposes: and so farewell.
Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and love.
Hot. And may be so we shall.
Blunt. Pray God you do.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *York. The* ARCHBISHOP'S *palace.*

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK *and* SIR MICHAEL.

Arch. Hie, good Sir Michael; bear this sealed brief
With winged haste to the lord marshal;
This to my cousin Scroop, and all the rest
To whom they are directed. If you knew
How much they do import, you would make haste.
Sir M. My good lord,
I guess their tenour.

103. *This head of safety*, this armed force, raised by us in self-defence.
108. *impawn'd*, pledged.
Sc. 4. Sir Michael. 'Sir' is his priestly title.
1. *brief*, document.
2. *marshal* (trisyllabic).
4. *To whom*, i.e. to those to whom.

Arch. Like enough you do.
To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch; for, sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly given to understand,
The king with mighty and quick-raised power
Meets with Lord Harry: and, I fear, Sir Michael,
What with the sickness of Northumberland,
Whose power was in the first proportion,
And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,
Who with them was a rated sinew too
And comes not in, o'er-ruled by prophecies,
I fear the power of Percy is too weak
To wage an instant trial with the king.
Sir M. Why, my good lord, you need not fear;
There is Douglas and Lord Mortimer.
Arch. No, Mortimer is not there.
Sir M. But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy,
And there is my Lord of Worcester and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.
Arch. And so there is: but yet the king hath drawn
The special head of all the land together:
The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
The noble Westmoreland and warlike Blunt;
And many moe corrivals and dear men
Of estimation and command in arms.
Sir M. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well opposed.
Arch. I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear;
And, to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed:

17. *a rated sinew*, an expected source of strength.
31. *corrivals*, associates.
31. *dear men of estimation*, men of dear estimation.

For if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the king
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,
For he hath heard of our confederacy,
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him:
Therefore make haste. I must go write again
To other friends; and so farewell, Sir Michael.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The* KING'S *camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter the KING, PRINCE OF WALES, LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER, SIR WALTER BLUNT, *and* FALSTAFF.

King. How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon busky hill! the day looks pale
At his distemperature.
Prince. The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves
Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.
King. Then with the losers let it sympathise,
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.
[*The trumpet sounds.*

Enter WORCESTER *and* VERNON.

How now, my Lord of Worcester! 'tis not well
That you and I should meet upon such terms

Sc. 1. Qq and Ff include the Earl of Westmoreland among the persons; but it appears from v. 2. 29-31 that he was in the rebel camp as a hostage till the return of Worcester.
2. *busky*, wooded, bosky.
4. *his*, the sun's.

As now we meet. You have deceived our trust,
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel:
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
What say you to it? will you again unknit
This churlish knot of all-abhorred war?
And move in that obedient orb again
Where you did give a fair and natural light,
And be no more an exhaled meteor,
A prodigy of fear and a portent
Of broached mischief to the unborn times?
Wor. Hear me, my liege:
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours; for I do protest,
I have not sought the day of this dislike.
King. You have not sought it? how comes it, then?
Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.
Prince. Peace, chewet, peace!
Wor. It pleased your majesty to turn your looks
Of favour from myself and all our house;
And yet I must remember you, my lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends.
For you my staff of office did I break
In Richard's time; and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
It was myself, my brother and his son,
That brought you home and boldly did outdare

17. *orb*, orbit.
19. *exhaled*, drawn up (as a vapour by the sun; the sixteenth-century theory of the origin of meteors).
24. *entertain*, occupy.
29. *chewet*, jackdaw, chatterer ('chouette').
32. *remember*, remind.

The dangers of the time. You swore to us,
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state;
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster:
To this we swore our aid. But in short space
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head;
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,
What with our help, what with the absent king,
What with the injuries of a wanton time,
The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
And the contrarious winds that held the king
So long in his unlucky Irish wars
That all in England did repute him dead:
And from this swarm of fair advantages
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
To gripe the general sway into your hand;
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster;
And being fed by us you used us so
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,
Useth the sparrow; did oppress our nest;
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk
That even our love durst not come near your sight
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing
We were enforced, for safety sake, to fly
Out of your sight and raise this present head;
Whereby we stand opposed by such means
As you yourself have forged against yourself
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

King. These things indeed you have articulate,

51. *sufferances*, sufferings.
60. *gull*, unfledged bird.
ib. *the cuckoo's bird*, the young cuckoo.
72. *articulate*, drawn out in articles.

Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,
To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine colour that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings and poor discontents,
Which gape and rub the elbow at the news
Of hurlyburly innovation:
And never yet did insurrection want
Such water-colours to impaint his cause;
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
Of pellmell havoc and confusion.

Prince. In both your armies there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy: by my hopes,
This present enterprise set off his head,
I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant or more valiant-young,
More daring or more bold, is now alive
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry;
And so I hear he doth account me too;
Yet this before my father's majesty—
I am content that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

King. And, Prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,

76. *discontents*, malcontents.
77. *rub the elbow*, a mark of satisfaction.
80. *water-colours*, i.e. colours of specious effect but no endurance.
88. *set off his head*, taken from his account.

Albeit considerations infinite
Do make against it. No, good Worcester, no,
We love our people well; even those we love
That are misled upon your cousin's part;
And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he and they and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again and I'll be his:
So tell your cousin, and bring me word
What he will do: but if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us
And they shall do their office. So, be gone;
We will not now be troubled with reply:
We offer fair; take it advisedly.

[*Exeunt Worcester and Vernon.*

Prince. It will not be accepted, on my life:
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
Are confident against the world in arms.

King. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge;
For, on their answer, will we set on them:
And God befriend us, as our cause is just!

[*Exeunt all but the Prince of Wales and Falstaff.*

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle and bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.

Prince. Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would 'twere bed-time, Hal, and all well.

Prince. Why, thou owest God a death.

[*Exit.*

Fal. 'Tis not due yet; I would be loath to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; honour pricks me on. Yea, but

122. *bestride*, i.e. defend me by standing over me.

how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg? no: or an arm? no: or take away the grief of a wound? no. Honour hath no skill in surgery, then? no. What is honour? a word. What is in that word honour? what is that honour? air. A trim reckoning! Who hath it? he that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? no. Doth he hear it? no. 'Tis insensible, then. Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? no. Why? detraction will not suffer it. Therefore I 'll none of it. Honour is a mere scutcheon: and so ends my catechism. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The rebel camp.*

Enter WORCESTER *and* VERNON.

Wor. O, no, my nephew must not know, Sir Richard,
The liberal and kind offer of the king.
Ver. 'Twere best he did.
Wor. Then are we all undone.
It is not possible, it cannot be,
The king should keep his word in loving us;
He will suspect us still and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults:
Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes;
For treason is but trusted like the fox,
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
Look how we can, or sad or merrily,

8. *Suspicion;* Rowe's correction for Qq Ff 'supposition.'
11. *a wild trick,* a dash of the wildness.

Interpretation will misquote our looks,
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot;
It hath the excuse of youth and heat of blood,
And an adopted name of privilege,
A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen:
All his offences live upon my head
And on his father's; we did train him on,
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,
In any case, the offer of the king.

Ver. Deliver what you will; I 'll say 'tis so.
Here comes your cousin.

Enter HOTSPUR *and* DOUGLAS.

Hot. My uncle is return'd:
Deliver up my Lord of Westmoreland.
Uncle, what news?

Wor. The king will bid you battle presently.

Doug. Defy him by the Lord of Westmoreland.

Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly. [*Exit.*

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid!

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,
By now forswearing that he is forsworn:
He calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

13. *misquote*, misread. 21. *train*, allure.
31. *bid*, offer.

Re-enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen; to arms! for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,
And Westmoreland, that was engaged, did bear it;
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.
Wor. The Prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the king,
And, nephew, challenged you to single fight.
Hot. O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads,
And that no man might draw short breath to-day
But I and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,
How show'd his tasking? seem'd it in contempt?
Ver. No, by my soul; I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urged more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man:
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue,
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle,
Making you ever better than his praise
By still dispraising praise valued with you;
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital of himself;
And chid his truant youth with such a grace
As if he master'd there a double spirit
Of teaching and of learning instantly.
There did he pause: but let me tell the world,
If he outlive the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,

44. *engaged*, detained as a hostage.
56. *gave you all the duties*, attributed to you all the due merits.
60. *valued with you*, compared with your merits.
62. *cital*, mention.

So much misconstrued in his wantonness.
Hot. Cousin, I think thou art enamoured
On his follies: never did I hear
Of any prince so wild a libertine.
But be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.
Arm, arm with speed: and, fellows, soldiers, friends,
Better consider what you have to do
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, here are letters for you.
Hot. I cannot read them now.
O gentlemen, the time of life is short!
To spend that shortness basely were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
An if we live, we live to tread on kings;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us!
Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My lord, prepare; the king comes on apace.
Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking; only this—
Let each man do his best: and here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day.

72. *libertine*, Capell's emendation; Qq_{1-4} 'libertie.'

Now, Esperance! Percy! and set on.
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that music let us all embrace;
For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy.
[*The trumpets sound. They embrace, and exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Plain between the camps.*

The KING *enters with his power. Alarum to the battle. Then enter* DOUGLAS *and* SIR WALTER BLUNT.

Blunt. What is thy name, that in the battle thus
Thou crossest me? what honour dost thou seek
Upon my head?
Doug. Know then, my name is Douglas;
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus
Because some tell me that thou art a king.
Blunt. They tell thee true.
Doug. The Lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought
Thy likeness, for instead of thee, King Harry,
This sword hath ended him: so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.
Blunt. I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death. [*They fight. Douglas kills Blunt.*

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,

97. *Esperance* (four syllables).

I never had triúmph'd upon a Scot.

Doug. All's done, all's won; here breathless lies the king.

Hot. Where?

Doug. Here.

Hot. This, Douglas? no: I know this face full well:

A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt;
Semblably furnish'd like the king himself.

Doug. A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes!

A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear:
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

Hot. The king hath many marching in his coats.

Doug. Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats;
I 'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the king.

Hot. Up, and away!
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter FALSTAFF, *solus.*

Fal. Though I could 'scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot here; here's no scoring but upon the pate. Soft! who are you? Sir Walter Blunt: there's honour for you! here's no vanity! I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too: God keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels. I have led my ragamuffins where they are peppered: there's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

21. *Semblably*, similarly.
30. *shot-free*, scot-free, without paying the score.
39. *the town's end*, at the gates, a common station for beggars.

Enter the PRINCE.

Prince. What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword:
Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are yet unrevenged: I prithee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. O Hal, I prithee, give me leave to breathe awhile. Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

Prince. He is, indeed; and living to kill thee. I prithee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou get'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

Prince. Give it me: what, is it in the case?

Fal. Ay, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot; there 's that will sack a city. [*The Prince draws it out, and finds it to be a bottle of sack.*

Prince. What, is it a time to jest and dally now? [*He throws the bottle at him. Exit.*

Fal. Well, if Percy be alive, I 'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so: if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath: give me life: which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there 's an end. [*Exit.*

46. *Turk Gregory;* Falstaff jocosely combines two characters associated in popular fame with military exploits, — the Sultan, and Pope Gregory VII.

59. *pierce;* pron. 'perce.'

61. *carbonado,* a slice of meat slashed for broiling.

SCENE IV. *Another part of the field.*

Alarum. Excursions. Enter the KING, *the* PRINCE, LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER, *and* EARL OF WESTMORELAND.

King. I prithee,
Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much.
Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.
Lan. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.
Prince. I beseech your majesty, make up,
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.
King. I will do so.
My Lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.
West. Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your tent.
Prince. Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help:
And God forbid a shallow scratch should drive
The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!
Lan. We breathe too long: come, cousin Westmoreland,
Our duty this way lies; for God's sake, come.
[*Exeunt Prince John and Westmoreland.*
Prince. By God, thou hast deceived me, Lancaster;
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:
Before, I loved thee as a brother, John;
But now, I do respect thee as my soul.
King. I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point

5. *make up*, advance to the front.
6. *amaze*, bewilder, confuse.
21. *hold . . . at the point*, i.e. parry his attacks.

With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.
Prince. O, this boy
Lends mettle to us all! [*Exit.*

Enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads:
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colours on them: what art thou,
That counterfeit'st the person of a king?
King. The king himself; who, Douglas, grieves at heart
So many of his shadows thou hast met
And not the very king. I have two boys
Seek Percy and thyself about the field:
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee: so, defend thyself.
Doug. I fear thou art another counterfeit;
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king:
But mine I am sure thou art, whoe'er thou be,
And thus I win thee. [*They fight; the King being in danger, re-enter Prince of Wales.*
Prince. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again! the spirits
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms:
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee;
Who never promiseth but he means to pay.
[*They fight: Douglas flies.*
Cheerly, my lord: how fares your grace?
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton: I'll to Clifton straight.
King. Stay, and breathe awhile:

Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion,
And show'd thou makest some tender of my life,
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.
Prince. O God! they did me too much injury
That ever said I hearken'd for your death.
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas over you,
Which would have been as speedy in your end
As all the poisonous potions in the world,
And saved the treacherous labour of your son.
King. Make up to Clifton: I 'll to Sir Nicholas Gawsey. [*Exit.*

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.
Prince. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.
Hot. My name is Harry Percy.
Prince. Why, then I see
A very valiant rebel of the name.
I am the Prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,
To share with me in glory any more:
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;
Nor can one England brook a double reign,
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.
Hot. Nor shall it, Harry; for the hour is come
To end the one of us; and would to God
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!
Prince. I 'll make it greater ere I part from thee;
And all the budding honours on thy crest
I 'll crop, to make a garland for my head.
Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities.
[*They fight.*

48. *opinion*, repute.
49. *makest some tender of*, hast some regard for.
65. *sphere*, orbit.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Well said, Hal! to it, Hal! Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Re-enter DOUGLAS; *he fights with* FALSTAFF, *who falls down as if he were dead, and exit* DOUGLAS. HOTSPUR *is wounded, and falls.*

Hot. O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth!
I better brook the loss of brittle life
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh:
But thought 's the slave of life, and life time's fool;
And time, that takes survéy of all the world,
Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue: no, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for— [*Dies.*

Prince. For worms, brave Percy: fare thee well, great heart!
Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough: this earth that bears thee dead
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so dear a show of zeal:
But let my favours hide thy mangled face;
And, even in thy behalf, I 'll thank myself

81, 82. 'Thought is dependent upon life, and life is subject to the caprice of time, and time, that controls all worldly things, must end.'

96. *my favours.* He covers Hotspur's face with his scarf.

For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!
Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!
[*He spieth Falstaff on the ground.*
What, old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better spared a better man:
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity!
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.
Embowell'd will I see thee by and by:
Till then in blood by noble Percy lie. [*Exit.*

Fal. [*Rising up*] Embowelled! if thou embowel me to-day, I 'll give you leave to powder me and eat me too to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit: to die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is discretion; in the which better part I have saved my life. 'Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead: how, if he should counterfeit too and rise? by my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I 'll make him sure; yea, and I 'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise as well as I?

100. *ignomy*; so F_1, F_2, Qq_{4-7}; the rest, 'ignominy.'
109. *Embowell'd*; i.e. for embalming.
112. *powder*, pickle.
115. *scot and lot*, taxes, contributions.

Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah [*stabbing him*], with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me. [*Takes up Hotspur on his back.*

Re-enter the PRINCE OF WALES *and* LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER.

Prince. Come, brother John; full bravely hast thou flesh'd
Thy maiden sword.
Lan. But, soft! whom have we here?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?
Prince. I did; I saw him dead,
Breathless and bleeding on the ground. Art thou alive?
Or is it fantasy that plays upon our eyesight?
I prithee, speak; we will not trust our eyes
Without our ears: thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double man: but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy [*throwing the body down*]: if your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

Prince. Why, Percy I killed myself, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying! I grant you I was down and out of breath; and so was he: but we rose both at an instant and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valour bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man

133. *flesh'd*, initiated in bloodshed.

were alive and would deny it, 'zounds, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

Lan. This is the strangest tale that ever I heard.

Prince. This is the strangest fellow, brother John.

Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[*A retreat is sounded.*

The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is ours.
Come, brother, let us to the highest of the field,
To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[*Exeunt Prince of Wales and Lancaster.*

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly as a nobleman should do.

[*Exit.*

SCENE V. *Another part of the field.*

The trumpets sound. Enter the KING, PRINCE OF WALES, LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER, EARL OF WESTMORELAND, *with* WORCESTER *and* VERNON *prisoners.*

King. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.
Ill-spirited Worcester! did not we send grace,
Pardon and terms of love to all of you?
And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary?
Misuse the tenour of thy kinsman's trust?
Three knights upon our party slain to-day,
A noble earl and many a creature else
Had been alive this hour,
If like a Christian thou hadst truly borne

Betwixt our armies true intelligence.
Wor. What I have done my safety urged me to;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.
King. Bear Worcester to the death and Vernon too:
Other offenders we will pause upon.
[*Exeunt Worcester and Vernon, guarded.*
How goes the field?
Prince. The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The noble Percy slain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest;
And falling from a hill, he was so bruised
That the pursuers took him. At my tent
The Douglas is; and I beseech your grace
I may dispose of him.
King. With all my heart.
Prince. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you
This honourable bounty shall belong:
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free:
His valour shown upon our crests to-day
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.
Lan. I thank your grace for this high courtesy,
Which I shall give away immediately.
King. Then this remains, that we divide our power.
You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland
Towards York shall bend you with your dearest speed,
To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:

14. *to the death;* 'the' is used of death inflicted by authority.

Myself and you, son Harry, will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower and the Earl of March.
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day:
And since this business so fair is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won. [*Exeunt.*

THE SECOND PART OF
KING HENRY THE FOURTH

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

RUMOUR, the Presenter.
KING HENRY the Fourth.
HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES, afterwards King Henry V.,
THOMAS, DUKE OF CLARENCE,
PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER,
PRINCE HUMPHREY OF GLOUCESTER. } his sons.
EARL OF WARWICK.
EARL OF WESTMORELAND.
EARL OF SURREY.
GOWER.
HARCOURT.
BLUNT.
Lord Chief-Justice of the King's Bench.
A Servant of the Chief-Justice.
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.
SCROOP, Archbishop of York.
LORD MOWBRAY.
LORD HASTINGS.
LORD BARDOLPH.
SIR JOHN COLEVILE.
TRAVERS and MORTON, retainers of Northumberland.
SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.
His Page.
BARDOLPH.
PISTOL.
POINS.
PETO.
SHALLOW, SILENCE, } country justices.
DAVY, Servant to Shallow.
MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, and BULLCALF, recruits.
FANG and SNARE, sheriff's officers.

LADY NORTHUMBERLAND.
LADY PERCY.
MISTRESS QUICKLY, hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.
DOLL TEARSHEET.

King Henry the Fourth

Lords and Attendants; Porter, Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, etc. A Dancer, speaker of the epilogue.

SCENE: *England.*

DURATION OF TIME

Historic Time.—July 21, 1403, to April 9, 1413.

Dramatic Time.—Nine historic days with three extra Falstaffian days and intervals.

	Historic Days.	Falstaffian Days.	
Day 1.	I. 1.		
	Interval.		
,, 2.	I. 3.	I. 2.	Day 1a.
		II. 1.	
		II. 2.	,, 2a.
	II. 3.	II. 4.	
	Interval.		
,, 3.	III. 1.		
	Interval.		
,, 4.	III. 2.		
	Interval.		
,, 5.	IV. 1.-3.		
	Interval.		
,, 6.	IV. 4., 5.		
,, 7.	V. 2.	V. 1.	
	Interval.		,, 3a.
,, 8.	V. 4.	V. 3.	
,, 9.	V. 5.		

THE SECOND PART OF

KING HENRY THE FOURTH

INDUCTION.

Warkworth. Before the castle.

Enter Rumour, *painted full of tongues.*

Rum. Open your ears; for which of you will stop
The vent of hearing when loud Rumour speaks?
I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth:
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace, while covert enmity
Under the smile of safety wounds the world:
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful musters and prepared defence,

Ind. Rumour, painted full of tongues. 'Rumour,' thus symbolically arrayed, frequently figured in Court pageants throughout the sixteenth century. The idea was ultimately derived from Vergil's picture of Fama, *Aen.* iv. 173 f.

2. *vent*, aperture.

Whiles the big year, swoln with some other grief,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures,
And of so easy and so plain a stop
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known body to anatomize
Among my household? Why is Rumour here?
I run before King Harry's victory;
Who in a bloody field by Shrewsbury
Hath beaten down young Hotspur and his troops,
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I
To speak so true at first? my office is
To noise abroad that Harry Monmouth fell
Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword,
And that the king before the Douglas' rage
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns
Between that royal field of Shrewsbury
And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,
Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
Lies crafty-sick: the posts come tiring on,
And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learn'd of me: from Rumour's tongues
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true wrongs. [*Exit.*

21. *anatomize*, lay open, interpret.
28. *To speak*, in speaking.
33. *peasant*, country, provincial.
35. *hold*, stronghold.
35. *ragged*, rugged.
37. *crafty-sick*. Holinshed says nothing of a real or feigned sickness of Northumberland.
37. *tiring on*, probably riding hard, without a pause.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *The same.*

Enter LORD BARDOLPH.

L. Bard. Who keeps the gate here, ho?

The Porter *opens the gate.*

Where is the earl?

Port. What shall I say you are?

L. Bard. Tell thou the earl
That the Lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

Port. His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard:
Please it your honour, knock but at the gate,
And he himself will answer.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

L. Bard. Here comes the earl.

[*Exit Porter.*

North. What news, Lord Bardolph? every minute now
Should be the father of some stratagem:
The times are wild; contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose
And bears down all before him.

L. Bard. Noble earl,
I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

North. Good, an God will!

L. Bard. As good as heart can wish:
The king is almost wounded to the death;

8. *stratagem*, dreadful or amazing deed.

And, in the fortune of my lord your son,
Prince Harry slain outright; and both the Blunts
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas; young Prince John
And Westmoreland and Stafford fled the field;
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk Sir John,
Is prisoner to your son: O, such a day,
So fought, so follow'd and so fairly won,
Came not till now to dignify the times,
Since Cæsar's fortunes!

North. How is this derived?
Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?

L. Bard. I spake with one, my lord, that came from thence,
A gentleman well bred and of good name,
That freely render'd me these news for true.

North. Here comes my servant Travers, whom I sent
On Tuesday last to listen after news.

Enter TRAVERS.

L. Bard. My lord, I over-rode him on the way;
And he is furnish'd with no certainties
More than he haply may retail from me.

North. Now, Travers, what good tidings comes with you?

Tra. My lord, Sir John Umfrevile turn'd me back
With joyful tidings; and, being better horsed,
Out-rode me. After him came spurring hard
A gentleman, almost forspent with speed,
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse.
He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him
I did demand what news from Shrewsbury:

37. *forspent*, utterly exhausted.

He told me that rebellion had bad luck
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold.
With that, he gave his able horse the head,
And bending forward struck his armed heels
Against the panting sides of his poor jade
Up to the rowel-head, and starting so
He seem'd in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer question.
North. Ha! Again:
Said he young Harry Percy's spur was cold?
Of Hotspur Coldspur? that rebellion
Had met ill luck?
L. Bard. My lord, I 'll tell you what;
If my young lord your son have not the day,
Upon mine honour, for a silken point
I 'll give my barony: never talk of it.
North. Why should that gentleman that rode by Travers
Give then such instances of loss?
L. Bard. Who, he?
He was some hilding fellow that had stolen
The horse he rode on, and, upon my life,
Spoke at a venture. Look, here comes more news.

Enter MORTON.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume:
So looks the strand whereon the imperious flood
Hath left a witness'd usurpation.
Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?
Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord;

53. *point*, the tagged lace that supported the hose.
56. *instances*, evidences.
57. *hilding*, base groom.
62a. *whereon*, so Q; Ff 'when.'
63. *a witness'd usurpation*, witnesses of its usurpation.

Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask
To fright our party.
North. How doth my son and brother?
Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him half his Troy was burnt;
But Priam found the fire ere he his tongue,
And I my Percy's death ere thou report'st it.
This thou wouldst say, 'Your son did thus and thus;
Your brother thus: so fought the noble Douglas:'
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds:
But in the end, to stop my ear indeed,
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
Ending with 'Brother, son, and all are dead.'
Mor. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet;
But, for my lord your son,—
North. Why, he is dead.
See what a ready tongue suspicion hath!
He that but fears the thing he would not know
Hath by instinct knowledge from others' eyes
That what he fear'd is chanced. Yet speak, Morton;
Tell thou an earl his divination lies,
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.
Mor. You are too great to be by me gainsaid:
Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.
North. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead.
I see a strange confession in thine eye:
Thou shakest thy head and hold'st it fear or sin
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so;

The tongue offends not that reports his death:
And he doth sin that doth belie the dead,
Not he which says the dead is not alive.
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office, and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd tolling a departing friend.

L. Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.

Mor. I am sorry I should force you to believe
That which I would to God I had not seen;
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
Rendering faint quittance, wearied and outbreathed,
To Harry Monmouth; whose swift wrath beat down
The never-daunted Percy to the earth,
From whence with life he never more sprung up.
In few, his death, whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the best-temper'd courage in his troops;
For from his metal was his party steel'd;
Which once in him abated, all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead:
And as the thing that 's heavy in itself,
Upon enforcement flies with greatest speed,
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear
That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
Fly from the field. Then was that noble Worcester
Too soon ta'en prisoner; and that furious Scot,

101. *a losing office*, an office that brings him but loss.
108. *quittance*, requital.

The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword
Had three times slain the appearance of the king,
'Gan vail his stomach and did grace the shame
Of those that turn'd their backs, and in his flight,
Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all
Is that the king hath won, and hath sent out
A speedy power to encounter you, my lord,
Under the conduct of young Lancaster
And Westmoreland. This is the news at full.
North. For this I shall have time enough to mourn.
In poison there is physic; and these news,
Having been well, that would have made me sick,
Being sick, have in some measure made me well:
And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,
Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms, even so my limbs,
Weaken'd with grief, being now enraged with grief,
Are thrice themselves. Hence, therefore, thou nice crutch!
A scaly gauntlet now with joints of steel
Must glove this hand: and hence, thou sickly quoif!
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head
Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron; and approach
The ragged'st hour that time and spite dare bring
To frown upon the enraged Northumberland!
Let heaven kiss earth! now let not Nature's hand

129. *'Gan vail his stomach,* humbled his spirit.
138. *Having been well;* referring to *me*, i.e. 'had I been well.'
145. *nice*, effeminate.
147. *thou sickly quoif*, the invalid's head-bandage or 'kerchief.'
149. *flesh'd*, made fierce.
151. *ragged'st*, roughest.

Keep the wild flood confined! let order die!
And let this world no longer be a stage
To feed contention in a lingering act;
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead!

Tra. This strained passion doth you wrong, my lord.

L. Bard. Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your honour.

Mor. The lives of all your loving complices
Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er
To stormy passion, must perforce decay.
You cast the event of war, my noble lord,
And summ'd the account of chance, before you said
'Let us make head.' It was your presurmise,
That, in the dole of blows, your son might drop:
You knew he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge,
More likely to fall in than to get o'er;
You were advised his flesh was capable
Of wounds and scars, and that his forward spirit
Would lift him where most trade of danger ranged:
Yet did you say 'Go forth;' and none of this,
Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
The stiff-borne action: what hath then befallen,
Or what hath this bold enterprise brought forth,
More than that being which was like to be?

L. Bard. We all that are engaged to this loss

156. *To feed contention in a lingering act*, where civil war drags out its course through successive scenes;—a reference perhaps to the 'long jars' of York and Lancaster.

166-179. Omitted in Q.

169. *dole*, dealing.

174. *where most trade of danger ranged*, where danger chiefly walked or haunted.

Knew that we ventured on such dangerous seas
That if we wrought out life 'twas ten to one;
And yet we ventured, for the gain proposed
Choked the respect of likely peril fear'd;
And since we are o'erset, venture again.
Come, we will all put forth, body and goods.
Mor. 'Tis more than time: and, my most noble lord,
I hear for certain, and do speak the truth,
The gentle Archbishop of York is up
With well-appointed powers: he is a man
Who with a double surety binds his followers.
My lord your son had only but the corpse,
But shadows and the shows of men, to fight;
For that same word, rebellion, did divide
The action of their bodies from their souls;
And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd,
As men drink potions, that their weapons only
Seem'd on our side; but, for their spirits and souls,
This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
As fish are in a pond. But now the bishop
Turns insurrection to religion:
Supposed sincere and holy in his thoughts,
He's followed both with body and with mind;
And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
Of fair King Richard, scraped from Pomfret stones;
Derives from heaven his quarrel and his cause;
Tells them he doth bestride a bleeding land,
Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke;
And more and less do flock to follow him.

184. *respect*, consideration.
189-209. Omitted in Q.
192. *corpse;* plur. for corpses (F_1 'corpes'). L.
196. *queasiness*, qualms.
204. *doth enlarge his rising*, increases the number of his supporters by posing as the avenger of Richard.
209. *more and less*, high and low.

North. I knew of this before; but, to speak truth,
This present grief had wiped it from my mind.
Go in with me; and counsel every man
The aptest way for safety and revenge:
Get posts and letters, and make friends with speed:
Never so few, and never yet more need. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *London. A street.*

Enter FALSTAFF, *with his* Page *bearing his sword and buckler.*

Fal. Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water?

Page. He said, sir, the water itself was a good healthy water; but, for the party that owed it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me: the brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee like a sow that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgement. Thou whoreson mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap

8. *foolish-compounded clay, man;* clay compounded of folly. Q Ff 'foolish compounded clay-man.'

17. *mandrake,* the mandragore plant, the root of which was thought to resemble a human figure; hence a term of ridicule for a diminutive man, a 'mannikin.'

than to wait at my heels. I was never manned with an agate till now: but I will inset you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel,—the juvenal, the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledged. I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand than he shall get one on his cheek; and yet he will not stick to say his face is a face-royal: God may finish it when he will, 'tis not a hair amiss yet: he may keep it still at a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it; and yet he 'll be crowing as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he 's almost out of mine, I can assure him. What said Master Dombledon about the satin for my short cloak and my slops?

Page. He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph: he would not take his band and yours; he liked not the security.

Fal. Let him be damned, like the glutton! pray God his tongue be hotter! A whoreson Achitophel! a rascally yea-forsooth knave! to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security! The whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is through with them in honest taking up, then they must

18. *manned with an agate*, i.e. with an image cut in agate, —referring both to the page's diminutive stature and to his smooth face.

26. *face-royal*, the face stamped on the 'royal' or ten-shilling piece.

37. *band*, bond.

41. *a . . . yea-forsooth knave*, referring (like Hotspur in the First Part) to the mild oaths of city tradesmen.

42. *bear . . . in hand*, fawningly delude with false hopes.

43. *smooth-pates*, sleek-headed fellows.

46. *taking up*, buying on credit.

stand upon security. I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth as offer to stop it with security. I looked a' should have sent me two and twenty yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and he sends me security. Well, he may sleep in security; for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it: and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lanthorn to light him. Where's Bardolph?

Page. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship a horse.

Fal. I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield: an I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were manned, horsed, and wived.

Enter the Lord Chief-Justice *and* Servant.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

Fal. Wait close; I will not see him.

Ch. Just. What's he that goes there?

Serv. Falstaff, an't please your lordship.

Ch. Just. He that was in question for the robbery?

Serv. He, my lord: but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury; and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the Lord John of Lancaster.

Ch. Just. What, to York? Call him back again.

58. *I bought him in Paul's*, i.e. hired him in the nave of St. Paul's, then the promenade and informal Exchange of London, where 'advertisements were fixed up, bargains made, servants hired, and politics discussed' (Nares).

61. *Enter the Lord Chief-Justice.* This was Sir William Gascoigne.

Serv. Sir John Falstaff!

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Page. You must speak louder; my master is deaf.

Ch. Just. I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good. Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.

Serv. Sir John!

Fal. What! a young knave, and begging! Is there not wars? is there not employment? doth not the king lack subjects? do not the rebels need soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Serv. You mistake me, sir.

Fal. Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat, if I had said so.

Serv. I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside; and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which grows to me! If thou gettest any leave of me, hang me; if thou takest leave, thou wert better be hanged. You hunt counter: hence! avaunt!

Serv. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Ch. Just. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord! God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad: I heard say your lordship was sick: I hope your lordship goes abroad by advice.

102. *hunt counter*, are on a wrong scent; 'avaunt' was habitually used in driving away a dog.

Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltness of time; and I most humbly beseech your lordship to have a reverent care of your health.

Ch. Just. Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

Fal. An 't please your lordship, I hear his majesty is returned with some discomfort from Wales.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his majesty: you would not come when I sent for you.

Fal. And I hear, moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, God mend him! I pray you, let me speak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an 't please your lordship; a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

Ch. Just. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath it original from much grief, from study and perturbation of the brain: I have read the cause of his effects in Galen: it is a kind of deafness.

Ch. Just. I think you are fallen into the disease; for you hear not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an 't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Ch. Just. To punish you by the heels would

110. *clean*, altogether.
131. *it*, its; so Q, F_1 F_2.
137 f. The Q denotes the speaker here by *Old*, i.e., as Theobald suggested, 'Oldcastle.'
141. *punish by the heels*, imprison.

amend the attention of your ears; and I care not if I do become your physician.

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient: your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or indeed a scruple itself.

Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt cannot live in less.

Ch. Just. Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

Ch. Just. You have misled the youthful prince.

Fal. The young prince hath misled me: I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

Ch. Just. Well, I am loath to gall a new-healed wound: your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gad's-hill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er-posting that action.

Fal. My lord?

Ch. Just. But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping wolf.

Fal. To wake a wolf is as bad as to smell a fox.

171. *o'er-posting*, escaping, getting clear of.

Ch. Just. What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A wassail candle, my lord, all tallow: if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair on your face but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

Ch. Just. You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

Fal. Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light; but I hope he that looks upon me will take me without weighing: and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go: I cannot tell. Virtue is of so little regard in these costermonger times that true valour is turned bear-herd: pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings: all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You that are old consider not the capacities of us that are young; you do measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls: and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

Ch. Just. Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? is not your voice broken? your wind short? your chin double? your wit single? and every part

179. *wassail candle*, a large candle used at banquets.

190. *I cannot go: I cannot tell;* quibbling allusion to light coinage is continued in the words '*go*,' 'pass current,' '*tell*,' 'count as good money.'

192. *bear-herd*, keeper of a tame bear.

192. *pregnancy*, mental agility.

198. *our livers* (as the seat of the passions).

about you blasted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John!

Fal. My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head and something a round belly. For my voice, I have lost it with halloing and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgement and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him! For the box of the ear that the prince gave you, he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him for it, and the young lion repents; marry, not in ashes and sackcloth, but in new silk and old sack.

Ch. Just. Well, God send the prince a better companion!

Fal. God send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Just. Well, the king hath severed you and Prince Harry: I hear you are going with Lord John of Lancaster against the Archbishop and the Earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yea; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady Peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day; for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, and I brandish any thing but a bottle, I would I might never spit white again.

213. *halloing.* Does Falstaff mean 'hallelu-ing'? L.

214. *approve*, prove.

237. *would I might never spit white;* this was regarded as a sign of health: 'The whitte spittle not knotty signifieth health,' says Batman upon Bartholome, quoted by Furnivall. It was also regarded as a sign of thirst; and may hence, in Falstaff's mouth, have referred to the immediate concomitant of thirst, —drink.

There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head but I am thrust upon it: well, I cannot last ever: but it was alway yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If ye will needs say I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is: I were better to be eaten to death with a rust than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.

Ch. Just. Well, be honest, be honest; and God bless your expedition!

Fal. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish me forth?

Ch. Just. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well: commend me to my cousin Westmoreland.

[*Exeunt Chief-Justice and Servant.*

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle. A man can no more separate age and covetousness than a' can part young limbs and lechery: but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the degrees prevent my curses. Boy!

Page. Sir?

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats and two pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. Go bear this letter to my Lord of Lancaster; this to the prince; this to the Earl of Westmoreland;

240-247. *but it was . . . motion;* omitted in Ff.

253. *crosses,* (quibbling) (1) afflictions; (2) coins stamped with a cross.

255. *a three-man beetle,* a rammer wielded by three men.

265. *lingers,* prolongs.

and this to old Mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin. About it: you know where to find me. [*Exit Page.*] A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one or the other plays the rogue with my great toe. 'Tis no matter if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable. A good wit will make use of any thing: I will turn diseases to commodity. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *York. The* ARCHBISHOP'S *palace.*

Enter the ARCHBISHOP, *the* LORDS HASTINGS, MOWBRAY, *and* BARDOLPH.

Arch. Thus have you heard our cause and known our means;
And, my most noble friends, I pray you all,
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes:
And first, lord marshal, what say you to it?

Mowb. I well allow the occasion of our arms;
But gladly would be better satisfied
How in our means we should advance ourselves
To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the power and puissance of the king.

Hast. Our present musters grow upon the file
To five and twenty thousand men of choice;
And our supplies live largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns
With an incensed fire of injuries.

L. Bard. The question then, Lord Hastings, standeth thus;
Whether our present five and twenty thousand

278. *commodity*, merchandise; a means of profit.
3. *hopes*, prospects.

May hold up head without Northumberland?
Hast. With him, we may.
L. Bard. Yea, marry, there's the point:
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgement is, we should not step too far
Till we had his assistance by the hand;
For, in a theme so bloody-faced as this,
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise
Of aids incertain should not be admitted.
Arch. 'Tis very true, Lord Bardolph; for indeed
It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.
L. Bard. It was, my lord; who lined himself with hope,
Eating the air on promise of supply,
Flattering himself in project of a power
Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts:
And so, with great imagination
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,
And winking leap'd into destruction.
Hast. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt
To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope.
L. Bard. Yes, if this present quality of war,

27. *lined*, stuffed, supported.
29. *in project*, in the idea.
ib. *a power much smaller;* i.e. the actual forces at his disposal were far outnumbered by the smallest he imagined 'in project.'
30. 'Smaller in reality than his least exaggerated estimate of it.'
33. *winking*, with closed eyes, blindly.
35. *forms of hope*, probable issues.
36, 37. This is the text of Ff. No convincing emendation of it has been proposed. The error probably lies in the word 'indeed'; the simplest substitute for which is 'induced' (Monck Mason). This gives an excellent sense. Lord Bardolph replies: 'Yes (*i.e.* it did hurt to lay down likelihoods, etc.), if the momentary aspect of the war, so arrived at, induced immediate action; since a cause once set on foot has always more chances against it than for it.' More radical changes were proposed by Malone, Johnson, Capell. The Camb. edd. prefer to leave the text untouched.
36-55. *Yes . . . else;* omitted in Q.

Indeed the instant action: a cause on foot
Lives so in hope as in an early spring
We see the appearing buds; which to prove fruit,
Hope gives not so much warrant as despair
That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model;
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection;
Which if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then but draw anew the model
In fewer offices, or at last desist
To build at all? Much more, in this great work,
Which is almost to pluck a kingdom down
And set another up, should we survey
The plot of situation and the model,
Consent upon a sure foundation,
Question surveyors, know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo,
To weigh against his opposite; or else
We fortify in paper and in figures,
Using the names of men instead of men:
Like one that draws the model of a house
Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,
Gives o'er and leaves his part-created cost
A naked subject to the weeping clouds
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

Hast. Grant that our hopes, yet likely of fair birth,
Should be still-born, and that we now possess'd
The utmost man of expectation,
I think we are a body strong enough,
Even as we are, to equal with the king.

38. *in hope*, with respect to hope; its hopes are as uncertain.
42. *model*, plan.
60. *cost*, i.e. the product of cost, the building.
61. *A naked subject to*, nakedly exposed to. 'To' strictly belongs to 'naked.'

L. Bard. What, is the king but five and twenty thousand?

Hast. To us no more; nay, not so much, Lord Bardolph.

For his divisions, as the times do brawl,
Are in three heads: one power against the French,
And one against Glendower; perforce a third
Must take up us: so is the unfirm king
In three divided; and his coffers sound
With hollow poverty and emptiness.

Arch. That he should draw his several strengths together
And come against us in full puissance,
Need not be dreaded.

Hast. If he should do so,
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welsh
Baying him at the heels: never fear that.

L. Bard. Who is it like should lead his forces hither?

Hast. The Duke of Lancaster and Westmoreland;
Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Monmouth:
But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
I have no certain notice.

Arch. Let us on,
And publish the occasion of our arms.
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice;
Their over-greedy love hath surfeited:
An habitation giddy and unsure

69. *To us*, in regard to us, as far as we are concerned.

71. *against the French;* this probably alludes to the French force which landed at Milford in 1405, advanced to Worcester, and then turned and retreated westward.

80. *Baying him*, driving him to bay.

82. *The Duke of Lancaster*, i.e. Prince John of Lancaster. In reality, he never possessed this title, remaining Prince John until his brother's accession, when he was made Duke of Bedford.

85-108. *Let us . . . worst;* omitted in Q.

Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond many, with what loud applause
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,
Before he was what thou wouldst have him be!
And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,
That thou provokest thyself to cast him up.
So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard;
And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these times?
They that, when Richard lived, would have him die,
Are now become enamour'd on his grave:
Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head
When through proud London he came sighing on
After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,
Criest now 'O earth, yield us that king again,
And take thou this!' O thoughts of men accursed!
Past and to come seems best; things present worst.
Mowb. Shall we go draw our numbers and set on?
Hast. We are time's subjects, and time bids be gone. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *London. A street.*

Enter HOSTESS, FANG *and his* Boy *with her, and* SNARE *following.*

Host. Master Fang, have you entered the action?

94. *trimm'd in thine own desires,* furnished with all you wanted.

Fang. It is entered.

Host. Where's your yeoman? Is't a lusty yeoman? will a' stand to't?

Fang. Sirrah, where's Snare?

Host. O Lord, ay! good Master Snare.

Snare. Here, here.

Fang. Snare, we must arrest Sir John Falstaff.

Host. Yea, good Master Snare; I have entered him and all.

Snare. It may chance cost some of us our lives, for he will stab.

Host. Alas the day! take heed of him; he stabbed me in mine own house, and that most beastly: in good faith, he cares not what mischief he does, if his weapon be out: he will foin like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

Host. No, nor I neither: I'll be at your elbow.

Fang. An I but fist him once; an a' come but within my vice,—

Host. I am undone by his going; I warrant you, he's an infinitive thing upon my score. Good Master Fang, hold him sure: good Master Snare, let him not 'scape. A' comes continuantly to Pie-corner—saving your manhoods—to buy a saddle; and he is indited to dinner to the Lubber's-head in Lumbert street, to Master Smooth's the silkman: I pray ye, since my exion is entered and my case so openly known to the world, let him

4. *your yeoman*, the sheriff's officer's servant; a sort of under-bailiff.

17. *foin*, thrust.

24. *vice*, clutches.

26. *infinitive*, infinite.

30. *the Lubber's-head*, the libbard's (leopard's) head.

31. *Lumbert*, Lombard.

be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long one for a poor lone woman to bear: and I have borne, and borne, and borne, and have been fubbed off, and fubbed off, and fubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing; unless a woman should be made an ass and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong. Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmsey-nose knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your offices: Master Fang and Master Snare, do me, do me, do me your offices.

Enter FALSTAFF, PAGE, *and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. How now! whose mare's dead? what's the matter?

Fang. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of Mistress Quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets! Draw, Bardolph: cut me off the villain's head: throw the quean in the channel.

Host. Throw me in the channel! I'll throw thee in the channel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue! Murder, murder! Ah, thou honey-suckle villain! wilt thou kill God's officers and the king's? Ah, thou honey-seed rogue! thou art a honey-seed, a man-queller, and a woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

34. *A hundred mark is a long one*, i.e. a long mark, a large score. Theobald proposed 'a long loan,' thus obtaining a new quibble with 'lone'; but this is not necessary.

37. *fubbed off*, put off with idle excuses.

46. *whose mare's dead;* a proverbial phrase for 'What has happened?'

55. *bastardly;* Mrs. Quickly blunders between 'bastard' and 'dastardly.'

56. *honey-suckle*, i.e. homicidal. So 'honey-seed' below for 'homicide.'

58. *man-queller*, man-killer.

Fang. A rescue! a rescue!

Host. Good people, bring a rescue or two. Thou wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't ta? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-seed!

Fal. Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you fustilarian! I'll tickle your catastrophe.

Enter the LORD CHIEF-JUSTICE, *and his men.*

Ch. Just. What is the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

Host. Good my lord, be good to me. I beseech you, stand to me.

Ch. Just. How now, Sir John! what are you brawling here?
Doth this become your place, your time and business?
You should have been well on your way to York.
Stand from him, fellow: wherefore hang'st upon him?

Host. O my most worshipful lord, an 't please your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. Just. For what sum?

Host. It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all, all I have. He hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his: but I will have some of it out again, or I will ride thee o' nights like the mare.

Fal. I think I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Just. How comes this, Sir John? Fie!

65. *rampallian*, a term of low abuse, commonly applied to women.

66. *fustilarian;* an abusive word, apparently coined by Falstaff, as if from 'fusty' or 'fustian.'

66. *catastrophe*, i.e. *pars postrema.*

85. *vantage of ground*, favourable opportunity.

what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not ashamed to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

Fal. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Host. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Wheeson week, when the prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing-man of Windsor, thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people; saying that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath: deny it, if thou canst.

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says up and down the town that her eldest son is like you: she hath been in good case, and the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you I may have redress against them.

Ch. Just. Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the

88. *exclamation*, outcry.
97. *liking*, likening.
101. *Keech*; cf. note to 1 *Henry IV.* ii. 4. 252.

true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration: you have, as it appears to me, practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and in person.

Host. Yea, in truth, my lord.

Ch. Just. Pray thee, peace. Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villany you have done her: the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this sneap without reply. You call honourable boldness impudent sauciness: if a man will make courtesy and say nothing, he is virtuous: no, my lord, my humble duty remembered, I will not be your suitor. I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs.

Ch. Just. You speak as having power to do wrong: but answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hostess.

Enter GOWER.

Ch. Just. Now, Master Gower, what news?

Gow. The king, my lord, and Harry Prince of Wales
Are near at hand: the rest the paper tells.

Fal. As I am a gentleman.

Host. Faith, you said so before.

133. *undergo this sneap*, submit to this rebuke.

142. *answer in the effect of your reputation*, respond to her suit in the manner conformable to your position.

143. *satisfy*, pay.

145. *Gower.* Probably intended for the poet, a zealous adherent of Henry IV.

Fal. As I am a gentleman. Come, no more words of it.

Host. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking: and for thy walls, a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the Prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work, is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, an 'twere not for thy humours, there's not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw the action. Come, thou must not be in this humour with me; dost not know me? come, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

Host. Pray thee, Sir John, let it be but twenty nobles: i' faith, I am loath to pawn my plate, so God save me, la!

Fal. Let it alone; I 'll make other shift: you 'll be a fool still.

Host. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope you 'll come to supper. You 'll pay me all together?

152. *By this heavenly ground;* a confusion of 'by heaven' and 'by this ground.'

155. *glasses is the only drinking.* Harrison (*Descr. of England*, ed. 1587, ii. 6; quoted by Adams) attests that the costly glass of Venice and Murano was then more in request with 'our gentilitie' than gold or silver.

156. *drollery;* probably, here, a representation of some farcical incident.

157. *the German hunting,* probably a boar-hunt.

157. *in water-work,* water-colours; probably some kind of rough distemper.

158. *these bed-hangings,* a derisive term for wall tapestries.

159. *Let it be ten pound.* Falstaff 'satisfies' his creditor by requiring a new loan.

162. *draw,* withdraw.

166. *but twenty nobles,* i.e. £6 : 13 : 4.

Fal. Will I live? [*To Bardolph*] Go, with her, with her; hook on, hook on.

Host. Will you have Doll Tearsheet meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words; let's have her.

[*Exeunt Hostess, Bardolph, Officers, and Boy.*

Ch. Just. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my lord?

Ch. Just. Where lay the king last night?

Gow. At Basingstoke, my lord.

Fal. I hope, my lord, all's well: what is the news, my lord?

Ch. Just. Come all his forces back?

Gow. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse,
Are march'd up to my lord of Lancaster,
Against Northumberland and the Archbishop.

Fal. Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?

Ch. Just. You shall have letters of me presently:
Come, go along with me, good Master Gower.

Fal. My lord!

Ch. Just. What's the matter?

Fal. Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gow. I must wait upon my good lord here; I thank you, good Sir John.

Ch. Just. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, Master Gower?

Ch. Just. What foolish master taught you these manners, Sir John?

Fal. Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me. This is the

right fencing grace, my lord; tap for tap, and so part fair.

Ch. Just. Now the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *London. Another street.*

Enter PRINCE HENRY *and* POINS.

Prince. Before God, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is 't come to that? I had thought weariness durst not have attached one of so high blood.

Prince. Faith, it does me; though it discolours the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer?

Poins. Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied as to remember so weak a composition.

Prince. Belike then my appetite was not princely got; for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me to remember thy name! or to know thy face tomorrow! or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast, viz. these, and those that were thy peach-coloured ones! or to bear the inventory of thy shirts, as, one for superfluity, and another for use! But that the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee when thou keepest not racket there; as

206. *tap for tap*, tit for tat.

3. *attached*, arrested, taken possession of.

5. *discolours the complexion of my greatness*, puts me to an unprincely blush.

10. *studied*, inclined.

thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland: and God knows, whether those that bawl out the ruins of thy linen shall inherit his kingdom: but the midwives say the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthened.

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have laboured so hard, you should talk so idly! Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is?

Prince. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

Poins. Yes, faith; and let it be an excellent good thing.

Prince. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to; I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell.

Prince. Marry, I tell thee, it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick: albeit I could tell to thee, as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend, I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poins. Very hardly upon such a subject.

Prince. By this hand, thou thinkest me as far in the devil's book as thou and Falstaff for obduracy and persistency: let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is so sick: and keeping such vile company as thou art hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

Poins. The reason?

26-30. *and God . . . strengthened;* omitted in Ff.

27. *out*, out of; the allusion is to Poins' illegitimate children, who 'bawl' in swaddling-clothes made out of his old shirts.

49. *book*, register, record.

50. *persistency*, stubbornness.

54. *ostentation*, manifestation.

Prince. What wouldst thou think of me, if I should weep?

Poins. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

Prince. It would be every man's thought; and thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks: never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine: every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought to think so?

Poins. Why, because you have been so lewd and so much engraffed to Falstaff.

Prince. And to thee.

Poins. By this light, I am well spoke on; I can hear it with mine own ears: the worst that they can say of me is that I am a second brother and that I am a proper fellow of my hands; and those two things, I confess, I cannot help. By the mass, here comes Bardolph.

Enter BARDOLPH *and* Page.

Prince. And the boy that I gave Falstaff: a' had him from me Christian; and look, if the fat villain have not transformed him ape.

Bard. God save your grace!

Prince. And yours, most noble Bardolph!

Bard. Come, you virtuous ass, you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man-at-arms are you become! Is 't such a matter to get a pottle-pot's maidenhead?

64. *accites*, induces.
67. *engraffed to*, attached to.
72. *a proper fellow of my hands*, a shapely and agile man.
83. *pottle-pot*, tankard holding two quarts.

Page. A' calls me e'en now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window: at last I spied his eyes, and methought he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat and so peeped through.

Prince. Has not the boy profited?

Bard. Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away!

Page. Away, you rascally Althæa's dream, away!

Prince. Instruct us, boy; what dream, boy?

Page. Marry, my lord, Althæa dreamed she was delivered of a fire-brand; and therefore I call him her dream.

Prince. A crown's worth of good interpretation: there 'tis, boy.

Poins. O, that this good blossom could be kept from cankers! Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

Bard. An you do not make him hanged among you, the gallows shall have wrong.

Prince. And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

Bard. Well, my lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town: there 's a letter for you.

Poins. Delivered with good respect. And how doth the martlemas, your master?

Bard. In bodily health, sir.

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a phy-

85. *through a red lattice*, i.e. out of a low tavern; these houses being distinguished by their red lattices. A quibble on Bardolph's red face.

96. The page confuses Althæa, who snatched the fire-brand from the hearth, with Hecuba, who dreamed—before the birth of Paris—that she would be delivered of a fire-brand. [The story is correctly referred to in 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 234, *Tr. and Cres.* ii. 2. 110. L.]

110. *martlemas*, Martinmas; hence of a person in the November of life, like 'All-hallown summer,' 1 *Henry IV.* i. 2. 178.

sician; but that moves not him: though that be sick, it dies not.

Prince. I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog; and he holds his place; for look you how he writes.

Poins. [*Reads*] 'John Falstaff, knight,'—every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself: even like those that are kin to the king; for they never prick their finger but they say, 'There's some of the king's blood spilt.' 'How comes that?' says he, that takes upon him not to conceive. The answer is as ready as a borrower's cap, 'I am the king's poor cousin, sir.'

Prince. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But to the letter:

Poins. [*Reads*] 'Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry Prince of Wales, greeting.' Why, this is a certificate.

Prince. Peace!

Poins. [*Reads*] 'I will imitate the honourable Romans in brevity:' he sure means brevity in breath, short-winded. 'I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins; for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou mayest; and so, farewell.

> 'Thine, by yea and no, which is as much as to say, as thou usest him, JACK FALSTAFF with my familiars, JOHN with my brothers and sisters, and SIR JOHN with all Europe.'

125. *borrower's cap;* Theobald's excellent emendation for Q Ff 'borrowed cap.'

My lord, I 'll steep this letter in sack and make him eat it.

Prince. That 's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?

Poins. God send the wench no worse fortune! But I never said so.

Prince. Well, thus we play the fools with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us. Is your master here in London?

Bard. Yea, my lord.

Prince. Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank?

Bard. At the old place, my lord, in Eastcheap.

Prince. What company?

Page. Ephesians, my lord, of the old church.

Prince. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old Mistress Quickly and Mistress Doll Tearsheet.

Prince. What pagan may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

Prince. Even such kin as the parish heifers are to the town bull. Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

Poins. I am your shadow, my lord; I 'll follow you.

Prince. Sirrah, you boy, and Bardolph, no word to your master that I am yet come to town: there 's for your silence.

Bard. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine, sir, I will govern it.

160. *frank*, enclosure, sty.
164. *Ephesians*, boon-companions.

Prince. Fare you well; go. [*Exeunt Bardolph and Page.*] This Doll Tearsheet should be some road.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between Saint Alban's and London.

Prince. How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

Poins. Put on two leathern jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

Prince. From a God to a bull? a heavy descension! it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation! that shall be mine; for in every thing the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Warkworth. Before the castle.*

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, LADY NORTHUMBERLAND, *and* LADY PERCY.

North. I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,
Give even way unto my rough affairs:
Put not you on the visage of the times
And be like them to Percy troublesome.

Lady N. I have given over, I will speak no more:
Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.

North. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn;
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

186. *bestow himself*, deport himself, behave.
193. *descension*, decline.

Lady P. O yet, for God's sake, go not to these wars!
The time was, father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endear'd to it than now;
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,
Threw many a northward look to see his father
Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain.
Who then persuaded you to stay at home?
There were two honours lost, yours and your son's.
For yours, the God of heaven brighten it!
For his, it stuck upon him as the sun
In the grey vault of heaven, and by his light
Did all the chivalry of England move
To do brave acts: he was indeed the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves:
He had no legs that practised not his gait;
And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish,
Became the accents of the valiant;
For those that could speak low and tardily
Would turn their own perfection to abuse,
To seem like him: so that in speech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humours of blood,
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashion'd others. And him, O wondrous him!
O miracle of men! him did you leave,
Second to none, unseconded by you,
To look upon the hideous god of war
In disadvantage; to abide a field
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name

11. *endear'd*, deeply bound.
12. *heart's dear*, so Q; Ff have 'heart-dear.'
24. *thick*, with indistinct abruptness.

Did seem defensible: so you left him.
Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong
To hold your honour more precise and nice
With others than with him! let them alone:
The marshal and the archbishop are strong:
Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,
To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.
North. Beshrew your heart,
Fair daughter, you do draw my spirits from me
With new lamenting ancient oversights.
But I must go and meet with danger there,
Or it will seek me in another place
And find me worse provided.
Lady N. O, fly to Scotland,
Till that the nobles and the armed commons
Have of their puissance made a little taste.
Lady P. If they get ground and vantage of the king,
Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,
To make strength stronger; but, for all our loves,
First let them try themselves. So did your son;
He was so suffer'd: so came I a widow;
And never shall have length of life enough
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,
That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,
For recordation to my noble husband.
North. Come, come, go in with me. 'Tis with my mind
As with the tide swell'd up unto his height,
That makes a still-stand, running neither way:
Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,
But many thousand reasons hold me back.

38. *defensible*, capable of offering resistance.
55. *for all our loves*, as you love us all.
61. *For recordation to*, in memory of.

I will resolve for Scotland: there am I,
Till time and vantage crave my company.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *London. The Boar's-head Tavern in Eastcheap.*

Enter two Drawers.

First Draw. What the devil hast thou brought there? apple-johns? thou knowest Sir John cannot endure an apple-john.

Sec. Draw. Mass, thou sayest true. The prince once set a dish of apple-johns before him, and told him there were five more Sir Johns, and, putting off his hat, said 'I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, withered knights.' It angered him to the heart: but he hath forgot that.

First Draw. Why, then, cover, and set them down: and see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise; Mistress Tearsheet would fain hear some music. Dispatch: the room where they supped is too hot; they 'll come in straight.

Sec. Draw. Sirrah, here will be the prince and Master Poins anon; and they will put on two of our jerkins and aprons; and Sir John must not know of it: Bardolph hath brought word.

First Draw. By the mass, here will be old Utis: it will be an excellent stratagem.

Sec. Draw. I 'll see if I can find out Sneak.

[*Exit.*

13. *noise*, band of musicians.

21. *old Utis*, rare fun (from Utas, O. Fr. 'huitaves,' originally the time between a festival and the eighth day after it).

Enter Hostess *and* DOLL TEARSHEET.

Host. I' faith, sweetheart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality: your pulsidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose, in good truth, la! But, i' faith, you have drunk too much canaries; and that's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can say 'What's this?' How do you now?

Dol. Better than I was: hem!

Host. Why, that's well said; a good heart's worth gold. Lo, here comes Sir John.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. [*Singing.*] 'When Arthur first in court' —Empty the jordan. [*Exit First Drawer*].— [*Singing*] 'And was a worthy king.' How now, Mistress Doll!

Host. Sick of a calm; yea, good faith.

Fal. So is all her sect; an they be once in a calm, they are sick.

Dol. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. You make fat rascals, Mistress Doll.

Dol. I make them! gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

Fal. If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, Doll: we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

Dol. Yea, joy, our chains and our jewels.

36. '*When Arthur first*,' etc. Percy's *Reliques*. A fragment of the ballad of Sir Lancelot du Lake, reprinted in
40. *calm*, for 'qualm.'
41. *sect*, sex.

Fal. 'Your brooches, pearls, and ouches:' for to serve bravely is to come halting off, you know: to come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely; to venture upon the charged chambers bravely,—

Dol. Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself!

Host. By my troth, this is the old fashion; you two never meet but you fall to some discord: you are both, i' good truth, as rheumatic as two dry toasts; you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good-year! one must bear, and that must be you: you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

Dol. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hogshead? there's a whole merchant's venture of Bourdeaux stuff in him; you have not seen a hulk better stuffed in the hold. Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack: thou art going to the wars; and whether I shall ever see thee again or no, there is nobody cares.

Re-enter First Drawer.

First Draw. Sir, Ancient Pistol's below, and would speak with you.

Dol. Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither: it is the foul-mouthed'st rogue in England.

Host. If he swagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith; I must live among my neighbours; I'll no swaggerers: I am in good name and fame with the very best: shut the door; there comes no swaggerers here: I have not

53. *ouches*, ornaments. The line is a scrap of an old ballad.
62. *rheumatic*, a blunder for hot, choleric.
64. *good-year*, probably a corruption of Fr. 'goujère,' a disease.

lived all this while, to have swaggering now: shut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Dost thou hear, hostess?

Host. Pray ye, pacify yourself, Sir John: there comes no swaggerers here.

Fal. Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

Host. Tilly-fally, Sir John, ne'er tell me: your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before Master Tisick, the debuty, t'other day; and, as he said to me, 'twas no longer ago than Wednesday last, 'I' good faith, neighbour Quickly,' says he; Master Dumbe, our minister, was by then; 'neighbour Quickly,' says he, 'receive those that are civil; for,' said he, 'you are in an ill name:' now a' said so, I can tell whereupon; 'for,' says he, 'you are an honest woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what guests you receive: receive,' says he, 'no swaggering companions.' There comes none here: you would bless you to hear what he said: no, I'll no swaggerers.

Fal. He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater, i' faith; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound: he'll not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance. Call him up, drawer.

[*Exit First Drawer.*

Host. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater: but I do not love swaggering, by my troth; I am the worse, when one says swagger: feel, masters, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you do, hostess.

105. *tame cheater*, (a cant term) sharper (at dice or cards).

111. *cheater;* the hostess understands 'escheator,' exchequer-officer.

Host. Do I? yea, in very troth, do I, an 'twere an aspen leaf: I cannot abide swaggerers.

Enter PISTOL, BARDOLPH, *and* Page.

Pist. God save you, Sir John!

Fal. Welcome, Ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hostess.

Pist. I will discharge upon her, Sir John, with two bullets.

Fal. She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offend her.

Host. Come, I'll drink no proofs nor no bullets: I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

Pist. Then to you, Mistress Dorothy; I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me! I scorn you, scurvy companion. What! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your master.

Pist. I know you, Mistress Dorothy.

Dol. Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung, away! by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, an you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt stale juggler, you! Since when, I pray you, sir? God's light, with two points on your shoulder? much!

Pist. God let me not live, but I will murder your ruff for this.

138. *bung*, sharper.

139. *cuttle*, cut-purse.

141. *basket-hilt stale juggler*, a worn-out practiser of sword-tricks.

142. *points*, laces, probably the marks of his commission.

Fal. No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here: discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

Host. No, good Captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

Dol. Captain! thou abominable damned cheater, art thou not ashamed to be called captain? An captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earned them. You a captain! you slave, for what! for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house? He a captain! hang him, rogue! He lives upon mouldy stewed prunes and dried cakes. A captain! God's light, these villains will make the word as odious as the word 'occupy;' which was an excellent good word before it was ill sorted: therefore captains had need look to't.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, Mistress Doll.

Pist. Not I: I tell thee what, Corporal Bardolph, I could tear her: I'll be revenged of her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Pist. I'll see her damned first; to Pluto's damned lake, by this hand, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down, down, dogs! down, faitors! Have we not Hiren here?

Host. Good Captain Peesel, be quiet; 'tis

146-148. Omitted in Ff.

158. *stewed prunes*, a customary article of food in houses of ill-fame.

162. *was ill sorted*, fell into bad company. It had acquired an obscene suggestion.

173. *faitors*, evil-doers.

173. *Have we not Hiren here?* Probably a scrap from G. Peele's lost tragedy, *The Turkish Mahomet and the Fair Greek Hiren* (*i.e.* Irene). [Pistol probably connects Hiren and 'iron,' and touches his sword when asking the question. L.]

very late, i' faith: I beseek you now, aggravate your choler.

Pist. These be good humours, indeed! Shall pack-horses
And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia,
Which cannot go but thirty mile a-day,
Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals,
And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with
King Cerberus; and let the welkin roar.
Shall we fall foul for toys?

Host. By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.

Pist. Die men like dogs! give crowns like pins! Have we not Hiren here?

Host. O' my word, captain, there 's none such here. What the good-year! do you think I would deny her? For God's sake, be quiet.

Pist. Then feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis.
Come, give 's some sack.
'Si fortune me tormente, sperato me contento.'
Fear we broadsides? no, let the fiend give fire:
Give me some sack: and, sweetheart, lie thou there. [*Laying down his sword.*

178, 179. A slightly perverted quotation from Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*:—

Holla, ye pamper'd jades of Asia;
What, can ye draw but twenty miles a day?

180. *Cannibals*, i.e. Hannibals.

183. *toys*, idle whims.

193. *feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis;* a parody of two bits of Peele's *Battle of Alcazar:* Muley Mahomet presents to his wife a piece of lion's flesh on the point of a sword, with the words: '*Feed* then and faint not, *fair Calipolis*'; subsequently, '*Feed and be fat*, that we may meet the foe.'

195. '*Si fortune*,' etc. This was current both in a French and an Italian form; it is not clear how much Pistol's version owes to his own corruptions.

Come we to full points here; and are etceteras nothing?

Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif: what! we have seen the seven stars.

Dol. For God's sake, thrust him down stairs: I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

Pist. Thrust him down stairs! know we not Galloway nags?

Fal. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling: nay, an a' do nothing but speak nothing, a' shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down stairs.

Pist. What! shall we have incision? shall we imbrue? [*Snatching up his sword.*

Then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days!
Why, then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds
Untwine the Sisters Three! Come, Atropos, I say!

Host. Here 's goodly stuff toward!

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.

Fal. Get you down stairs.

[*Drawing, and driving Pistol out.*

Host. Here 's a goodly tumult! I 'll forswear keeping house, afore I 'll be in these tirrits and

198. *Come to full points*, come to a full stop.

200. *neif*, fist.

201. *seen the seven stars*, spent many a night together.

205. *Galloway nags*, common hackneys.

206. *shove-groat shilling;* a shilling (originally a groat) used in the game of 'shove-groat,' the coin being dexterously pushed along a board with the object of causing it to rest within certain marked spaces.

210. *imbrue*, draw blood.

211. *Then death rock me asleep;* the opening of a song attributed to Anne Boleyn.

213. *the Sisters Three*, the three Fates; one of whom, Atropos 'the implacable,' wielded the 'abhorred shears' that slit the thread of human fate.

frights. So; murder, I warrant now. Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons. [*Exeunt Pistol and Bardolph.*

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal's gone. Ah, you whoreson little valiant villain, you!

Host. Are you not hurt i' the groin? methought a' made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

Fal. Have you turned him out o' doors?

Bard. Yea, sir. The rascal's drunk: you have hurt him, sir, i' the shoulder.

Fal. A rascal! to brave me!

Dol. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweatest! come, let me wipe thy face; come on, you whoreson chops: ah, rogue! i' faith, I love thee: thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the Nine Worthies: ah, villain!

Fal. A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

Dol. Do, an thou darest for thy heart: an thou dost, I'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets.

Enter Music.

Page. The music is come, sir.

Fal. Let them play. Play, sirs. Sit on my knee, Doll. A rascal bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

Dol. I' faith, and thou followedst him like a church. Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew

250. *tidy*, here a pet-word, with no very definite sense; normally it meant 'timely' as well as 'neat,' and could thus be applied to the pig *in prime condition* for the Fair.

boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting o' days and foining o' nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

Enter, behind, PRINCE HENRY *and* POINS, *disguised.*

Fal. Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's-head; do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrah, what humour 's the prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: a' would have made a good pantler, a' would ha' chipped bread well.

Dol. They say Poins has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit 's as thick as Tewksbury mustard; there 's no more conceit in him than is in a mallet.

Dol. Why does the prince love him so, then?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness, and a' plays at quoits well, and eats conger and fennel, and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons, and rides the wild-mare with the boys, and jumps upon joined-stools, and swears with a good grace, and wears his boots very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg, and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories; and such other gambol faculties a' has, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoirdupois.

258. *pantler*, servant who had charge of the pantry.

266. *conger and fennel* were regarded as provocatives.

267. *flap-dragons*, pieces of burning material swallowed with wine; the process was a fashionable amusement of the time.

268. *rides the wild-mare*, plays see-saw.

271. *the sign of the leg*, suspended over shoemakers' shops.

271. *bate*, quarrelling, discord. Poins, it is insinuated, tells *in*discreet (*i.e.* indecent) stories.

Prince. Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

Poins. Let 's beat him before his whore.

Prince. Look, whether the withered elder hath not his poll clawed like a parrot.

Poins. Is it not strange that desire should so many years outlive performance?

Fal. Kiss me, Doll.

Prince. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction! what says the almanac to that?

Poins. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be not lisping to his master's old tables, his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering busses.

Dol. By my troth, I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt have a kirtle of? I shall receive money o' Thursday: shalt have a cap tomorrow. A merry song, come: it grows late; we 'll to bed. Thou 'lt forget me when I am gone.

Dol. By my troth, thou 'lt set me a-weeping, an thou sayest so: prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return: well, hearken at the end.

Fal. Some sack, Francis.

Prince. } Anon, anon, sir. [*Coming forward.*
Poins. }

288. *the fiery Trigon.* The twelve signs of the zodiac were divided into four 'trigons' or 'triplicities'; one consisting of the three 'fiery' signs (Aries, Leo, Sagittarius), the others of the three airy, the three watery, and the three earthly signs. When the three chief planets were in the three fiery signs they were said to form a 'fiery Trigon' (*Trigonum igneum*).

289. *lisping to his master's old tables,* courting his master's old mistress; 'tables' were note-books.

Fal. Ha! a bastard son of the king's? And art not thou Poins his brother?

Prince. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead!

Fal. A better than thou: I am a gentleman; thou art a drawer.

Prince. Very true, sir; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Host. O, the Lord preserve thy good grace! by my troth, welcome to London. Now, the Lord bless that sweet face of thine! O Jesu, are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty, by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

Dol. How, you fat fool! I scorn you.

Poins. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

Prince. You whoreson candle-mine, you, how vilely did you speak of me even now before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman!

Host. God's blessing of your good heart! and so she is, by my troth.

Fal. Didst thou hear me?

Prince. Yea, and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gad's-hill: you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no; not so; I did not think thou wast within hearing.

Prince. I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abuse; and then I know how to handle you.

308. *Poins his*, Poins's.

320. *by this light flesh*, etc.; Falstaff amplifies the common oath, 'by this light.'

326. *candle-mine*, 'tallow-pit.'

Fal. No abuse, Hal, o' mine honour; no abuse.

Prince. Not to dispraise me, and call me pantler and bread-chipper and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse, Hal.

Poins. No abuse?

Fal. No abuse, Ned, i' the world; honest Ned, none. I dispraised him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him; in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal: none, Ned, none: no, faith, boys, none.

Prince. See now, whether pure fear and entire cowardice doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us? is she of the wicked? is thine hostess here of the wicked? or is thy boy of the wicked? or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

Poins. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

Fal. The fiend hath pricked down Bardolph irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy, there is a good angel about him; but the devil outbids him too.

Prince. For the women?

Fal. For one of them, she is in hell already, and burns poor souls. For the other, I owe her money; and whether she be damned for that, I know not.

Host. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not; I think thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in

358. *thou dead elm;* Falstaff is apparently so called 'on account of the weak support he had given to Doll Tearsheet' (his 'vine' or 'female ivy') (Schmidt).

361. *malt-worms,* topers.

thy house, contrary to the law; for the which I think thou wilt howl.

Host. All victuallers do so: what's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

Prince. You, gentlewoman,—

Dol. What says your grace?

Fal. His grace says that which his flesh rebels against. [*Knocking within.*

Host. Who knocks so loud at door? Look to the door there, Francis.

Enter PETO.

Prince. Peto, how now! what news?

Peto. The king your father is at Westminster;
And there are twenty weak and wearied posts
Come from the north: and, as I came along,
I met and overtook a dozen captains,
Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,
And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.

Prince. By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,
So idly to profane the precious time,
When tempest of commotion, like the south
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my sword and cloak. Falstaff, good night.
[*Exeunt Prince Henry, Poins, Peto, and Bardolph.*

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we must hence and leave it unpicked. [*Knocking within.*] More knocking at the door!

373. *contrary to the law.* Repeated enactments were made during the reigns of Elizabeth and James to repress the sale of meat during Lent, with imperfect success as the dramatists attest.

393. *Borne with*, laden with.

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

How now! what 's the matter?

Bard. You must away to court, sir, presently; A dozen captains stay at door for you.

Fal. [*To the Page*] Pay the musicians, sirrah. Farewell, hostess; farewell, Doll. You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after: the undeserver may sleep, when the man of action is called on. Farewell, good wenches: if I be not sent away post, I will see you again ere I go.

Dol. I cannot speak; if my heart be not ready to burst,—well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

Fal. Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt Falstaff and Bardolph.*

Host. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these twenty nine years, come peascod-time; but an honester and truer-hearted man,—well, fare thee well.

Bard. [*Within*] Mistress Tearsheet!

Host. What 's the matter?

Bard. [*Within*] Bid Mistress Tearsheet come to my master.

Host. O, run, Doll, run; run, good Doll: come. [*She comes blubbered.*] Yea, will you come, Doll? [*Exeunt.*

420, 421. In Ff this speech ends at 'run, good Doll.' In Q the direction 'she comes blubbered' is printed as if spoken.

421. *blubbered*, sobbing.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Westminster. The palace.*

Enter the KING *in his nightgown, with a* Page.

King. Go call the Earls of Surrey and of Warwick;
But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,
And well consider of them: make good speed.
[*Exit Page.*
How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! O sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sound of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile
In loathsome beds, and leavest the kingly couch
A watch-case or a common 'larum-bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,

1. This scene was omitted in some copies of the Q, and supplied afterwards by the insertion of two extra leaves.

17. *A watch-case*, sentry-box.

Curling their monstrous heads and hanging them
With deafening clamour in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,
And in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then happy low, lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a CROWN.

Enter WARWICK *and* SURREY.

War. Many good morrows to your majesty!
King. Is it good morrow, lords?
War. 'Tis one o'clock, and past.
King. Why, then, good morrow to you all, my lords.
Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?
War. We have, my liege.
King. Then you perceive the body of our kingdom
How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it.
War. It is but as a body yet distemper'd;
Which to his former strength may be restored
With good advice and little medicine:
My Lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.
King. O God! that one might read the book of fate,
And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent,
Weary of solid firmness, melt itself

25. *That*, so that.

30. *Then happy low, lie down!* Ye happy low-born ones, take your rest. The Q confused this obvious sense by reading 'then (happy) low lie down,' improved by Warburton to 'then happy lowly clown,' which many editors adopt.

Into the sea! and, other times, to see
The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.
'Tis not ten years gone
Since Richard and Northumberland, great friends,
Did feast together, and in two years after
Were they at wars: it is but eight years since
This Percy was the man nearest my soul,
Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs
And laid his love and life under my foot,
Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by—
You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember—
[*To Warwick.*
When Richard, with his eye brimful of tears,
Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,
Did speak these words, now proved a prophecy?
'Northumberland, thou ladder by the which
My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne;'
Though then, God knows, I had no such intent,
But that necessity so bow'd the state
That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss:
'The time shall come,' thus did he follow it,
'The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption:' so went on,

50. *ocean* (three syllables).

60. *but eight years since.* This would bring the supposed historic date of this scene to 1407. The death of Glendower, reported at v. 103, happened according to Holinshed in 1408-1409 (actually in 1415).

66. *cousin Nevil;* the name is transferred from the Warwicks of Henry VI.'s reign. The title at this time belonged to the family of Beauchamp.

Foretelling this same time's condition
And the division of our amity.
War. There is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceased;
The which observed, a man may prophesy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life, which in their seeds
And weak beginnings lie intreasured.
Such things become the hatch and brood of time;
And by the necessary form of this
King Richard might create a perfect guess
That great Northumberland, then false to him,
Would of that seed grow to a greater falseness;
Which should not find a ground to root upon,
Unless on you.
King. Are these things then necessities?
Then let us meet them like necessities:
And that same word even now cries out on us:
They say the bishop and Northumberland
Are fifty thousand strong.
War. It cannot be, my lord;
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the fear'd. Please it your grace
To go to bed. Upon my soul, my lord,
The powers that you already have sent forth
Shall bring this prize in very easily.
To comfort you the more, I have received
A certain instance that Glendower is dead.
Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill,
And these unseason'd hours perforce must add
Unto your sickness.
King. I will take your counsel:

87. *the necessary form of this*, the form which this historic observation necessarily assumed.
103. *instance*, proof.
105. *unseason'd*, unseasonable, untimely.

And were these inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Gloucestershire. Before* JUSTICE SHALLOW'S *house.*

Enter SHALLOW *and* SILENCE, *meeting;* MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, BULLCALF, *a Servant or two with them.*

Shal. Come on, come on, come on, sir; give me your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir: an early stirrer, by the rood! And how doth my good cousin Silence?

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bed-fellow? and your fairest daughter and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

Sil. Alas, a black ousel, cousin Shallow!

Shal. By yea and nay, sir, I dare say my cousin William is become a good scholar: he is at Oxford still, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, sir, to my cost.

Shal. A' must, then, to the inns o' court shortly. I was once of Clement's Inn, where I think they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were called 'lusty Shallow' then, cousin.

Shal. By the mass, I was called any thing; and I would have done any thing indeed too, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit

Scene 2. Shallow. This character probably embodies some of the foibles of Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote, according to a credible tradition an early enemy of Shakespeare.

21. *roundly*, offhand, without ceremony.

of Staffordshire, and black George Barnes, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele, a Cots'ol' man; you had not four such swinge-bucklers in all the inns o' court again: and I may say to you, we knew where the bona-robas were and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now Sir John, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.

Sil. This Sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers?

Shal. The same Sir John, the very same. I see him break Skogan's head at the court-gate, when a' was a crack not thus high: and the very same day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's Inn. Jesu, Jesu, the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of my old acquaintance are dead!

Sil. We shall all follow, cousin.

Shal. Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure: death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

Sil. By my troth, I was not there.

23. *a Cots'ol' man*, one renowned in the races and wrestlings periodically held on Cotswold. Q has 'Cotsole,' Ff 'Cot-sal-,' phonetic forms, like 'Sutton Co'fil'' (1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 2. 3).

24. *swinge-bucklers*, swash-bucklers, roysterers.

26. *bona-robas*, handsome wenches.

28. *page to Thomas Mowbray.* One of the few details in which the actual history of Sir John Oldcastle is preserved. See Introduction.

33. *Skogan.* Two famous persons of this name lived in the fifteenth century: (1) Henry Scogan, the Court poet of Henry IV. and friend of Chaucer; (2) John Scogan, the Court jester of Edward IV. and subject of a well-known Elizabethan chap-book, *Scogin's Jests*, 1565. Shakespeare probably meant the jester, but assigned him to the period of the poet.

34. *crack*, imp, pert little boy.

36. *behind Gray's Inn;* then a sequestered spot in the open fields.

42. *How*, i.e. what is the price of (*quanti?*).

Shal. Death is certain. Is old Double of your town living yet?

Sil. Dead, sir.

Shal. Jesu, Jesu, dead! a' drew a good bow; and dead! a' shot a fine shoot: John a Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead! a' would have clapped i' the clout at twelve score; and carried you a forehand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see. How a score of ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old Double dead?

Sil. Here come two of Sir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

Enter BARDOLPH *and one with him.*

Bard. Good morrow, honest gentlemen: I beseech you, which is Justice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor esquire of this county, and one of the king's justices of the peace: what is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My captain, sir, commends him to you; my captain, Sir John Falstaff, a tall gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well, sir. I knew him a

51. *clapped i' the clout at twelve score*, hit the pin in the centre of the target at twelve score yards.

52. *carried you a forehand shaft*, shot fourteen (score yards) . . . with a 'forehand shaft.' The exact character of this arrow is doubtful; but Ascham (*Toxoph.* p. 126) implies that it was one with which the archer shot 'right afore him'; it was preferably made, according to Ascham, with a 'big breast,' in order 'to bear the great weight of the bow.' The utmost range of the sixteenth-century archers is supposed to have not exceeded 300 yards, or half a score more than 'old Double.'

67. *tall*, stout, valiant.

good backsword man. How doth the good knight? may I ask how my lady his wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife.

Shal. It is well said, in faith, sir; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated! it is good; yea, indeed, is it: good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated! it comes of 'accommodo:' very good; a good phrase.

Bard. Pardon me, sir; I have heard the word. Phrase call you it? by this good day, I know not the phrase; but I will maintain the word with my sword to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command, by heaven. Accommodated; that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or when a man is, being, whereby a' may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.

Shal. It is very just.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Look, here comes good Sir John. Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand: by my troth, you like well and bear your years very well: welcome, good Sir John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good Master Robert Shallow: Master Surecard, as I think?

72-79. *accommodated*, supplied. The word appears to have suddenly become current, in several shades of meaning, in the last years of the century; Jonson used it in this colloquial sense about the same time in *Every Man in his Humour*. Probably it was still, in this sense, a cockneyism.

92. *like well*, are in good 'liking,' physical condition. Ff 'look well.'

95. *Surecard*, an old name for a boon-companion.

Shal. No, Sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

Fal. Good Master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good worship is welcome.

Fal. Fie! this is hot weather, gentlemen. Have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

Shal. Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll? Let me see, let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so, so, so, so: yea, marry, sir: Ralph Mouldy! Let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so. Let me see; where is Mouldy?

Moul. Here, an't please you.

Shal. What think you, Sir John? a good-limbed fellow; young, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy?

Moul. Yea, an't please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert used.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i' faith! things that are mouldy lack use: very singular good! in faith, well said, Sir John, very well said.

Fal. Prick him.

Moul. I was pricked well enough before, an you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now for one to do her husbandry and her drudgery: you need not to have pricked me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to: peace, Mouldy; you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent!

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside: know

you where you are? For the other, Sir John: let me see: Simon Shadow!

Fal. Yea, marry, let me have him to sit under: he 's like to be a cold soldier.

Shal. Where 's Shadow?

Shad. Here, sir.

Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou?

Shad. My mother's son, sir.

Fal. Thy mother's son! like enough, and thy father's shadow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the male: it is often so, indeed; but much of the father's substance!

Shal. Do you like him, Sir John?

Fal. Shadow will serve for summer; prick him, for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.

Shal. Thomas Wart!

Fal. Where 's he?

Wart. Here, sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea, sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him down, Sir John?

Fal. It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! you can do it, sir; you can do it: I commend you well. Francis Feeble!

Fee. Here, sir.

Fal. What trade art thou, Feeble?

Fee. A woman's tailor, sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir?

142. *much of the father's substance*, so Qq. This ironical 'much' is preferable to the 'not' of Ff.

145, 146. *shadows to fill up the muster-book*, i.e. bogus names which the recruiting officer entered in his list and for which he drew pay; a common source of military revenue.

Fal. You may: but if he had been a man's tailor, he 'ld ha' pricked you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

Fee. I will do my good will, sir: you can have no more.

Fal. Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove or most magnanimous mouse. Prick the woman's tailor: well, Master Shallow; deep, Master Shallow.

Fee. I would Wart might have gone, sir.

Fal. I would thou wert a man's tailor, that thou mightst mend him and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier that is the leader of so many thousands: let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

Fee. It shall suffice, sir.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble. Who is next?

Shal. Peter Bullcalf o' the Green!

Fal. Yea, marry, let 's see Bullcalf.

Bull. Here, sir.

Fal. 'Fore God, a likely fellow! Come, prick me Bullcalf till he roar again.

Bull. O Lord! good my lord captain,—

Fal. What, dost thou roar before thou art pricked?

Bull. O Lord, sir! I am a diseased man.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bull. A whoreson cold, sir, a cough, sir, which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs upon his coronation-day, sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a

171. *magnanimous*, heroic.
177. *the leader of so many thousands*, viz. in his ragged dress.

gown; we will have away thy cold; and I will take such order that thy friends shall ring for thee. Is here all?

Shal. Here is two more called than your number; you must have but four here, sir: and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, by my troth, Master Shallow.

Shal. O, Sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in Saint George's field?

Fal. No more of that, good Master Shallow, no more of that.

Shal. Ha! 'twas a merry night. And is Jane Nightwork alive?

Fal. She lives, Master Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with me.

Fal. Never, never; she would always say she could not abide Master Shallow.

Shal. By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bona-roba. Doth she hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, Master Shallow.

Shal. Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old; certain she's old; and had Robin Nightwork by old Nightwork before I came to Clement's Inn.

Sil. That's fifty five year ago.

Shal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen! Ha, Sir John, said I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow.

198. *take such order*, take measures to secure.

200, 201. Shallow reckons six men in all; only five have appeared. Probably one of Shakespeare's occasional oversights in numbers.

Shal. That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, Sir John, we have: our watch-word was 'Hem boys!' Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner: Jesus, the days that we have seen! Come, come.

[*Exeunt Falstaff and the Justices.*

Bull. Good Master Corporate Bardolph, stand my friend; and here's four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hanged, sir, as go: and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends; else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Moul. And, good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend: she has nobody to do any thing about her when I am gone; and she is old, and cannot help herself: you shall have forty, sir.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Fee. By my troth, I care not; a man can die but once: we owe God a death: I'll ne'er bear a base mind: an't be my destiny, so; an't be not, so: no man is too good to serve's prince; and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said; thou'rt a good fellow.

Fee. Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

Re-enter FALSTAFF *and the* Justices.

Fal. Come, sir, which men shall I have?

Shal. Four of which you please.

236. *Harry ten shillings;* the 'Harry' is Henry VII. or Henry VIII., by whom ten-shilling pieces were first coined.

248. *forty*, i.e. shillings.

Bard. Sir, a word with you: I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bullcalf.

Fal. Go to; well.

Shal. Come, Sir John, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you choose for me.

Shal. Marry, then, Mouldy, Bullcalf, Feeble and Shadow.

Fal. Mouldy and Bullcalf: for you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service: and for your part, Bullcalf, grow till you come unto it: I will none of you.

Shal. Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself wrong: they are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best.

Fal. Will you tell me, Master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thewes, the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man! Give me the spirit, Master Shallow. Here's Wart; you see what a ragged appearance it is: a' shall charge you and discharge you with the motion of a pewterer's hammer, come off and on swifter than he that gibbets on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-faced fellow, Shadow; give me this man: he presents no mark to the enemy; the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife. And for a retreat; how swiftly will this Feeble the woman's tailor run off! O, give me the spare men, and

260. *three pound* (the fourth remaining in his own pocket).

277. *big assemblance*, big look, semblance. This is the only attested usage of the word; and note 'a ragged appearance' in line 279. But probably there is a suggestion of 'assemblage,' 'big aggregate,' 'large make.'

282. *gibbets on the brewer's bucket*, slings the barrel on to the nooses hanging from the pole (*bucket*) on which it was carried. L.

spare me the great ones. Put me a caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold, Wart, traverse; thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So: very well: go to: very good, exceeding good. O, give me always a little, lean, old, chopt, bald shot. Well said, i' faith, Wart; thou 'rt a good scab: hold, there 's a tester for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft's master; he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end Green, when I lay at Clement's Inn,—I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show,—there was a little quiver fellow, and a' would manage you his piece thus; and a' would about and about, and come you in and come you in: 'rah, tah, tah,' would a' say; 'bounce' would a' say; and away again would a' go, and again would a' come: I shall ne'er see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well, Master Shallow. God keep you, Master Silence: I will not use many words with you. Fare you well, gentlemen both: I thank you: I must a dozen mile to-night. Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

289. *caliver*, a light musket.

291. *traverse*, march.

294. *chopt*, worn, wrinkled. This Elizabethan form of the word now written 'chapped' (though often pronounced 'chopt') is given by both Q and Ff.

298. *Mile-end Green*, the chief manœuvring ground of the city train-bands.

299. *Sir Dagonet*, the Fool of King Arthur in the legend of Tristram de Lyonesse.

300. *Arthur's show* was an exhibition of archery by a society of citizens, fifty-eight in number, known as 'the Auncient Order, Society, and Unitie Laudable of Prince Arthure and his Knightly Armory of the Round Table,' or 'the fellowship of Arthur.' They held their meetings on Mile-end Green. It is significant of the slight repute of Arthurian story—even after Spenser—among Elizabethan men of letters, that most of Shakespeare's allusions to it occur in connexion with Falstaff (cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 36; *Hen. V.* ii. 3. 10).

301. *quiver*, nimble.

Shal. Sir John, the Lord bless you! God prosper your affairs! God send us peace! At your return visit our house; let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure I will with ye to the court.

Fal. 'Fore God, I would you would, Master Shallow.

Shal. Go to; I have spoke at a word. God keep you.

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. [*Exeunt Justices.*] On, Bardolph; lead the men away. [*Exeunt Bardolph, Recruits, etc.*] As I return, I will fetch off these justices: I do see the bottom of Justice Shallow. Lord, Lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull Street; and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's Inn like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when a' was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife: a' was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invincible: a' was the very genius of famine; yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores called him mandrake: a' came ever in the rearward of the fashion, and sung those tunes to the over-

319. *at a word*, in one word.
324. *fetch off*, fleece.
329. *Turnbull Street* (more commonly Turnmill Street), near Smithfield, notorious as a haunt of disreputable characters.
337. *invincible*, not to be mastered or made out; beyond discovery.
337-339. *yet . . . mandrake;* omitted in Ff.
339-343. *a' came . . . good-nights;* omitted in Ff.
340. *over-scutched*, perhaps 'over-scotched,' whipped. 'Huswives' could be used ironi-

scutched huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware they were his Fancies or his Good-nights. And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire, and talks as familiarly of John a Gaunt as if he had been sworn brother to him; and I 'll be sworn a' ne'er saw him but once in the Tilt-yard; and then he burst his head for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it, and told John a Gaunt he beat his own name; for you might have thrust him and all his apparel into an eel-skin; the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court: and now has he land and beefs. Well, I 'll be acquainted with him, if I return; and it shall go hard but I will make him a philosopher's two stones to me: if the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason in the law of nature but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end. [*Exit.*

cally, and Ray's statement, that 'over-switch'd huswife' meant 'strumpet,' makes the reading 'overswitched' (adopted by Grant White) plausible.

342. *Fancies . . . Good-nights*, common titles of little poems.

343. *this Vice's dagger*, this 'lath' of a man. The Vice in the *Moralities* wore a 'dagger of lath.' Falstaff has similarly called the prince a 'standing tuck'; cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 274.

345. *sworn brother*, in the language of chivalry a term for knights who swore to share all dangers (*fratres jurati*).

349. *his own name*, i.e. Gaunt's.

355. *a philosopher's two stones;* explained by Warburton of the two stones sought by the alchemists: one a panacea for all diseases; the other a transmuter of all metals into gold.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Yorkshire. Gaultree Forest.*

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, MOWBRAY, HASTINGS, *and others.*

Arch. What is this forest call'd?
Hast. 'Tis Gaultree Forest, an 't shall please your grace.
Arch. Here stand, my lords; and send discoverers forth
To know the numbers of our enemies.
Hast. We have sent forth already.
Arch. 'Tis well done.
My friends and brethren in these great affairs,
I must acquaint you that I have received
New-dated letters from Northumberland;
Their cold intent, tenour and substance, thus:
Here doth he wish his person, with such powers
As might hold sortance with his quality,
The which he could not levy; whereupon
He is retired, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland: and concludes in hearty prayers
That your attempts may overlive the hazard
And fearful meeting of their opposite.
Mowb. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground
And dash themselves to pieces.

1. *Gaultree Forest.* A large forest still existing in Shakespeare's time, to the north of the city of York.

11. *hold sortance with*, 'sort with,' be in keeping with.

16. *opposite*, opponent.

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now, what news?
Mess. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy;
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Upon or near the rate of thirty thousand.
Mowb. The just proportion that we gave them out.
Let us sway on and face them in the field.
Arch. What well-appointed leader fronts us here?

Enter WESTMORELAND.

Mowb. I think it is my Lord of Westmoreland.
West. Health and fair greeting from our general,
The prince, Lord John and Duke of Lancaster.
Arch. Say on, my Lord of Westmoreland, in peace:
What doth concern your coming?
West. Then, my lord,
Unto your grace do I in chief address
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rags,
And countenanced by boys and beggary,
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,
In his true, native and most proper shape,

24. *sway on.* 'Sway on' expresses the steady, powerful movement onwards of a compact mass.
30. 'What does your coming import?'
33. *routs* bands, gangs.
34. *bloody*, violent, headstrong.
34. *guarded*, adorned, trimmed. For 'rags' Q Ff have 'rage.' The correction is due to Walker.

You, reverend father, and these noble lords
Had not been here, to dress the ugly form
Of base and bloody insurrection
With your fair honours. You, lord archbishop,
Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd,
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd,
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd,
Whose white investments figure innocence,
The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself
Out of the speech of peace that bears such grace,
Into the harsh and boisterous tongue of war;
Turning your books to graves, your ink to blood,
Your pens to lances and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet and a point of war?

Arch. Wherefore do I this? so the question stands.
Briefly to this end: we are all diseased,
And with our surfeiting and wanton hours
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
And we must bleed for it; of which disease
Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.
But, my most noble Lord of Westmoreland,
I take not on me here as a physician,
Nor do I as an enemy to peace
Troop in the throngs of military men;
But rather show awhile like fearful war,
To diet rank minds sick of happiness

42. *civil*, orderly, law-abiding; that which is characteristic of a well-governed state.

50. *Turning your books to graves.* 'Graves' has been doubted and altered without ground. As books result from the exercise of the graceful 'speech of peace,' so 'graves' from the exercise of the boisterous tongue of war; *turning*, 'translating yourselves from.'

52. *point of war*, war-signal, trumpet-blast.

55-79. *And . . . wrong;* omitted in Q.

60. *I take not on me as*, I do not assume the part of.

And purge the obstructions which begin to stop
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
We see which way the stream of time doth run,
And are enforced from our most quiet there
By the rough torrent of occasion;
And have the summary of all our griefs,
When time shall serve, to show in articles;
Which long ere this we offer'd to the king,
And might by no suit gain our audience:
When we are wrong'd and would unfold our griefs,
We are denied access unto his person
Even by those men that most have done us wrong.
The dangers of the days but newly gone,
Whose memory is written on the earth
With yet appearing blood, and the examples
Of every minute's instance, present now,
Hath put us in these ill-beseeming arms,
Not to break peace or any branch of it,
But to establish here a peace indeed,
Concurring both in name and quality.

West. When ever yet was your appeal denied?
Wherein have you been galled by the king?
What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you,
That you should seal this lawless bloody book
Of forged rebellion with a seal divine

69. *griefs*, grievances.

71. *our most quiet there*, our perfect acquiescence in its course. The idea is that of smoothly running waters suddenly diverted by the inrush of a turbulent torrent. 'There' is somewhat weak, but Warburton's change to 'sphere,' which has been largely adopted, introduces into the midst of this image of a watercourse a totally alien image from the courses of the stars.

And consecrate commotion's bitter edge?
Arch. My brother general, the commonwealth,
To brother born an household cruelty,
I make my quarrel in particular.
West. There is no need of any such redress;
Or if there were, it not belongs to you.
Mowb. Why not to him in part, and to us all
That feel the bruises of the days before,
And suffer the condition of these times
To lay a heavy and unequal hand
Upon our honours?
West. O, my good Lord Mowbray,
Construe the times to their necessities,
And you shall say indeed, it is the time,
And not the king, that doth you injuries.
Yet for your part, it not appears to me
Either from the king or in the present time
That you should have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on: were you not restored
To all the Duke of Norfolk's signories,
Your noble and right well remember'd father's?
Mowb. What thing, in honour, had my father lost,
That need to be revived and breathed in me?
The king that loved him, as the state stood then,
Was force perforce compell'd to banish him:
And then that Henry Bolingbroke and he,

93, 95. Both verses are omitted in Ff.

94-96. These lines cannot have been left thus by Shakespeare. The use of the word 'redress' in Westmoreland's reply makes probable that it occurred in the Archbishop's speech, and hence that part of this is lost. The purport of the speech clearly is: 'I am led to make this quarrel my own both by the grievances of the state, my "general brother," and by the domestic wrong done me in the person of my brother born.' York's brother Lord Scroop had been executed by Henry's orders (cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 270 f.).

103-139. *O, my good . . . king;* omitted in Q.

Being mounted and both roused in their seats,
Their neighing coursers daring of the spur,
Their armed staves in charge, their beavers down,
Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of steel
And the loud trumpet blowing them together,
Then, then, when there was nothing could have stay'd
My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,
O, when the king did throw his warder down,
His own life hung upon the staff he threw;
Then threw he down himself and all their lives
That by indictment and by dint of sword
Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

West. You speak, Lord Mowbray, now you know not what.

The Earl of Hereford was reputed then
In England the most valiant gentleman:
Who knows on whom fortune would then have smiled?
But if your father had been victor there,
He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry:
For all the country in a general voice
Cried hate upon him; and all their prayers and love
Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on
And bless'd and graced indeed, more than the king.
But this is mere digression from my purpose.
Here come I from our princely general
To know your griefs; to tell you from his grace
That he will give you audience; and wherein
It shall appear that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them, every thing set off
That might so much as think you enemies.

120. *beavers*, the movable front-pieces of the helmets.
125. *warder*, staff of command.
139. *indeed;* Ff 'and did.'
145. *set off*, removed, ignored.

Mowb. But he hath forced us to compel this offer;
And it proceeds from policy, not love.
West. Mowbray, you overween to take it so;
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear:
For, lo! within a ken our army lies,
Upon mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battle is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best;
Then reason will our hearts should be as good:
Say you not then our offer is compell'd.
Mowb. Well, by my will we shall admit no parley.
West. That argues but the shame of your offence:
A rotten case abides no handling.
Hast. Hath the Prince John a full commission,
In very ample virtue of his father,
To hear and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand upon?
West. That is intended in the general's name:
I muse you make so slight a question.
Arch. Then take, my Lord of Westmoreland, this schedule,
For this contains our general grievances:
Each several article herein redress'd,
All members of our cause, both here and hence,
That are insinew'd to this action,
Acquitted by a true substantial form,

154. *of names*, of notable men.
161. *handling* (three syllables).
166. *intended in the general's name*, implied in the title of general which he bears.
172. *insinew'd*, allied.
173. *a true substantial form*, a due and legally valid form of pardon.

And present execution of our wills
To us and to our purposes confirm'd,
We come within our awful banks again
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.
West. This will I show the general. Please you, lords,
In sight of both our battles we may meet;
And either end in peace, which God so frame!
Or to the place of difference call the swords
Which must decide it.
Arch. My lord, we will do so. [*Exit West.*
Mowb. There is a thing within my bosom tells me
That no conditions of our peace can stand.
Hast. Fear you not that: if we can make our peace
Upon such large terms and so absolute
As our conditions shall consist upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.
Mowb. Yea, but our valuation shall be such
That every slight and false-derived cause,
Yea, every idle, nice and wanton reason
Shall to the king taste of this action;
That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love,

174, 175. 'Immediate execution of our wishes being confirmed to us and our demands.' Q Ff read 'purposes confined.' Unless we suppose a harsh break in construction, this makes the Archbishop lay down as one of the conditions that the execution of their wishes should be restricted. Johnson proposed 'consigned,' which is made highly probable by the parallel of 2 v. 2. 143. But even so, the sentence is feebly expressed, and can only be saved from tautology by distinguishing between 'our wills' = our wishes in general, and 'our purposes' = our explicit demands. The whole scene is, for Shakespeare, languidly written.

176. *awful banks*, the bounds of loyal obedience.

180. *frame*, bring about.

187. *consist upon*, insist upon, claim.

189. *our valuation*, our estimation.

191. *nice*, trivial.

193. *our royal faiths*, our fidelity to the king.

193. *love*, loyal devotion.

We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff
And good from bad find no partition.
Arch. No, no, my lord. Note this; the king is weary
Of dainty and such picking grievances:
For he hath found to end one doubt by death
Revives two greater in the heirs of life,
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean
And keep no tell-tale to his memory
That may repeat and history his loss
To new remembrance; for full well he knows
He cannot so precisely weed this land
As his misdoubts present occasion:
His foes are so enrooted with his friends
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfasten so and shake a friend:
So that this land, like an offensive wife
That hath enraged him on to offer strokes,
As he is striking, holds his infant up
And hangs resolved correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution.
Hast. Besides, the king hath wasted all his rods
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very instruments of chastisement:
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
May offer, but not hold.
Arch. 'Tis very true:
And therefore be assured, my good lord marshal,
If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking.

198. *dainty and such picking grievances*, such minute and capricious grounds of quarrel.
201. *tables*, records.
203. *history*, tell, chronicle.
213. *hangs*, suspends.
219. *offer, but not hold*, menace, but not execute.

Mowb. Be it so.
Here is return'd my Lord of Westmoreland.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

West. The prince is here at hand: pleaseth your lordship
To meet his grace just distance 'tween our armies.
Mowb. Your grace of York, in God's name, then, set forward.
Arch. Before, and greet his grace: my lord, we come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Another part of the forest.*

Enter, from one side, MOWBRAY, *attended; afterwards the* ARCHBISHOP, HASTINGS, *and others: from the other side,* PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, *and* WESTMORELAND; Officers, *and others with them.*

Lan. You are well encounter'd here, my cousin Mowbray:
Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop;
And so to you, Lord Hastings, and to all.
My Lord of York, it better show'd with you
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
Encircled you to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text
Than now to see you here an iron man,
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to sword and life to death.
That man that sits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,
Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroach

In shadow of such greatness! With you, lord bishop,
It is even so. Who hath not heard it spoken
How deep you were within the books of God?
To us the speaker in his parliament;
To us the imagined voice of God himself;
The very opener and intelligencer
Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven
And our dull workings. O, who shall believe
But you misuse the reverence of your place,
Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,
As a false favourite doth his prince's name,
In deeds dishonourable? You have ta'en up,
Under the counterfeited zeal of God,
The subjects of his substitute, my father,
And both against the peace of heaven and him
Have here up-swarm'd them.

Arch. Good my Lord of Lancaster,
I am not here against your father's peace;
But, as I told my Lord of Westmoreland,
The time misorder'd doth, in common sense,
Crowd us and crush us to this monstrous form,
To hold our safety up. I sent your grace
The parcels and particulars of our grief,
The which hath been with scorn shoved from the court,
Whereon this Hydra son of war is born;

22. *workings*, activities.
26. *ta'en up*, raised (as levies).
27. *seal;* perhaps with a play on 'seal.'
30. *up-swarm'd*, caused them to swarm (properly said of bees).
33. *in common sense*, i.e. through the agency of mere ordinary perception and understanding. York urges that his extraordinary action (in leading a revolt) springs from the normal instinct of self-defence.
34. *monstrous*, unusual, extraordinary.
36. *parcels*, detailed items.
38. *this Hydra son of war;* the revolt has started up at the scornful rejection of the complaints, as a new Hydra-head from the lopping off of the old.

Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep
With grant of our most just and right desires,
And true obedience, of this madness cured,
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the last man.

Hast. And though we here fall down,
We have supplies to second our attempt:
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them;
And so success of mischief shall be born
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up
Whiles England shall have generation.

Lan. You are too shallow, Hastings, much too shallow,
To sound the bottom of the after-times.

West. Pleaseth your grace to answer them directly
How far forth you do like their articles.

Lan. I like them all, and do allow them well,
And swear here, by the honour of my blood,
My father's purposes have been mistook,
And some about him have too lavishly
Wrested his meaning and authority.
My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd;
Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please you,
Discharge your powers unto their several counties,
As we will ours: and here between the armies
Let 's drink together friendly and embrace,
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home
Of our restored love and amity.

Arch. I take your princely word for these redresses.

Lan. I give it you, and will maintain my word:

45. *supplies*, succours.
47. *success of mischief*, a continuous succession of calamities.
60 f. In Holinshed this treacherous proposal is made by Westmoreland.

And thereupon I drink unto your grace.
Hast. Go, captain, and deliver to the army
This news of peace: let them have pay, and part:
I know it will well please them. Hie thee, captain.
[*Exit Officer.*
Arch. To you, my noble Lord of Westmoreland.
West. I pledge your grace; and, if you knew what pains
I have bestow'd to breed this present peace,
You would drink freely: but my love to ye
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.
Arch. I do not doubt you.
West. I am glad of it.
Health to my lord and gentle cousin, Mowbray.
Mowb. You wish me health in very happy season;
For I am, on the sudden, something ill.
Arch. Against ill chances men are ever merry;
But heaviness foreruns the good event.
West. Therefore be merry, coz; since sudden sorrow
Serves to say thus, 'some good thing comes to-morrow.'
Arch. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.
Mowb. So much the worse, if your own rule be true.
[*Shouts within.*
Lan. The word of peace is render'd: hark, how they shout!
Mowb. This had been cheerful after victory.
Arch. A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party loser.
Lan. Go, my lord,
And let our army be discharged too.
[*Exit Westmoreland.*

And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains
March by us, that we may peruse the men
We should have coped withal.
Arch. Go, good Lord Hastings,
And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.
[*Exit Hastings.*
Lan. I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night together.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

Now cousin, wherefore stands our army still?
West. The leaders, having charge from you to stand,
Will not go off until they hear you speak.
Lan. They know their duties.

Re-enter HASTINGS.

Hast. My lord, our army is dispersed already:
Like youthful steers unyoked, they take their courses
East, west, north, south; or, like a school broke up,
Each hurries toward his home and sporting-place.
West. Good tidings, my Lord Hastings; for the which
I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason:
And you, lord archbishop, and you, lord Mowbray,
Of capital treason I attach you both.
Mowb. Is this proceeding just and honourable?
West. Is your assembly so?
Arch. Will you thus break your faith?
Lan. I pawn'd thee none:
I promised you redress of these same grievances
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honour,
I will perform with a most Christian care.

109. *attach*, arrest.

But for you, rebels, look to taste the due
Méet for rebellion and such acts as yours.
Most shallowly did you these arms commence,
Fondly brought here and foolishly sent hence.
Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray:
God, and not we, hath safely fought to-day.
Some guard these traitors to the block of death,
Treason's true bed and yielder up of breath.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Another part of the forest.*

Alarum. Excursions. Enter FALSTAFF *and* COLEVILE, *meeting.*

Fal. What's your name, sir? of what condition are you, and of what place, I pray?

Cole. I am a knight, sir; and my name is Colevile of the dale.

Fal. Well, then, Colevile is your name, a knight is your degree, and your place the dale: Colevile shall be still your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place, a place deep enough; so shall you be still Colevile of the dale.

Cole. Are not you Sir John Falstaff?

Fal. As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, sir? or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death: therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

120. *stray*, stragglers.

Sc. 3. Colevile. Sir John Colevile of the dale is mentioned by Holinshed as one of the rebels who were taken and executed. His name was pronounced 'Colëvile.'

16. *observance*, reverence.

Cole. I think you are Sir John Falstaff, and in that thought yield me.

Fal. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe: my womb, my womb, my womb, undoes me. Here comes our general.

Enter PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, BLUNT, *and others.*

Lan. The heat is past; follow no further now:
Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.
[*Exit Westmoreland.*
Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while?
When every thing is ended, then you come:
These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,
One time or other break some gallows' back.

Fal. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus: I never knew yet but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility; I have foundered nine score and odd posts: and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken Sir John Colevile of the dale, a most furious knight and valorous enemy. But what of that? he saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say,

25. *womb*, belly.
38. *the very extremest inch of possibility*, the utmost possible speed.
39. *foundered*, disabled by over-riding.
40. *posts*, i.e. relay-horses.

with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome, 'I came, saw, and overcame.'

Lan. It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

Fal. I know not: here he is, and here I yield him: and I beseech your grace, let it be booked with the rest of this day's deeds; or, by the Lord, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top on't, Colevile kissing my foot: to the which course if I be enforced, if you do not all show like gilt twopences to me, and I in the clear sky of fame o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element, which show like pins' heads to her, believe not the word of the noble: therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

Lan. Thine 's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it shine, then.

Lan. Thine 's too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

Lan. Is thy name Colevile?

Cole. It is, my lord.

Lan. A famous rebel art thou, Colevile.

Fal. And a famous true subject took him.

Cole. I am, my lord, but as my betters are
That led me hither: had they been ruled by me,
You should have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves: but thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away gratis; and I thank thee for thee.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

Lan. Now, have you left pursuit?

45. Q adds 'there cosin' after 'Rome.'

57. *the cinders of the element*, the 'embers of the air,' *i.e.* stars.

West. Retreat is made and execution stay'd.
Lan. Send Colevile with his confederates
To York, to present execution:
Blunt, lead him hence; and see you guard him sure.
[*Exeunt Blunt and others with Colevile.*
And now dispatch we toward the court, my lords:
I hear the king my father is sore sick:
Our news shall go before us to his majesty,
Which, cousin, you shall bear to comfort him,
And we with sober speed will follow you.
Fal. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go
Through Gloucestershire: and, when you come to court,
Stand my good lord, pray, in your good report.
Lan. Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my condition,
Shall better speak of you than you deserve.
[*Exeunt all but Falstaff.*
Fal. I would you had but the wit: 'twere better than your dukedom. Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh; but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never none of these demure boys come to any proof; for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness; and then, when they marry, they get wenches: they are

87-89. Falstaff's rare use of verse is explained here by the seriousness of the request. Delius prints it as prose. For other instances cf. 2 ii. 1. 189; 2 v. 5. 43-50.

89. *Stand my good lord in your good report*, do me the favour of speaking well of me.

90. *condition*, quality as commanded.

98. *proof*, tested quality, sterling excellence.

generally fools and cowards; which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish and dull and crudy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble fiery and delectable shapes; which, delivered o'er to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is, the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice; but the sherris warms it and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme: it illumineth the face, which as a beacon gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm; and then the vital commoners and inland petty spirits muster me all to their captain, the heart, who, great and puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of sherris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it a-work; and learning a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil, till sack commences it and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it that Prince Harry is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, sterile and bare land, manured, husbanded and tilled with excellent endeavour of drinking good and good store of fertile sherris,

104. *sherris-sack*, sack of Xeres, sherry.

106. *crudy*, raw.

107. *forgetive*, inventive.

125. *commences it and sets it in act and use;* probably, as Tyrwhitt suggested, an allusion to the Cambridge 'Commencement' and the Oxford 'Act,' *i.e.* the conferring of the degree by which the student acquires a complete title to 'use' his 'hoards of learning.'

131. *fertile*, fertilising.

that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first humane principle I would teach them should be, to forswear thin potations and to addict themselves to sack.

Enter BARDOLPH.

How now, Bardolph?

Bard. The army is discharged all and gone.

Fal. Let them go. I'll through Gloucestershire; and there will I visit Master Robert Shallow, esquire: I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Westminster. The Jerusalem Chamber.*

Enter the KING, *the* PRINCES THOMAS OF CLARENCE *and* HUMPHREY OF GLOUCESTER, WARWICK, *and others.*

King. Now, lords, if God doth give successful end
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields
And draw no swords but what are sanctified.
Our navy is address'd, our power collected,
Our substitutes in absence well invested,
And every thing lies level to our wish:
Only, we want a little personal strength;
And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,
Come underneath the yoke of government.

War. Both which we doubt not but your majesty

133. *humane principle*, rule of manliness.
5. *address'd*, equipped.

Shall soon enjoy.

King. Humphrey, my son of Gloucester,
Where is the prince your brother?

Glou. I think he's gone to hunt, my lord, at Windsor.

King. And how accompanied?

Glou. I do not know, my lord.

King. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him?

Glou. No, my good lord; he is in presence here.

Clar. What would my lord and father?

King. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.

How chance thou art not with the prince thy brother?
He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas;
Thou hast a better place in his affection
Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy,
And noble offices thou mayst effect
Of mediation, after I am dead,
Between his greatness and thy other brethren:
Therefore omit him not; blunt not his love,
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace
By seeming cold or careless of his will;
For he is gracious, if he be observed:
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity:
Yet notwithstanding, being incensed, he's flint,
As humorous as winter and as sudden
As flaws congealed in the spring of day.
His temper, therefore, must be well observed:
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,

27. *omit*, neglect.
30. *observed*, courted.
34. *humorous*, wayward.
35. *flaws*, probably the thin blades of ice which form along the edges of water on winter nights, and rapidly disappear after sunrise.

When you perceive his blood inclined to mirth;
But, being moody, give him line and scope,
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themselves with working. Learn this, Thomas,
And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends,
A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,
That the united vessel of their blood,
Mingled with venom of suggestion—
As, force perforce, the age will pour it in—
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
As aconitum or rash gunpowder.

Clar. I shall observe him with all care and love.

King. Why art thou not at Windsor with him, Thomas?

Clar. He is not there to-day; he dines in London.

King. And how accompanied? canst thou tell that?

Clar. With Poins, and other his continual followers.

King. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds;
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is overspread with them: therefore my grief
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death:
The blood weeps from my heart when I do shape
In forms imaginary the unguided days
And rotten times that you shall look upon
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.
For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
When means and lavish manners meet together,

40. *like a whale on ground.* The image was perhaps suggested by a vivid account in Holinshed of the stranding of 'a monstrous fish or whale' in Kent, in 1573-74 (ed. Stone, p. 156).

45. *suggestion*, provocation (to discord).

48. *aconitum*, aconite.

ib. *rash*, hasty, sudden.

64. *lavish*, licentious.

O, with what wings shall his affections fly
Towards fronting peril and opposed decay!
War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite:
The prince but studies his companions
Like a strange tongue, wherein, to gain the language,
'Tis needful that the most immodest word
Be look'd upon and learn'd; which once attain'd,
Your highness knows, comes to no further use
But to be known and hated. So, like gross terms,
The prince will in the perfectness of time
Cast off his followers; and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
By which his grace must mete the lives of others,
Turning past evils to advantages.
King. 'Tis seldom when the bee doth leave her comb
In the dead carrion.

Enter WESTMORELAND.

Who's here? Westmoreland?
West. Health to my sovereign, and new happiness
Added to that that I am to deliver!
Prince John your son doth kiss your grace's hand:
Mowbray, the Bishop Scroop, Hastings and all
Are brought to the correction of your law;
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheathed,
But Peace puts forth her olive every where.
The manner how this action hath been borne
Here at more leisure may your highness read,
With every course in his particular.

79, 80. '*Tis seldom when*, etc. *i.e.* when the bee has once placed her comb in the carrion, she commonly stays there.
90. 'With every movement in detail.'

King. O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,
Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
The lifting up of day.

Enter HARCOURT.

Look, here's more news.

Har. From enemies heaven keep your majesty;
And, when they stand against you, may they fall
As those that I am come to tell you of!
The Earl Northumberland and the Lord Bardolph,
With a great power of English and of Scots,
Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown:
The manner and true order of the fight
This packet, please it you, contains at large.

King. And wherefore should these good news make me sick?
Will Fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach and no food;
Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast
And takes away the stomach; such are the rich,
That have abundance and enjoy it not.
I should rejoice now at this happy news;
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy:
O me! come near me; now I am much ill.

Glou. Comfort, your majesty!

Clar. O my royal father!

West. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself, look up.

War. Be patient, princes; you do know, these fits
Are with his highness very ordinary.
Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight be well.

92. *the haunch*, the latter end.

Clar. No, no, he cannot long hold out these pangs:
The incessant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure that should confine it in
So thin that life looks through and will break out.
Glou. The people fear me; for they do observe
Unfather'd heirs and loathly births of nature:
The seasons change their manners, as the year
Had found some months asleep and leap'd them over.
Clar. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between;
And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,
Say it did so a little time before
That our great-grandsire, Edward, sick'd and died.
War. Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.
Glou. This apoplexy will certain be his end.
King. I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence
Into some other chamber: softly, pray. [*Exeunt.*

119. *Hath wrought the mure . . . so thin*, has worn its enclosure of flesh to a mere film—

(Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'erinform'd the tenement of clay).

121. *fear me*, alarm me.

122. *Unfather'd heirs*, children begotten, like Merlin, by spirits or demons, thence known as 'fatherless children.'

125. *The river hath thrice flow'd.* Holinshed says that on October 12, 1411, three floods occurred without an ebb between, in the Thames, 'which thing no man living could remember the like to be seen.' But no portents are recorded to have preceded Edward III.'s death.

The old editions mark no break here. Some modern editions suppose that the King is merely placed on a bed in the inner part of the stage, and add a stage direction to that effect. It is clear, however, from 2 iv. 5. 240 that what follows does not take place in the Jerusalem chamber, and, in consequence, that there is a change of scene.

SCENE V. *Another chamber.*

The KING *lying on a bed:* CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER, WARWICK, *and others in attendance.*

King. Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;
Unless some dull and favourable hand
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.
War. Call for the music in the other room.
King. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.
Clar. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.
War. Less noise, less noise!

Enter PRINCE HENRY.

Prince. Who saw the Duke of Clarence?
Clar. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.
Prince. How now! rain within doors, and none abroad!
How doth the king?
Glou. Exceeding ill.
Prince. Heard he the good news yet?
Tell it him.
Glou. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.
Prince. If he be sick with joy, he'll recover without physic.
War. Not so much noise, my lords: sweet prince, speak low;
The king your father is disposed to sleep.
Clar. Let us withdraw into the other room.
War. Will't please your grace to go along with us?
Prince. No; I will sit and watch here by the king. [*Exeunt all but the Prince.*

2. *dull*, drowsy, sleep-inducing.

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?
O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night! sleep with it now!
Yet not so sound and half so deeply sweet
As he whose brow with homely biggen bound
Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath
There lies a downy feather which stirs not:
Did he suspire, that light and weightless down
Perforce must move. My gracious lord! my father!
This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep
That from this golden rigol hath divorced
So many English kings. Thy due from me
Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood,
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously:
My due from thee is this imperial crown,
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits,
Which God shall guard: and put the world's whole strength
Into one giant arm, it shall not force
This lineal honour from me: this from thee
Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. [*Exit.*

King. Warwick! Gloucester! Clarence!

Re-enter WARWICK, GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE, *and the rest.*

Clar. Doth the king call?

27. *biggen*, night-cap, or coif.
31. *scalds with safety*, burns while it protects.
36. *rigol*, circle.

War. What would your majesty? How fares your grace?
King. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?
Clar. We left the prince my brother here, my liege,
Who undertook to sit and watch by you.
King. The Prince of Wales! Where is he? let me see him:
He is not here.
War. This door is open; he is gone this way.
Glou. He came not through the chamber where we stay'd.
King. Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?
War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.
King. The prince hath ta'en it hence: go, seek him out.
Is he so hasty that he doth suppose
My sleep my death?
Find him, my Lord of Warwick; chide him hither. [*Exit Warwick.*
This part of his conjoins with my disease,
And helps to end me. See, sons, what things you are!
How quickly nature falls into revolt
When gold becomes her object!
For this the foolish over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains with care,
Their bones with industry;
For this they have engross'd and piled up
The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold;

64. *part*, 'characteristic action.'
71. *engross'd*, amassed.
72. *canker'd*, polluted, foul.
ib. *strange-achieved*, won for others to enjoy.

For this they have been thoughtful to invest
Their sons with arts and martial exercises:
When, like the bee, culling from every flower
The virtuous sweets,
Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey,
We bring it to the hive, and, like the bees,
Are murdered for our pains. This bitter taste
Yield his engrossments to the ending father.

Re-enter WARWICK.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long
Till his friend sickness hath determined me?

War. My lord, I found the prince in the next room,
Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks,
With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow
That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,
Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

King. But wherefore did he take away the crown?

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY.

Lo, where he comes. Come hither to me, Harry.
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt Warwick and the rest.*

Prince. I never thought to hear you speak again.

King. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought:
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.

73. *thoughtful*, anxious.
77. *thighs* (two syllables). So 'hour,' in v. 109.
80. *Yield his engrossments*, his acquisitions yield (to the dying father). Q Ff *yields*.
82. *determined*, ended.
84. *kindly*, spontaneous.
94. *by thee*, in thy opinion.

Dost thou so hunger for mine empty chair
That thou wilt needs invest thee with my honours
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.
Thou hast stolen that which after some few hours
Were thine without offence; and at my death
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:
Thy life did manifest thou lovedst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assured of it.
Thou hidest a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life.
What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone and dig my grave thyself,
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse
Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head:
Only compound me with forgotten dust;
Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form:
Harry the Fifth is crown'd: up, vanity!
Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors, hence!
And to the English court assemble now,
From every region, apes of idleness!
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum:

104. *seal'd up*, confirmed.
115. *balm*, the oil used in the solemn anointment of the new king which formed a part of the coronation ceremony.

Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,
Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more;
England shall double gild his treble guilt,
England shall give him office, honour, might;
For the fifth Harry from curb'd license plucks
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth on every innocent.
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

Prince. O, pardon me, my liege! but for my tears,
The moist impediments unto my speech,
I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke
Ere you with grief had spoke and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown;
And He that wears the crown immortally
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more
Than as your honour and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise,
Which my most inward true and duteous spirit
Teacheth, this prostrate and exterior bending.
God witness with me, when I here came in,
And found no course of breath within your majesty,
How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,
O, let me in my present wildness die
And never live to show the incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposed!
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead.

132. *the wild dog*, i.e. license, now unmuzzled.

141. *dear and deep*, sharp and piercing.

And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,
I spake unto this crown as having sense,
And thus upbraided it: 'The care on thee depending
Hath fed upon the body of my father;
Therefore, thou best of gold art worst of gold:
Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
Preserving life in medicine potable;
But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,
Hast eat thy bearer up.' Thus, my most royal liege,
Accusing it, I put it on my head,
To try with it, as with an enemy
That had before my face murder'd my father,
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did with the least affection of a welcome
Give entertainment to the might of it,
Let God for ever keep it from my head
And make me as the poorest vassal is
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

King. O my son,
God put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou mightst win the more thy father's love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it!
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. God knows, my son,
By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways
I met this crown; and I myself know well

162. *Other, less fine in carat,* etc., *i.e.* gold tincture, 'aurum potabile,' regarded as an elixir of life.

How troublesome it sat upon my head.
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation;
For all the soil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me
But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand,
And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances;
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,
Wounding supposed peace: all these bold fears
Thou see'st with peril I have answered;
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument: and now my death
Changes the mode; for what in me was purchased,
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort;
So thou the garland wear'st successively.
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;
And all my friends, which thou must make thy friends,
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;
By whose fell working I was first advanced
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
To be again displaced: which to avoid,
I cut them off; and had a purpose now
To lead out many to the Holy Land,
Lest rest and lying still might make them look
Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,

190. *soil*, stain.
196. *supposed*, unreal, hollow.
197. *answered*, met.
200. *purchased*, acquired by my own act.
202. *successively*, by order of succession.
205. *all my friends.* Tyrwhitt's emendation for Q Ff 'all thy friends.'

May waste the memory of the former days.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
How I came by the crown, O God forgive;
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!
Prince. My gracious liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain and right must my possession be:
Which I with more than with a common pain
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER.

King. Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster.
Lan. Health, peace, and happiness to my royal father!
King. Thou bring'st me happiness and peace, son John;
But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare wither'd trunk: upon thy sight
My worldly business makes a period.
Where is my Lord of Warwick?
Prince. My Lord of Warwick!

Enter WARWICK, *and others.*

King. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?
War. 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.
King. Laud be to God! even there my life must end.
It hath been prophesied to me many years,
I should not die but in Jerusalem;
Which vainly I supposed the Holy Land:
But bear me to that chamber; there I 'll lie;
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Gloucestershire.* SHALLOW'S *house.*

Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, *and* Page.

Shal. By cock and pie, sir, you shall not away to-night. What, Davy, I say!

Fal. You must excuse me, Master Robert Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused. Why, Davy!

Enter DAVY.

Davy. Here, sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy, Davy, let me see, Davy; let me see, Davy; let me see: yea, marry, William cook, bid him come hither. Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Marry, sir, thus; those precepts cannot be served: and, again, sir, shall we sow the headland with wheat?

1. *By cock and pie*, a trivial oath, originally containing a corruption of the names God and 'pica' (the Catholic service-book); but in Shakespeare's time supposed to refer to the two birds.

14. *precepts*, summonses.

16. *headland*, the strip of unploughed land left at the end of the furrows, where the plough was turned. As this became available for sowing later than the field, it was often sowed with a later species of wheat. Red wheat is a spring wheat, white, a winter wheat (Vaughan).

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook: are there no young pigeons?

Davy. Yes, sir. Here is now the smith's note for shoeing and plough-irons.

Shal. Let it be cast and paid. Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Now, sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had: and, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair?

Shal. A' shall answer it. Some pigeons, Davy, a couple of short-legged hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?

Shal. Yea, Davy. I will use him well: a friend i' the court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men well, Davy; for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

Davy. No worse than they are backbitten, sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceited, Davy: about thy business, Davy.

Davy. I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Woncot against Clement Perkes of the Hill.

Shal. There is many complaints, Davy, against

21. *cast*, reckoned out.

26. *Hinckley*, a market-town north-east of Coventry.

33. *a friend i' the court*, etc. A proverb, found already in the *Romaunt of the Rose*.

42. *Woncot*, a village in Gloucestershire, Woodmancote (still pron. Woncot); a family of Visor or Vizard has been associated with it since the sixteenth century, and a house on the adjoining Stinchcombe Hill (now as then locally known as 'the Hill') was then occupied by the family of Perkes. (Cf. Madden, *The Diary of William Silence*, p. 86.)

that Visor: that Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your worship that he is a knave, sir; but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have served your worship truly, sir, this eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanced.

Shal. Go to; I say he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. [*Exit Davy.*] Where are you, Sir John? Come, come, come, off with your boots. Give me your hand, Master Bardolph.

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind Master Bardolph: and welcome, my tall fellow [*to the Page*]. Come, Sir John.

Fal. I'll follow you, good Master Robert Shallow. [*Exit Shallow.*] Bardolph, look to our horses. [*Exeunt Bardolph and Page.*] If I were sawed into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermits' staves as Master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his: they, by observing of him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-like serving-man: their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society that they flock together in consent,

70. *quantities*, small pieces, scantlings.
78. *consent*, agreement.

like so many wild-geese. If I had a suit to Master Shallow, I would humour his men with the imputation of being near their master: if to his men, I would curry with Master Shallow that no man could better command his servants. It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow to keep Prince Harry in continual laughter the wearing out of six fashions, which is four terms, or two actions, and a' shall laugh without intervallums. O, it is much that a lie with a slight oath and a jest with a sad brow will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up!

Shal. [*Within*] Sir John!

Fal. I come, Master Shallow; I come, Master Shallow. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Westminster. The palace.*

Enter WARWICK *and the* LORD CHIEF-JUSTICE, *meeting.*

War. How now, my lord chief-justice! whither away?

Ch. Just. How doth the king?

War. Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.

Ch. Just. I hope, not dead.

War. He 's walk'd the way of nature;
And to our purposes he lives no more.

Ch. Just. I would his majesty had call'd me with him:
The service that I truly did his life
Hath left me open to all injuries.
War. Indeed I think the young king loves you not.
Ch. Just. I know he doth not, and do arm myself
To welcome the condition of the time,
Which cannot look more hideously upon me
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

Enter LANCASTER, CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER, WESTMORELAND, *and others.*

War. Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry:
O that the living Harry had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen!
How many nobles then should hold their places,
That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort!
Ch. Just. O God, I fear all will be overturn'd!
Lan. Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good morrow.
Glou. *Clar.* } Good morrow, cousin.
Lan. We meet like men that had forgot to speak.
War. We do remember; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.
Lan. Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy!
Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!

14. *heavy*, mourning.
16. *Of him, the worst*, i.e. of the worst (whichever it be).

Glou. O, good my lord, you have lost a friend indeed;
And I dare swear you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow, it is sure your own.
Lan. Though no man be assured what grace to find,
You stand in coldest expectation:
I am the sorrier; would 'twere otherwise.
Clar. Well, you must now speak Sir John Falstaff fair;
Which swims against your stream of quality.
Ch. Just. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honour,
Led by the impartial conduct of my soul;
And never shall you see that I will beg
A ragged and forestall'd remission.
If truth and upright innocency fail me,
I 'll to the king my master that is dead,
And tell him who hath sent me after him.
War. Here comes the prince.

Enter KING HENRY *the Fifth, attended.*

Ch. Just. Good morrow; and God save your majesty!
King. This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,
Sits not so easy on me as you think.
Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear:
This is the English, not the Turkish court;

38. *A ragged and forestall'd remission*, a pardon asked for before it could have been spontaneously granted, and thus granted with contempt as to a beggar. It is preferable to understand 'forestall'd' thus of an anticipating appeal, rather than of prejudice in the king's mind which would ensure the request being 'refused before it was made.'

Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,
But Harry Harry. Yet be sad, good brothers,
For, by my faith, it very well becomes you:
Sorrow so royally in you appears
That I will deeply put the fashion on
And wear it in my heart: why then, be sad;
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
Than a joint burden laid upon us all.
For me, by heaven, I bid you be assured,
I 'll be your father and your brother too;
Let me but bear your love, I 'll bear your cares:
Yet weep that Harry 's dead; and so will I;
But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears
By number into hours of happiness.

Princes. We hope no other from your majesty.

King. You all look strangely on me: and you most;
You are, I think, assured I love you not.

Ch. Just. I am assured, if I be measured rightly,
Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

King. No!
How might a prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me?
What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison
The immediate heir of England! Was this easy?
May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your father;
The image of his power lay then in me:
And, in the administration of his law,

48. *Not Amurath*, etc. The Sultan Amurath III., who died in 1595, had strangled his brothers on his accession (1574); and his successor Mahomet III. followed the same Turkish custom. The latter event was, of course, quite recent when the play was written.

61. *By number*, i.e. tear for tear.

71. *easy*, a slight matter.

Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,
Your highness pleased to forget my place,
The majesty and power of law and justice,
The image of the king whom I presented,
And struck me in my very seat of judgement;
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a son set your decrees at nought,
To pluck down justice from your awful bench,
To trip the course of law and blunt the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your person;
Nay, more, to spurn at your most royal image
And mock your workings in a second body.
Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours;
Be now the father and propose a son,
Hear your own dignity so much profaned,
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd;
And then imagine me taking your part
And in your power soft silencing your son:
After this cold considerance, sentence me;
And, as you are a king, speak in your state
What I have done that misbecame my place,
My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

King. You are right, justice, and you weigh this well;
Therefore still bear the balance and the sword:
And I do wish your honours may increase,
Till you do live to see a son of mine
Offend you and obey you, as I did.

84. *the garland*, i.e. the crown.
92. *propose*, put forward in imagination, suppose.
99. *in your state*, in your kingly capacity.

So shall I live to speak my father's words:
'Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
That dares do justice on my proper son;
And not less happy, having such a son,
That would deliver up his greatness so
Into the hands of justice.' You did commit me:
For which, I do commit into your hand
The unstained sword that you have used to bear;
With this remembrance, that you use the same
With the like bold, just and impartial spirit
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand.
You shall be as a father to my youth:
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear,
And I will stoop and humble my intents
To your well-practised wise directions.
And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you;
My father is gone wild into his grave,
For in his tomb lie my affections;
And with his spirit sadly I survive,
To mock the expectation of the world,
To frustrate prophecies and to raze out
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now:
Now doth it turn and ebb back to the sea,
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods
And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
Now call we our high court of parliament:
And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,

109. *proper*, own.
115. *remembrance*, injunction.
123. *My father is gone wild into his grave;* i.e. my wildness is buried with him (cf. *Hen. V.* i. 1. 25-27).
124. *my affections*, my wild inclinations.
125. *with his spirit sadly I survive*, his serious spirit alone survives in me.
128. *Rotten opinion*, false reputation.
132. *the state of floods*, the majesty of the ocean.
133. *formal*, grave, dignified.

That the great body of our state may go
In equal rank with the best govern'd nation;
That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us;
In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.
Our coronation done, we will accite,
As I before remember'd, all our state:
And, God consigning to my good intents,
No prince nor peer shall have just cause to say,
God shorten Harry's happy life one day!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Gloucestershire.* SHALLOW'S *orchard.*

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE, DAVY, BARDOLPH, *and the* Page.

Shal. Nay, you shall see my orchard, where, in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own graffing, with a dish of caraways, and so forth: come, cousin Silence: and then to bed.

Fal. 'Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, Sir John: marry, good air. Spread, Davy; spread, Davy: well said, Davy.

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses; he is your serving-man and your husband.

141. *accite*, summon.

143. *consigning to*, consenting to, confirming.

3. *caraways*, a kind of sweetmeat in which caraway seeds formed one ingredient, then commonly eaten with apples at dessert.

12. *husband*, husbandman. The two later Ff substitute this form.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, Sir John: by the mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper: a good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down: come, cousin.

Sil. Ah, sirrah! quoth-a, we shall
Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer,
[*Singing.*
And praise God for the merry year;
When flesh is cheap and females dear,
And lusty lads roam here and there
So merrily,
And ever among so merrily.

Fal. There's a merry heart! Good Master Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give Master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

Davy. Sweet sir, sit; I'll be with you anon; most sweet sir, sit. Master page, good master page, sit. Proface! What you want in meat, we'll have in drink: but you must bear; the heart's all. [*Exit.*

Shal. Be merry, Master Bardolph; and, my little soldier there, be merry.

Sil. Be merry, be merry, my wife has all;
[*Singing.*
For women are shrews, both short and tall:
'Tis merry in hall when beards wag all,
And welcome merry Shrove-tide.
Be merry, be merry.

Fal. I did not think Master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

23. *ever among*, from time to time, ever and anon (a genuine but old-fashioned phrase).

30. *Proface;* a common formula in drinking, like 'prosit' in German, from O. Fr. 'prouface.' 'Much good may it do' (without any ironical suggestion).

31. *you must bear; the heart's all;* excuse the poor entertainment; goodwill is all.

Sil. Who, I? I have been merry twice and once ere now.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. There 's a dish of leather-coats for you. [*To Bardolph.*

Shal. Davy!

Davy. Your worship! I 'll be with you straight [*to Bardolph*]. A cup of wine, sir?

Sil. A cup of wine that 's brisk and fine, [*Singing.*

And drink unto the leman mine;
And a merry heart lives long-a.

Fal. Well said, Master Silence.

Sil. An we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet o' the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, Master Silence.

Sil. Fill the cup, and let it come; [*Singing.*
I 'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honest Bardolph, welcome: if thou wantest any thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart. Welcome, my little tiny thief [*to the Page*], and welcome indeed too. I 'll drink to Master Bardolph, and to all the cavaleros about London.

Davy. I hope to see London once ere I die.

Bard. An I might see you there, Davy,—

Shal. By the mass, you 'll crack a quart together, ha! will you not, Master Bardolph?

Bard. Yea, sir, in a pottle-pot.

Shal. By God's liggens, I thank thee: the

57. *pledge you a mile to the bottom*, to the bottom if it were a mile.

68. *pottle-pot*, one holding two quarts.

knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that. A' will not out; he is true bred.

Bard. And I 'll stick by him, sir.

Shal. Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing: be merry. [*Knocking within.*] Look who 's at door there, ho! who knocks?

[*Exit Davy.*

Fal. Why, now you have done me right.

[*To Silence, seeing him take off a bumper.*

Sil. Do me right, [*Singing.*
And dub me knight:
Samingo.
Is 't not so?

Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. Is 't so? Why then, say an old man can do somewhat.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. An 't please your worship, there 's one Pistol come from the court with news.

Fal. From the court! let him come in.

Enter PISTOL.

How now, Pistol!

Pist. Sir John, God save you!

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows no man

76. *done me right*, pledged me in a health.

77. *Do me right*, etc.; a fragment of a drinking-song. As more fully quoted in Nashe's 'Summer's Last Will and Testament,' it ran:—

Monsieur Mingo
For quaffing doth surpass
In cup, in can, or glass;
God Bacchus, do me right,
And dub me knight,
Domingo.

'Do me right' was a challenge to drink. 'Samingo' is Silence's version of San Domingo, regarded as the patron-saint of topers.

78. *dub me knight;* one who drank a health, kneeling, to his mistress, was said to be so dubbed.

to good. Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in this realm.

Sil. By 'r lady, I think a' be, but goodman Puff of Barson.

Pist. Puff!
Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!
Sir John, I am thy Pistol and thy friend,
And helter-skelter have I rode to thee,
And tidings do I bring and lucky joys
And golden times and happy news of price.

Fal. I pray thee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

Pist. A foutre for the world and worldlings base!
I speak of Africa and golden joys.

Fal. O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?
Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof.

Sil. And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.
[*Singing.*

Pist. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?
And shall good news be baffled?
Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

Shal. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why then, lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, sir: if, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it there's but two ways, either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the king, in some authority.

103. *foutre*, a coarse expression of contempt.

106. *King Cophetua;* referring to the ballad of King Cophetua and the beggar-maid.

111. *I know not your breeding*, know not whence you are, of what kind you come.

Pist. Under which king, Besonian? speak, or die.

Shal. Under King Harry.

Pist. Harry the Fourth? or Fifth?

Shal. Harry the Fourth.

Pist. A foutre for thine office!
Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king;
Harry the Fifth 's the man. I speak the truth:
When Pistol lies, do this; and fig me, like
The bragging Spaniard.

Fal. What, is the old king dead?

Pist. As nail in door: the things I speak are just.

Fal. Away, Bardolph! saddle my horse. Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine. Pistol, I will double-charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O joyful day!
I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

Pist. What! I do bring good news.

Fal. Carry Master Silence to bed. Master Shallow, my Lord Shallow,—be what thou wilt; I am fortune's steward—get on thy boots: we 'll ride all night. O sweet Pistol! Away, Bardolph! [*Exit Bard.*] Come, Pistol, utter more to me; and withal devise something to do thyself good. Boot, boot, Master Shallow: I know the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Blessed are they that have been my friends; and woe to my lord chief-justice!

Pist. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!

119. *Besonian*, base fellow.

124. *fig me.* To 'fig' was to insult by putting the thumb out between the fore and middle fingers; a Spanish gesture.

127. *As nail in door;* the proverbial 'door-nail,' *i.e.* the nail struck by the knocker.

141. *Boot*, 'boots on!'

'Where is the life that late I led?' say they:
Why, here it is; welcome these pleasant days!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *London. A street.*

Enter Beadles, *dragging in* HOSTESS QUICKLY *and* DOLL TEARSHEET.

Host. No, thou arrant knave; I would to God that I might die, that I might have thee hanged: thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

First Bead. The constables have delivered her over to me; and she shall have whipping-cheer enough, I warrant her: there hath been a man or two lately killed about her.

Dol. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie. Come on; I'll tell thee what, thou damned tripe-visaged rascal, an the child I now go with do miscarry, thou wert better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-faced villain.

Host. O the Lord, that Sir John were come! he would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I pray God the fruit of her womb miscarry!

First Bead. If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions again; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead that you and Pistol beat amongst you.

147. '*Where is the life,*' etc.; the title of a song printed in *A Handful of Pleasant Delights.* L.

Sc. 4. Enter Beadles. Q has 'Enter Sincklo, and three or four officers.' Sincklo played the First Beadle; his name has crept into the text by a similar oversight in the Induction to *Taming of Shrew.*

5. *whipping-cheer*, 'whipping-fare.'

8. *Nut-hook*, 'catch-pole.'

Dol. I'll tell you what, you thin man in a censer, I will have you as soundly swinged for this,—you blue-bottle rogue, you filthy famished correctioner, if you be not swinged, I'll forswear half-kirtles.

First Bead. Come, come, you she knight-errant, come.

Host. O God, that right should thus overcome might! Well, of sufferance comes ease.

Dol. Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a justice.

Host. Ay, come, you starved blood-hound.

Dol. Goodman death, goodman bones!

Host. Thou atomy, thou!

Dol. Come, you thin thing; come, you rascal.

First Bead. Very well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *A public place near Westminster Abbey.*

Enter two Grooms, *strewing rushes.*

First Groom. More rushes, more rushes.

Sec. Groom. The trumpets have sounded twice.

First Groom. 'Twill be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation: dispatch, dispatch.

[*Exeunt.*

20. *you thin man in a censer;* the 'embossed or repoussé figure in the middle of the pierced cover of the censer,' or fire-pan of thin metal for burning perfumes.

22. *blue-bottle;* alluding to the blue uniforms of the beadles.

24. *half-kirtles,* probably short-gowns.

28. *sufferance,* suffering.

33. *atomy,* i.e. 'anatomy,' skeleton.

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, *and* Page.

Fal. Stand here by me, Master Robert Shallow; I will make the king do you grace: I will leer upon him as a' comes by; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

Pist. God bless thy lungs, good knight.

Fal. Come here, Pistol; stand behind me. O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But 'tis no matter; this poor show doth better: this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. It shows my earnestness of affection,—

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. My devotion,—

Shal. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me,—

Shal. It is best, certain.

Fal. But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him; thinking of nothing else, putting all affairs else in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him.

Pist. 'Tis 'semper idem,' for 'obsque hoc nihil est:' 'tis all in every part.

11. *to have made new liveries*, i.e. to have them made.

16, 18, 20. *It doth so.* Q assigns these three speeches to Pistol, Ff the first to Shallow, the others to Pistol. Hanmer was undoubtedly right in giving them all to Shallow.

30. *obsque hoc nihil est*, so Q and Ff. The later Ff corrected 'obsque' to 'absque,' but the blunder was probably intended. Pistol apparently intends to render the Latin: 'Ever the same, for without this there is nothing,' by the English proverb which in full ran: 'All in all, and all in every part.'

Shal. 'Tis so, indeed.

Pist. My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver,
And make thee rage.
Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts,
Is in base durance and contagious prison;
Haled thither
By most mechanical and dirty hand:
Rouse up Revenge from ebon den with fell Alecto's snake,
For Doll is in. Pistol speaks nought but truth.

Fal. I will deliver her.

[*Shouts within, and the trumpets sound.*

Pist. There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor sounds.

Enter the KING *and his train, the* LORD CHIEF-JUSTICE *among them.*

Fal. God save thy grace, King Hal! my royal Hal!

Pist. The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp of fame!

Fal. God save thee, my sweet boy!

King. My lord chief-justice, speak to that vain man.

Ch. Just. Have you your wits? know you what 'tis you speak?

Fal. My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!

King. I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers;
How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!
I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,

39. *Rouse up Revenge*, etc. Probably an allusion to the *Spanish Tragedy*, Act iv. end, where the Ghost's cry, 'Awake Revenge' (or Alecto) is four times reiterated.

46. *imp*, scion.

So surfeit-swell'd, so old and so profane;
But, being awaked, I do despise my dream.
Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace;
Leave gormandizing; know the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men.
Reply not to me with a fool-born jest:
Presume not that I am the thing I was;
For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,
That I have turn'd away my former self;
So will I those that kept me company.
When thou dost hear I am as I have been,
Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots:
Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,
As I have done the rest of my misleaders,
Not to come near our person by ten mile.
For competence of life I will allow you,
That lack of means enforce you not to evil:
And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,
We will, according to your strengths and qualities,
Give you advancement. Be it your charge, my lord,
To see perform'd the tenour of our word.
Set on. [*Exeunt King, etc.*

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shal. Yea, marry, Sir John; which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, Master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this; I shall be sent for in private to him: look you, he must seem thus to the world: fear not your advancements; I will be the man yet that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot well perceive how, unless you should give me your doublet and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good Sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word: this that you heard was but a colour.

Shal. A colour that I fear you will die in, Sir John.

Fal. Fear no colours: go with me to dinner: come, Lieutenant Pistol; come, Bardolph: I shall be sent for soon at night.

Re-enter PRINCE JOHN, *the* LORD CHIEF-JUSTICE; Officers *with them.*

Ch. Just. Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet:
Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My lord, my lord,—

Ch. Just. I cannot now speak: I will hear you soon.
Take them away.

Pist. Si fortuna me tormenta, spero contenta.

[*Exeunt all but Prince John and the Chief-Justice.*

Lan. I like this fair proceeding of the king's:
He hath intent his wonted followers
Shall all be very well provided for;
But all are banish'd till their conversations
Appear more wise and modest to the world.

Ch. Just. And so they are.

91. *colour*, specious make-believe.

96. *soon at night*, this very night.

102. *Si fortuna*, etc., so in Q. Pistol had quoted his motto before (2 ii. 4. 196) in an equally incorrect but different form according to the old texts; he is not intended to be either correct or consistent. His use of it in his present situation may be suggested by the tale of Hannibal Gonzaga (as pointed out by Farmer), 'who vaunted on yielding himself a prisoner, as you may read in an old collection of tales called *Wits Fits and Fancies*:—

> Si Fortuna me tormenta
> Il Speranza me contenta.'

106. *conversations*, habits of life.

Lan. The king hath call'd his parliament, my lord.

Ch. Just. He hath.

Lan. I will lay odds that, ere this year expire,
We bear our civil swords and native fire
As far as France: I heard a bird so sing,
Whose music, to my thinking, pleased the king.
Come, will you hence? [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by a Dancer.

First my fear; then my courtesy; last my speech. My fear is, your displeasure; my courtesy, my duty; and my speech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me: for what I have to say is of mine own making; and what indeed I should say will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture. Be it known to you, as it is very well, I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it and to promise you a better. I meant indeed to pay you with this; which, if like an ill venture it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here I promised you I would be and here I commit my body to your mercies: bate me some and I will pay you some and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

13. *break*, become bankrupt.

17. *promise you infinitely.* At this point in Q occurs the last sentence of the Epilogue: '*and so kneel . . . queen.*' It has been plausibly inferred that the intervening passage ('*If my tongue . . . good night*') was introduced somewhat later; it cannot have been much later, since Q

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs? and yet that were but light payment, to dance out of your debt. But a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so would I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me: if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France: where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already a' be killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary; when my legs are too, I will bid you good night: and so kneel down before you; but, indeed, to pray for the queen.

was published in 1600. There is little doubt that the shorter version belonged to the original text of the play, and that the addition was made when the name 'Falstaff' was finally substituted for that of 'Oldcastle.'

29. *with Sir John in it.* Cf. the Introduction.

END OF VOL. VI

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